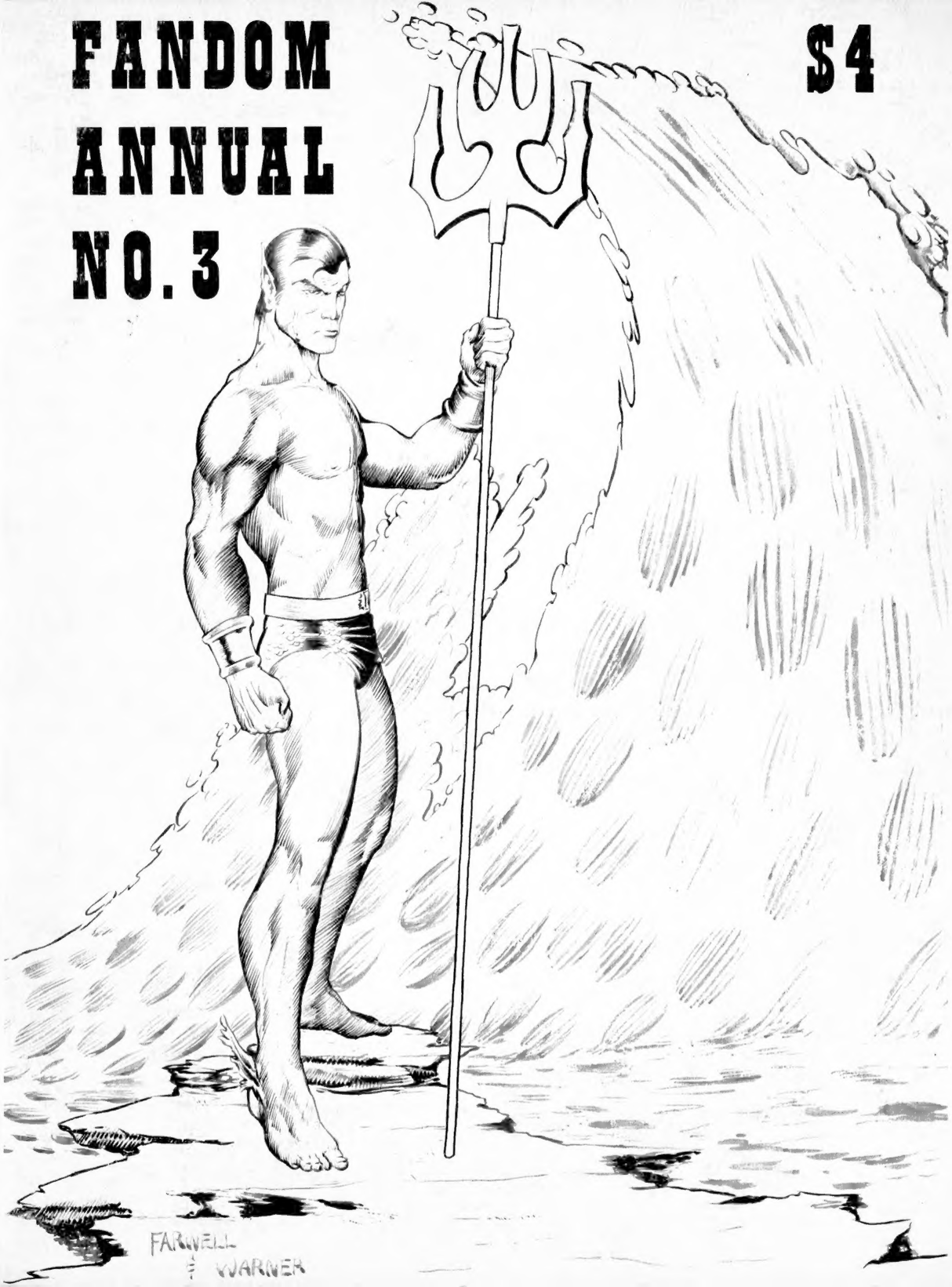
FANDOM ANNUAL NO. 3

$4



FANDOM ANNUAL No. 3. Published by The SFCA, 9875 SW 212 St., Miami, Fla. 33157. Editor = G.B. Love. Asst. Editor = James Van Hise. Cover by John Farwell and Andrew Warner. Additional help and material supplied by Larry Bigman. Price $4.00 per copy.

EC REVISITED

By Rich Hauser

I look forward to doing this lengthy article on the dearly departed EC's with a sense of pleasure and anticipation. The format will be loose and casual, so stick with me on the roller coaster ride, and we can enjoy a few moments of reminiscing together.

Now, I don't seek to do a lengthy description of all the EC titles, because there's a wealth of EC fanzines available now crammed with details about the EC's, and TRUE appreciation of the fine points of EC arrives by reading the comics themselves -- whatever issues you can beg, borrow, or buy on the market. Rather, I'll try to serve up behind the scenes glimpses of the EC carousel. A few introductory comments are in order though, so here she goes:

Taking a look at the sum total of EC's left for us to enjoy, we find the spectrum was small. Only ten titles were being produced at the height of EC...245 comics comprise the heart of EC, wedged between the lackluster Pre-Trend titles on one hand, and the watered-down New Direction titles, put out before the end of EC to appease the new strict comics code (IMPACT, VALOR, EXTRA, PSYCHO-ANALYSIS are examples of the New Direction titles). Each of the glory-day titles seemed to have its own personality, its own standard artists and story mood. This is easy to understand when you realize that the EC stories were written largely with "a particular artist in mind". Graham Ingles drew the "Ooky old people and slobbering blobs of protoplasm" for HAUNT OF FEAR, his covers on HAUNT #'s 11-28 being classic horror art in anybody's book; Johnny Craig's stiff, simple horror style was in evidence in the VAULT OF HORROR, story and cover-wise; the versatile Jack Davis did really wilting sick-humor horror in TALES FROM THE CRYPT mainly, with covers to match. EC's science-fiction comics came to be no less than magnificent in story and art; snap endings a' plenty typified SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES; mentally demented criminals prowled the pages of CRIME SUSPENSTORIES. Harvey Kurtzman edited and wrote the morally provocative (almost anti-war), and very historically accurate TWO-FISTED TALES and FRONTLINE COMBAT; and of course MAD was whacky, with a nothing is sacred attitude. Each was tops of its type, and fervently imitated, in the early 1950's.

I've been up, down, and all around in comics collecting, but the EC's have made me hang into fandom and collecting far beyond what I ever expected. My continued interest has turned me into a fanzine editor and publisher, to boot. Simply said, there's no group of comics that tickles my innards like EC.

I've found some great art in the Golden Age, yes! My favorites being the Quality Comics group, because of the finely rendered artwork that was their trademark from 1940 till the end of 1942. The genius of Crandall, Eisner, Lou Fine, and Paul Gustavson found in CRACK, SMASH, HIT, POLICE and FEATURE comics--- what a superb batch of stuff this is.

But the EC's are the premier comics, considering story and art --- this is my humble statement.

What made EC so head over heels above the other titles of the day or any other day? Well, it can be summed up in three words that pop into my head: talent, love, and effort. "I loved what I was doing," says Bill Gaines, the father and publisher of EC.

EC put out only three horror titles, while Marty Goodman and Stan Lee put out a crazy-quilt of seventy at the height of the horror trend. EC couldn't do more than three and retain the quality in story and art, that's all there was to it.

Bill was in an unusual spot. He was a pivotal figure, being the money-man, and also an idea man ---he loved to be creative. "I used to stay up all night reading to get ideas for stories" he tells us. And having power over the greenbacks, while at the same time wrapped up in the creative effort, he did an unprecedented thing: he kept doing two titles which lost him money for a full year and a half. He was proud of these comics that didn't sell for a profit, so he satisfied his pride at the expense of his income, he kept putting out EC's science-fiction comics (They were probably way above the average comic buying public in story.) If he had chopped these titles when they were bonafide losers on the commercial market, the gorgeous fantasy work by Williamson, Wood, Frazetta, Krenkel, and a host of others wouldn't exist for us today! "EC is proudest of its science-fiction comics" was the statement in each new money-losing issue, bold caps.

Signs of the love the guys at EC felt for what they were doing showed in many ways. EC relished personal contact with the fans, and you could see it. Fans could visit EC's offices and be accepted as trusted friends. "There was one little colored boy who came up to the offices every few weeks. He loved Graham Ingles" horror stuff, so we'd give him a pile of originals and he'd sit in a corner quietly with them for a few hours then leave. I wonder if that didn't ruin the poor kid, come to think of it!" Bill laughingly recollected. Little does he know that that little colored

kid was me. Cleverly disguised. With mini-camera clickin, and he thought I was just cleaning my teeth!

The letter columns were innovations, not found in the comics of other publishers. They didn't have room for letters, after all; they were too busy filling the pages with crap to interest the local PTA's. The EC fan club that EC started had its own button, patch, etc. EC fan magazines, the pioneer comics fanzines, sprung up in reaction to the warmth and excellence that was EC. One of the most critical fans was Larry Stark, who wrote the famous "Ellegy to EC" that appeared in HOOHAH, a scarce early EC fanzine. He wrote boisterous letters to Al Feldstein, co-editor of the horror and science-fiction titles, and to Bill, commenting at length on almost every issue of EC that hit the stands. And soon a sign went up in the EC offices: "God help us to write stories that make Larry Stark happy." There you can see the personal interaction, the warmth again.

Almost everything EC did for public inspection had amusing touches to it. Witness the subscription form printed with this article. More warmth.

Now, just the art is reason enough to appreciate EC's without even knowing how to read. This must be why even Martians read the comics! Surely the artists that poured themselves into those paper creations will never again be reassembled. People like Al Williamson, Reed Crandall, Wally Wood, Frank Frazetta, Torres, Sid Check, Graham Ingles, George Evans, Davis, Kurtzman and Elder (Little Anny Fanny team in PLAYBOY) etc., were pen-ultimates of comics at the time. What seems amazing is that EC didn't solicit most of these artists to work for them. They were brought in by their friends, or they "just walked in to get in on the fun." as Gaines puts it.

Well, EC fandom today is in its second generation. Second generation EC fanzines have sprung up anew, SPA FON being the first in the recent development, followed closely by Jerry Weist's SQUA TRONT, and Tom Veilleaux's EC FAN ADDICT (later SERAPHIM).

With the growth of a second generation of EC fandom, wouldn't it be appropriate to see a new growth of gifted artists arise and link together? Well, we may be witnessing just this manner of happening! By name, Berni Wrightson, Mike Kaluta, Steve Hickman, Ken Smith, Jeff Jones and Vaughn Bode'. Tie them together and you've got a brain trust to rival the old Frazetta, Williamson, Krenkel, Wood, Orlando, Torres crowd of fantasy artists. To me, this parallelism is nothing short of stupefying. If I had a million bucks, I'd be hell bent to start up a comics company just to pull together all these new talents the way EC did their predecessors.

What's more, these new dynamos are applying some energy to fandom, being fans of the old EC's themselves. SPA FON has been bounteously bestowed with pieces of their work, as has been SQUA TRONT and GRAPHIC SHOWCASE. Indeed, GRAPHIC SHOWCASE #2 is something to behold, having original strips by Wrightson, Hickman and Kaluta which make the eyes water with joy. Their work has also been displayed in ABYSS and in Wrightson's own BADTIME STORIES, which is a real treat.

Now, how bout some facts that might tickle to fancy. Do you like flipping through the family photo album or seeing movie biographies of great men like Babe Ruth or Lou Gehrig? Charles Lindberg, the first man to cross the Atlantic, or maybe Jim Thorpe, the great Indian athlete and Olympic star later deprived of his Olympic medals by an unkind rule he had broken? Well, if there's something in you that enjoys such pastimes, the biography of two men close

AN INTIMATE & INFORMAL VIEW OF ENTERTAINING COMIC GROUP HARD AT WORK.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR NOTE! IT'LL HELP US IN CHOOSING THE KIND OF STORIES YOU WANT US TO PUBLISH!
WM. GAINES
AL FELDSTEIN
JOE ORLANDO
WOOD
KURTZMAN
BUTLER
ELDER
MR. LEE
CUT HERE

NOTE: TO THOSE OF YOU WHO WOULD LIKE SUBSCRIPTIONS! PLEASE FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL TO:

ENTERTAINING COMICS GROUP
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
NEW YORK, 12, N.Y.

Dear Editors:

Please send me the next 6 issues of the magazine(s) I have checked below.
Enclosed is 75¢ for each subscription.

- ☐ THE HAUNT OF FEAR
- ☐ WEIRD SCIENCE
- ☐ CRIME SUSPENSTORIES
- ☐ FRONTLINE COMBAT
- ☐ TALES FROM THE CRYPT
- ☐ WEIRD FANTASY
- ☐ THE VAULT OF HORROR
- ☐ TWO-FISTED TALES
- ☐ SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES
- ☐

PLEASE PRINT

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZONE NO. _____

BLEICK- FROM WILLIAMSON & FRAZETTA

to the heart of EC, two great comics creators who, like Jim Thorpe, had their glory stolen when they had to bow to bitter defeat, just might be interesting.

How about the very beginning of EC? How did the lion meet the tiger to join forces? Well, the lion, the King of the EC jungle, is Bill Gaines. The tiger, with many different strips to his coat of talent, and power to spare, is Al Feldstein. Al was editor and chief writer of the EC's, using all his spare time to draw for the early EC issues as well. Bill was publisher and idea man, the Father of EC's. With his beard now he looks like Jehovah, the Jewish version of God, the supreme being. Didya know that Bill Gaines was not the first Gaines namebearer to delve into the comics? Well, History, comics book history, that is, speaks loudly of Bill Gaines father, who was involved in producing the very first comic book, FAMOUS FUNNIES #1. You know, that bugger that sells for $200 or so nowadays. M.C. Gaines, the elder Gaines, came to the point where he owned half-interest in the old AA comics group, which was a DC subsidiary back in the late 1940's. The AA emblem appears on ALL STAR, ALL AMERICAN, WONDER WOMAN, and a host of other old DC titles back in the late 40's. Now, the partner of M.C. GAINES was Harry Donnedfeld at the time, but in a "typical gesture of generosity," Mr. Donnenfeld gave his share of AA comics group to Larry Lieberman, the present big wheel at DC comics. And M.C. Gaines sold his interest shortly thereafter, splitting away from his new partner to set up his own company, EDUCATIONAL COMICS, which put out titles like "Picture Stories from the Bible", "Picture Stories from American History" and other titles of this documentary type.

As an interesting sidelight, I might comment that these titles were dull. You guessed that already, I'll wager. They remind you of schoolwork or encyclopedias, right? But they sold, nevertheless. As a matter of fact, publishers didn't have to fret so much over whether their comics were exciting or interesting, or just plain good back in the 1940's, because everything sold! Each publisher had paper quotas, which is the secret. Not many issues of any one title were minted, because of the paper shortage during the war years, and consequently "every title sold 99%! people bought anything" Bill tells us. Then, and this important, then the War ended, and all of a sudden paper became more plentiful. More comics hit the stands, and buyers could choose the best. So Bill's father M.C. Gaines started losing money. No surprise. So he tried new titles, such as "Tiny Tot" and "Land of the Lost comics", still under the EC label that was shortly to be livened up and go into virtual orbit with their sky high stories and art. But, getting back to M.C.'s innovations, sales still were low. More new titles were cooked up, and some immediate EC predecessors, such as "War Against Crime" and "Moon Girl", hit the stands.

With them, tragedy hit the Gaines family. M.C. Gaines was killed in a motorboat accident on Lake Placid, New York.

So now the smart readers have guessed, Bill Gaines got his inventive genius and natural inclination to publish comic books directly from his father. He enthusiastically took over the reins of his father's company and published great comics in his dad's footsteps, right? Good thinking, but definitely wrong. Because when his father passed on, Bill Gaines didn't give a flying hoot about comics, he couldn't care less! He was seriously bent on being a Chemistry teacher, no less, and needed only one year to graduate from NYU and pursue teaching. But necessity stopped Bill on his path; he had to swing over to M.C. Gaines offices and decide what was to happen to the business. Well, he had a good idea, and that was to sell out the whole deal. Which brings up the fact that motherly influence is a powerful thing. Bill's mother wanted no part of selling out; she wanted the business to continue in the family tradition, Bill Gaines at the helm. The captain of a publishing company that was losing money, and had lackluster titles.

So what was there to do? Hire new help to change things, Bill thought. Meanwhile, Bill still wanted his Chemistry degree, and he got it, while the office staff managed the comic scene. Enter Al Feldstein into the picture. Al had been free-lance writing and drawing for other comics, and Bill relates, "He was hired to do a teen-age comic 'Going Steady With Peggy' of all things. But then the teen-age market dropped out. I saw Al was talented, and I let him put out Western and Crime comics to experiment with the market. Then came horror stories which appeared in "War Against Crime #10 and 11" and "Crime Patrol #15 and 16"."

In these horror stories, the EC ghoulunatics, as they were affectionately called, came into being. The Crypt Keeper and the Old Witch were the first, followed closely by the Vault Keeper. Presto -- the mail "trickled at first, and then came by the bundles." And Pre-Trend EC turned into the New Trend, which collectors seek so avidly today. The New Trend titles:WEIRD SCIENCE, WEIRD FANTASY, HAUNT OF FEAR, VAULT OF HORROR, TALES FROM THE CRYPT, CRIME SUSPENSTORIES, and SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES.

So genius begot genius, and Al Feldstein's creative flair got Bill to stoke up his imagination and pitch into publishing wholeheartedly. Now, it's interesting to note that while Al and Bill had their creative energies at work to expand EC in the early days, ideas were barrowed liberally from other top notch sources. There's no shame in doing thia, as some of the big comic mentors today will tell you. Ask Jim Steranko, for example. He freely acknowledges that things he sees on TV, in the movies, or reads all show their effects on his creative efforts. We all work on our experiences even in the hopes of doing completely new things. And EC copped stories from a whole list of science-fiction and horror authors in doing their early stories. Writers like Guy de Maupassant, Edgar Allen Poe, H.P. Lovecraft, Richard Matheson, Frederic Brown and Ray Bradbury. Even the idea for the three witches was inspired by something from Bill and Al's childhood -- the witches on the old radio program, The Witch's Tale. Some of you old-timers and radio buffs will nod your heads in recognition at this!

Happily, this culling of written science fiction and gruesome to straight horror improved the EC tales so that they were not mere comic stories. Later they even went into a formal attachment with Ray Bradbury, one of the greatest living fantasy writers, and the stories of Ray's that EC adapted with his blessing and support over the EC life-span, will be considered classic visual fiction evermore. Who can ever forget Orlando's THE LAKE (VOH #31) with its beautifully moving storyline or Wood's THERE WILL COME SOFT RAINS (WF #17) with the perfect matching of Bradbury's subtly poetic prose and Wood's graceful and imaginative art. Not to mention the many other stories of Bradbury's that EC adapted, nearly every one of which is worth treasuring forever.

a NEW BEGINNING

THE WOMAN OPENED HER EYES. SHE LISTENED FOR A MOMENT TO THE NIGHT SOUNDS AROUND HER...TO THE BATS THAT SCREECHED AND DARTED WITH FLAPPING WINGS OVERHEAD... TO THE DISTANT TRUMPET OF A HAIRY MASTODON... TO THE BELLOWING ROAR OF A MIGHTY SABER-TOOTHED TIGER DEEP IN THE SURROUNDING JUNGLE. SHE LISTENED TO THE NIGHT SOUNDS OF THIS TROPICAL GARDEN PARADISE AROUND HER. AND THEN SHE LISTENED TO THE HUM OF THE MACHINERY...

THE WOMAN ROSE...STRETCHED... AND MOVED ACROSS THE CLEARING TO THE BATTERY OF EQUIPMENT LINED UP AT THE EDGE OF THE OVERGROWTH. THE MAN WATCHED HER COME TO HIM, WATCHED HER LITHE BODY SWAY IN THE LIGHT FROM THE VAPOR-LAMPS.

THE WOMAN STOOD SILENTLY, STARING AT THE PULSATING NEEDLES. THE MAN TOUCHED HER...

Also to be considered classic will be the art captured in EC's pages. I promised myself that that I just couldn't bypass a specific mention of Al Williamson's EC stories. That is because, happily, Al did a bonanza of work for EC, and it's hard to pick up an EC after August 1952 in the WEIRD SCIENCE or WEIRD FANTASY line without getting a gem by Al tucked into its pages. Al didn't do much horror illustration because, of course, his bag was drawing far away worlds, rocketships, weird blaster ray-guns, that sort of thing. With Roy Krenkel doing many of his backgrounds in the science-fiction vein, the results were splendiferous. CRIME SUSPENSTORIES 13, 16, and 17 did carry horror-shocker type stories by Al, however #17 was in collaboration with Frazetta. #17's the one to be on the look-out for if you want a representative issue of the CRIME SUSPENSTORIES run. TALES FROM THE CRYPT 31 as well as VAULT OF HORROR 37 also bore Al's horror work, and both are fine stories. The CRYPT yarn will appeal to the gruesome horror lovers, as it's wrapped around a bottomless man who charges madly through the woods trailing his guts bloodily behind him. The VAULT story is a psychological horror tale, with no gore in the bargain, as it's a beautiful mood piece. Al's shock story in SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES 8 is a tickling tale which uses his tentacle-lizard creatures as main characters. These are characters he devised and used often from story to story as the intelligent alien type, and are a real gas to EC lovers. The long list of luscious sci-fi stories grace the pages of WEIRD FANTASY 14 (1952), 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, and 21; WEIRD SCIENCE 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21 and 22; WEIRD SCIENCE FANTASY 23, 24, 25, 28 and 29; and INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION 31 and 32. How can I go into detail on these, it's hopeless in this amount of space. Suffice it to say that some favorites of mine are WF 14, "Mad Journey" done with Frazetta; WF 15, which as three stories by Willi, and is a treasure of his early art since it introduces the tentacled-lizard alien type character; WF 18, which has a never duplicated effect of a man looking through a window, his reflection on the window looking back at him, drawn exquisitely; WF 20, with a story by Frazetta and Williamson; WS 17, "The Island Monster", a take-off on King Kong, as they bring a great beast with lwathery skin and floppy ears back to New York to exhibit for money, and the thing ends up breaking loose, destroying half the city, and getting killed, with a surprise ending; WS 21 "Two's Company", beautifully done with Frank Frazetta; and WS 22 "A New Beginning", showing the lush jungle surface of another world like no other artist can. WSF 23 and 28 stand out in my mind, as well as the legendary ISF 32 story, "Food For Thought", done with Krenkel, and said by many to be the most superbly illustrated comic story in EC's history. Other EC work by Al, all good, includes PIRACY 1 and 2, VALOR 1, 2, 3, and 5, and SHOCK ILLUSTRATED 2. But Williamson's science-fiction was the power and glory of his EC work, beyond question.

Now, I ask myself, "How do I best help the majority of fans who are vaguely interested in the EC line but are lost over where to start their horror EC collection or where their favorite artist might be hiding within the pages of EC?" In answer I've composed the EC VAULT OF HORROR chart for starters.

The chart is the result of my reading and pondering every issue of VAULT OF HORROR. It's designed to provide ready-reference, available at- a - glance information to the EC collector or would-be EC buff. Because of space limitations and the desire to keep things ready-at-a-glance, my commentary on each issue of VAULT is necessarily short. Still, I hope that the chart gives everyone some basis to choose issues he knows he wants -- that's the main purpose.

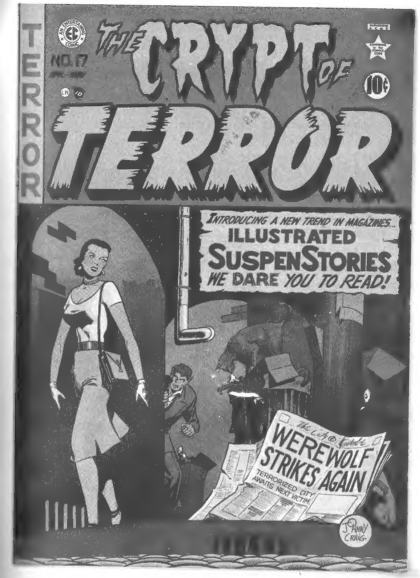
In devising it, I came to the conclusion that two artists who injected a lot of the artistic feel into the horror EC's were "Ghastly" Graham Ingels and Jack Davis. Both of these men were steady, tried-and-true horror artists for the EC's and are mentioned as favorites whenever EC fans get into lively discussion over the oldy-moldy horror comics. So the chart shows just which issues have their work. Truly, I feel that anyone having a limited amount of money to invest in horror EC should shoot straight for Davis-Ingels issues, and most especially, try to get the issues that have Davis AND Ingels, for maximum use of his funds. Anyone who misses their work is cheating themselves out of some of the very best in EC horror, the stuff that lent everlasting artistic flavor to the line. Now, the earliest 1950 EC issues are the ones most expensive on all the dealers' lists. That is inevitable. BUT what's noteworthy is that Ingels and Davis aren't found together in the horror issues until after the costly initial ones. So, the chart keeps you from buying expensive but crude issues from the standpoint of the best in horror art.

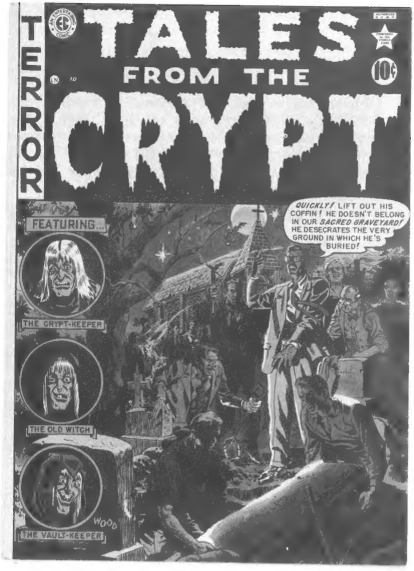
A FEW PERSONAL NOTES ABOUT DAVIS & INGELS: The fact that they were kingpins of horror is just about where their similarity ends. Ingels had a long apprenticeship in comics before his EC work, having been editor of STANDARD COMICS in the 1940's and artist for ME and FICTION HOUSE before that. Graham's background was one of art environment, his father having been a commercial artist. He was brought up in the North, born in Cincinnatti, Ohio. Jack Davis did very little pro work before coming to New York and being almost instantly grabbed by EC, on the other hand. Most of his background was self-taught, drawing for the fun of it. He contributed heavily to high school and college mags during his schooling, and hailed from Atlanta, Georgia, in the solid south. The styles of the two men were also distinctively dissimilar, as anyone who has seen their work knows. Their art habits were very different as well. Davis "could do anything", Bill Gaines tells us, and Jack contributed heavily to the horror, suspense, war, and humor EC's. Davis was very fast at the drawing board and had great range of ability. There was a gag cartoon hanging in the old EC offices which showed Jack Davis with a crank sticking out of him. The caption read, "Turn the crank and the art falls out the other side". Davis was an art machine.

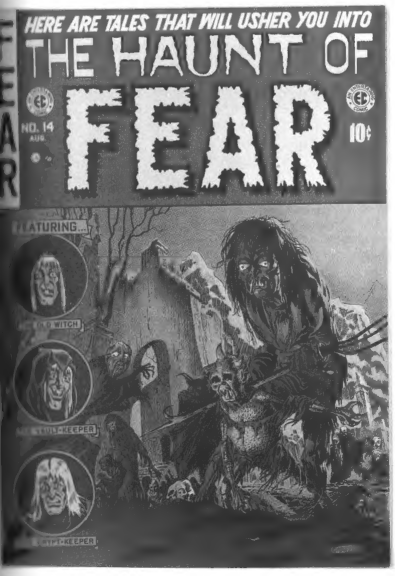
Ingels was, on the other hand, very slow and virtually locked into his great horror style. Because of his off-and-on drinking habits, Bill tells us that it was a hard job trying to get a cover and three horror stories out of Ingels every two months, for the three bi-monthly horror magazines.

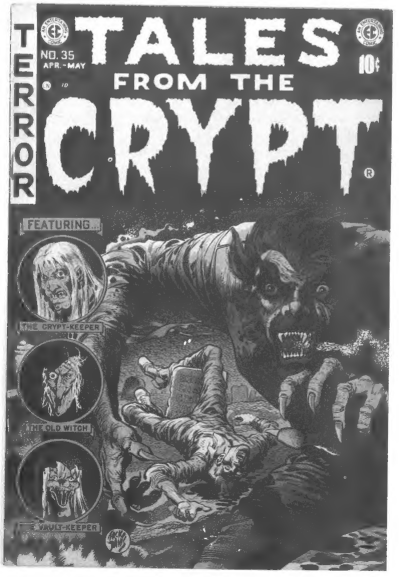
After EC, Jack Davis caught on like wildfire and became successful at advertising art, movie posters, and continuing horror art for ATLAS, humor art for MAD magazine, HUMBUG, and YAK-YAK (Dell). Today we see Davis art at every turn, and he's very successful. But Ingels suffered a setback when EC comics folded and dropped out of sight - completely disappeared and nobody knew where he was...until recently. Bill Gaines says that he has talked to Ingels and that he lives in Florida somewhere. Unfortunately, Ingels is not interested in the revived interest in EC and has told Bill Gaines to leave him alone...much to the sadness of his growing legion of fans.

IN REFERENCE TO THE PAGE WITH THE FOUR EC HORROR COVERS: Top...1) THE CRYPT OF TERROR 17 - perhaps the rarest and most costly horror EC, and one of the best covers Johnny Craig ever did. 2) TALES FROM THE CRYPT 26 is one of the two Wally Wood EC horror covers. Bottom...1) HAUNT OF FEAR 14, one of "Ghastly" Graham Ingels' most cherished covers. 2) TALES FROM THE CRYPT 35 is a Jack Davis werewolf cover, a character he was often assigned to draw with these results!


TERROR
NO. 17
THE CRYPT OF
TERROR
10¢
INTRODUCING A NEW TREND IN MAGAZINES
ILLUSTRATED
SUSPENSTORIES
WE DARE YOU TO READ!
WEREWOLF STRIKES AGAIN
TERROR-RACKED TOWN AWAITS NIGHT OF TH
JOHNNY CRAIG


TERROR
TALES
FROM THE
CRYPT
10¢
FEATURING...
THE CRYPT-KEEPER
THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER
WOOD
QUICKLY! LIFT OUT HIS COFFIN! HE DOESN'T BELONG IN OUR SACRED GRAVEYARD! HE DESECRATES THE VERY GROUND IN WHICH HE'S BURIED!


HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR
NO. 14
AUG.
10¢
FEATURING...
THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER
THE CRYPT-KEEPER


TERROR
NO. 35
APR.-MAY
TALES
FROM THE
CRYPT
10¢
FEATURING...
THE CRYPT-KEEPER
THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER

P.8

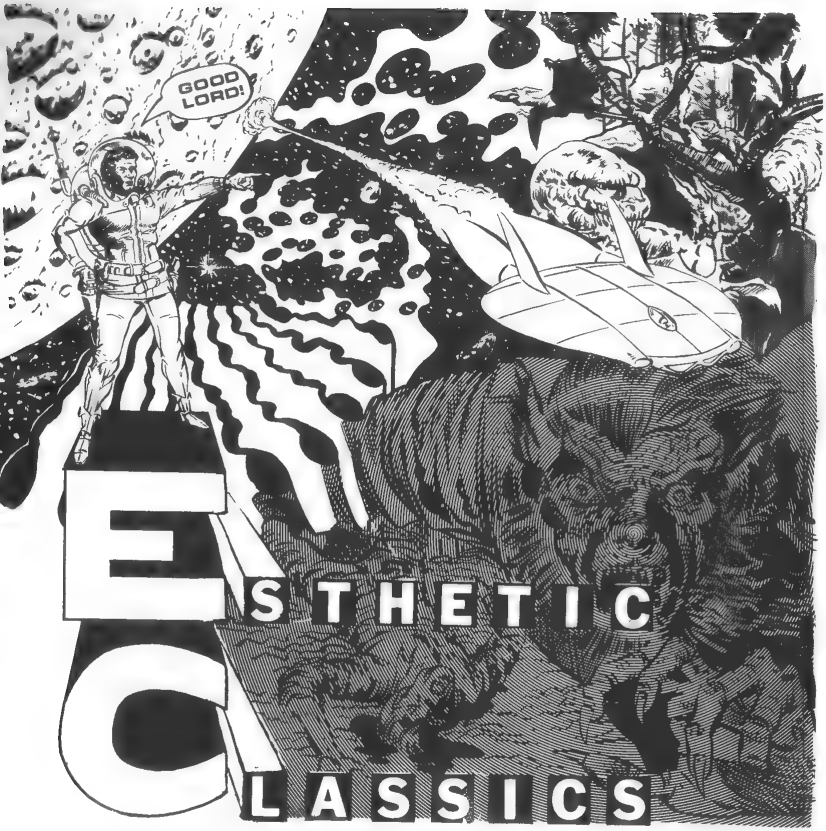
THE JACK DAVIS - GRAHAM INGELS VAULT of HORROR CHART

LEGEND: VOH = Vault of Horror. * = an item I highly recommend. ** = the very best.
COMMENTS: These are some of the things I find most memorable about the issue. Also, special interest artists are noted under this heading. NOTE: Johnny Craig did the cover and lead story for every VAULT of HORROR. In VOH 23 Davis did two stories.

ISSUE	COVER	DAVIS STORY (# pages)	INGELS STORY (# pages)	COMMENTS and INTERESTING FEATURES ABOUT THE ISSUE
VOH 12	Craig	None	None	Mystery, hypnosis, psychological approach are relied on to tell "deep" horror stories with little gore.
VOH 13	Craig	None	Yes (6) **	Great Old English setting and good punch ending to the Ingels "Mad Doctor" yarn.
VOH 14	Craig	None	Yes (6)	Jolting werewolf tale by Craig deserves credit. Weird couple tale by Feldstein is a Gaines favorite.
VOH 15	Craig	None	Yes (7)	Nothing really striking about the issue.
VOH 16	Craig	None	Yes (7)	Ingels story has high points of horror. Feldstein's is a "hot" one. (Pun intended)
VOH 17	Craig	Yes (6)	Yes (7) *	Craig's ghoul story IS revolting. Ingels yarn lifted fabulously from Lovecraft's "Cool Air
VOH 18	Craig*	Yes (7) *	Yes (7) *	Kamen's masquerade story is "Creepy" and "Eerie". Ingels tale nauseates even an empty stomach.
VOH 19	Craig	Yes (7) *	Yes (7)	The Davis "Miracle Drug" story is pure sick humor.
VOH 20	Craig	Yes (7) *	Yes (7) *	Davis' "Lazy Vampire" story is a classic. Ingels tale is a "freak" success.
VOH 21	Craig	Yes (7)	None	Craig's vaudeville vampire yarn gets curtain calls. Larsen, an EC irregular, covers OK for Ingels.
VOH 22	Craig	Yes (6)	Yes (7) *	Craig's sea-spookery is smooth. Ingels brings Frankenstein back to death in Alaska. This Davis "Fish" story was filmed without permission.
VOH 23 **	Craig	Yes (6) * (7)	Yes (7) *	Craig's tale is a gruesome goody. Davis' Congo tale has an unguessable snap ending.
VOH 24	Craig	Yes (7)	Yes (7) *	Ingels "Old People" tale is a grisly tear-jerker. A "dream sequence" Orlando flight uplifts this issue.
VOH 25	Craig	Yes (7)	Yes (7)	Kamen comes through with a "Black Magic" gem. Ingels tells a tale of sick taxidermy.
VOH 26	Craig	Yes (7)	Yes (7) *	Sid Check does well on a "Voodoo" story. Ingels "reely" inks this demented "Fish Story."
VOH 27 **	Craig	Yes (7) *	Yes (7) *	Craig's statue-maker tale is a chiller. Davis' undertaker bit is EC at its repulsive best. The excellent horror work of Geo. Evans premiers. Ingels tells a putrid fairy tale about rats.
VOH 28	Craig	Yes (7)	Yes (7)	Evans returns with a "Bell-ringing" fairy tale. Craig weaves an unearthly voodoo lovers spell.
VOH 29	Craig.	Yes (7) *	Yes (7) *	Ingels excels on a "drunkards blood bank" tale. The Davis story is Bradbury's "Let's Play Poison."

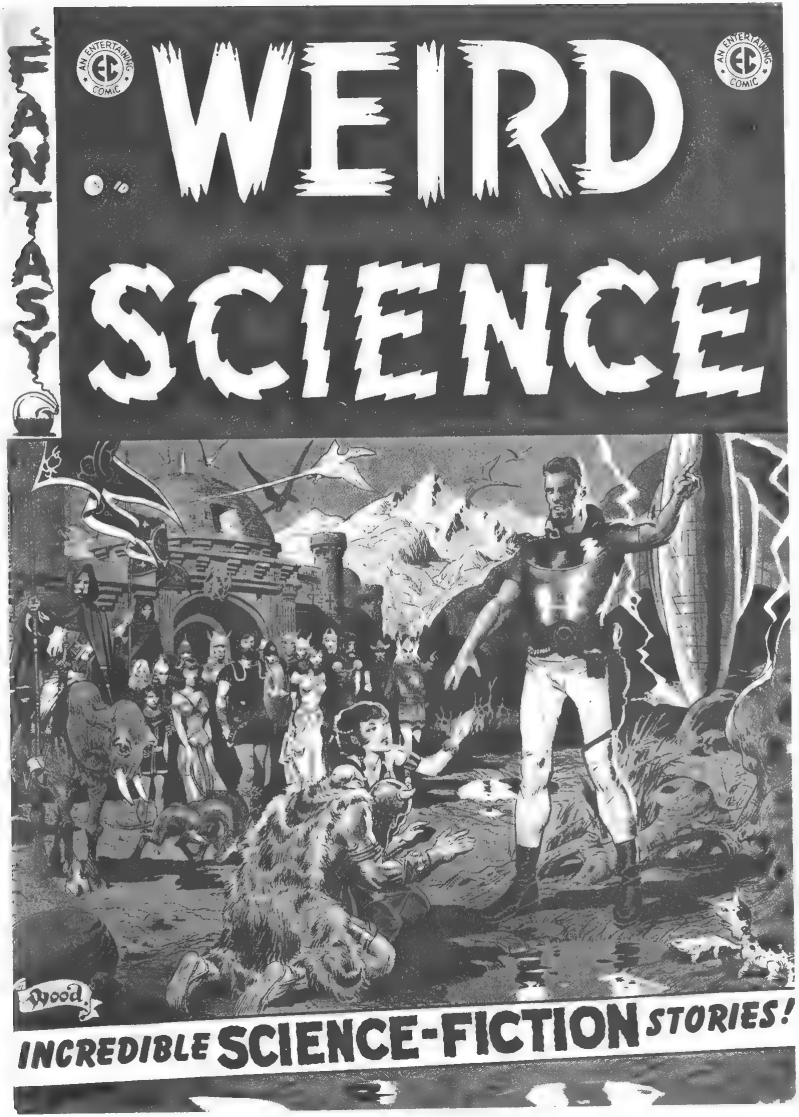
VAULT of HORROR CHART (cont.'d)

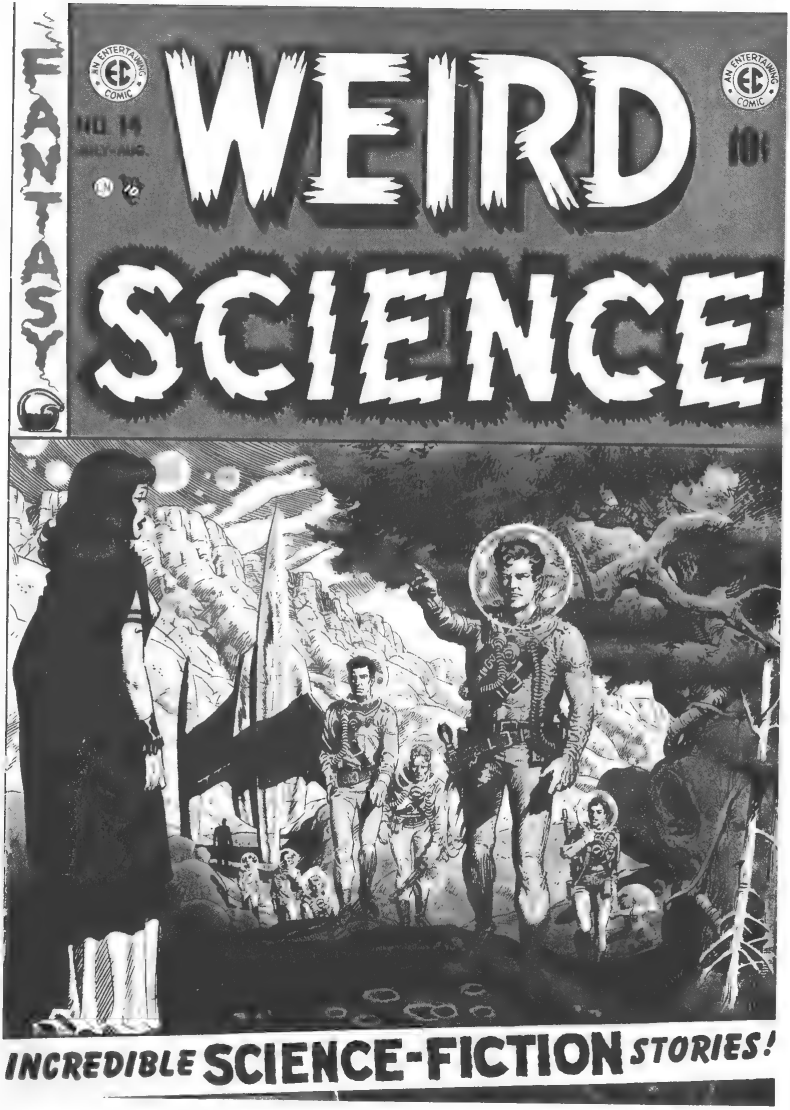
ISSUE	COVER	DAVIS STORY (# pages)	INGELS STORY (# pages)	COMMENTS and INTERESTING FEATURES ABOUT THE ISSUE
VOH 30	Craig*	Yes (7) *	Yes (7) *	Davis' "Mad Killer" tale gets a plus for laughs. Evans adds his famous "Medical Student" grue yarn.
VOH 31	Craig	Yes (7)	Yes (7) *	Craig delivers a CRIME SUSPENSTORIES leftover. Orlando does a great job on Bradbury's "The Lake."
VOH 32	Craig*	Yes (7)	Yes (7)	Evans tale of the candy-wolfing wife is a sickie. Three of the four stories dwell on insanity.
VOH 33	Craig	Yes (7) *	Yes (7) *	Crandall's debut story is superb. Davis' "Childrens undertaking" tale is a shocker. Ingels' "Puppet" yarn "tugs at the heart-strings."
VOH 34	Craig*	Yes (7) *	Yes (7)	Craig tells a climactic tale of insane-asylum games, and death. Crandall encores in fine style with "Smoke Wrings."
VOH 35	Craig	Yes (7)	Yes (7) *	Craig replaced Feldstein as editor this issue, on. Davis delivers a tale set in the Egyptain Sphinx. Ingels does a heart-heaving Christmas story.
VOH 36	Craig	Yes (7) *	Yes (7)	Davis' "which witch is which" yarn rates high. Krigstein debuts with a superb oriental opium fantasy.
VOH 37	Craig	Yes (7)	Yes (7) *	Williamson tenderly pens his only VAULT story -- about a caretaker left to die in a haunted horror mansion. Ingels makes horror history again.
VOH 38	Craig*	Yes (7)	Yes (7)	Craig writes and draws a superb "Sea Hag" tale. Krigstein returns with "The Catacombs" of France.
VOH 39	Craig.	None	Yes (7) *	Crandall does things proper in a tale about a stage play where the regular cast take their roles seriously. Krigstein's "The Purge" appears.
VOH 40	Craig	None	Yes (6)	Krigstein's "The Pit" hits the pit of your stomach.

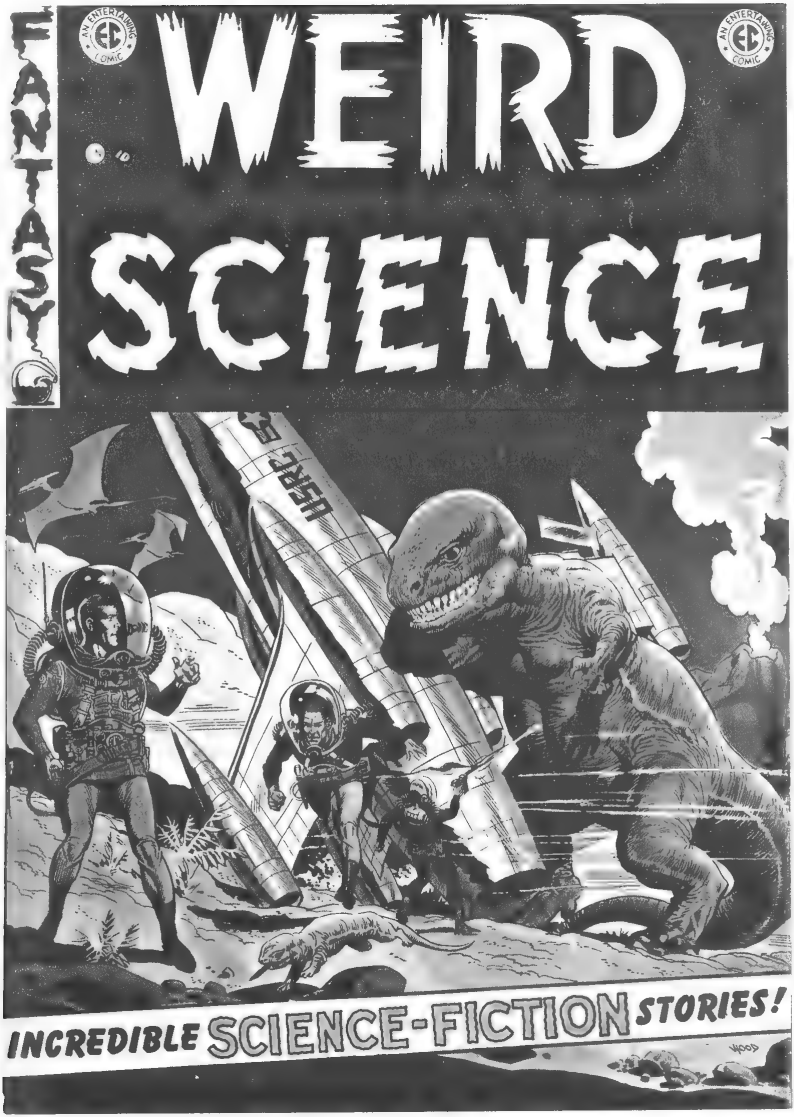


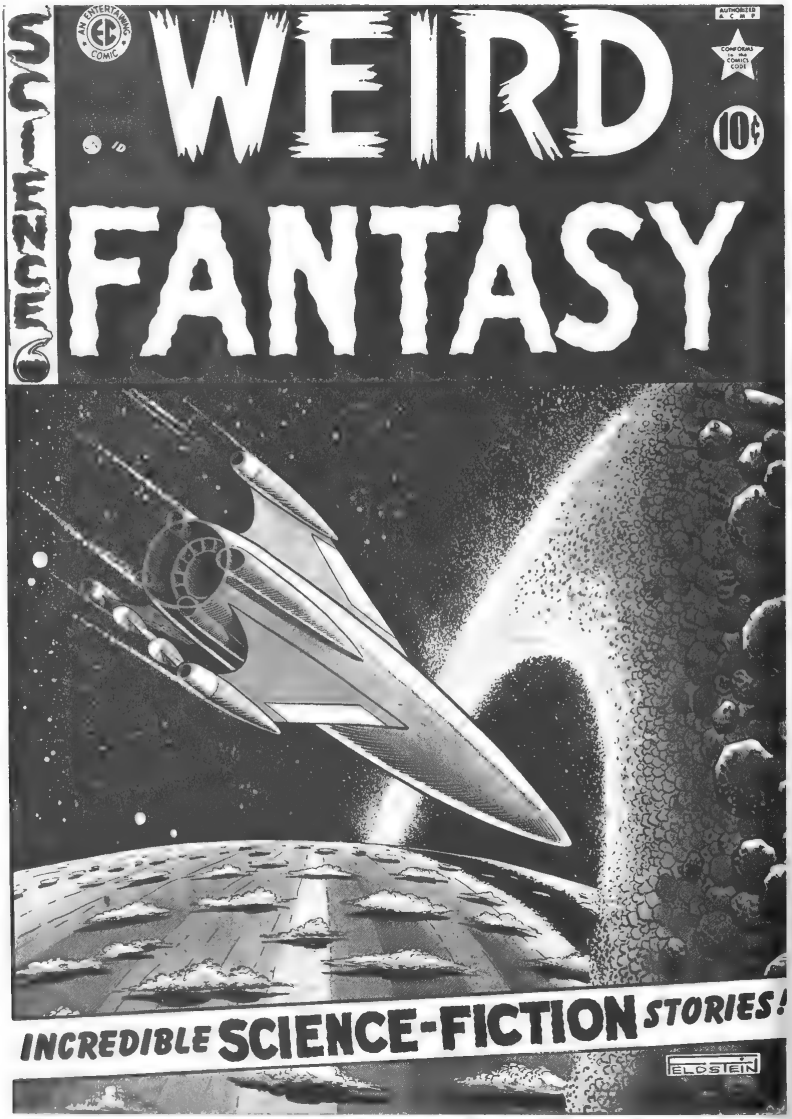
THE FOLLOWING ARE CLASSIC EXAMPLES OF EC ART GUARANTEED TO CAPTURE THE MYSTIQUE THAT MADE IT WHAT IT WAS AND STILL IS.

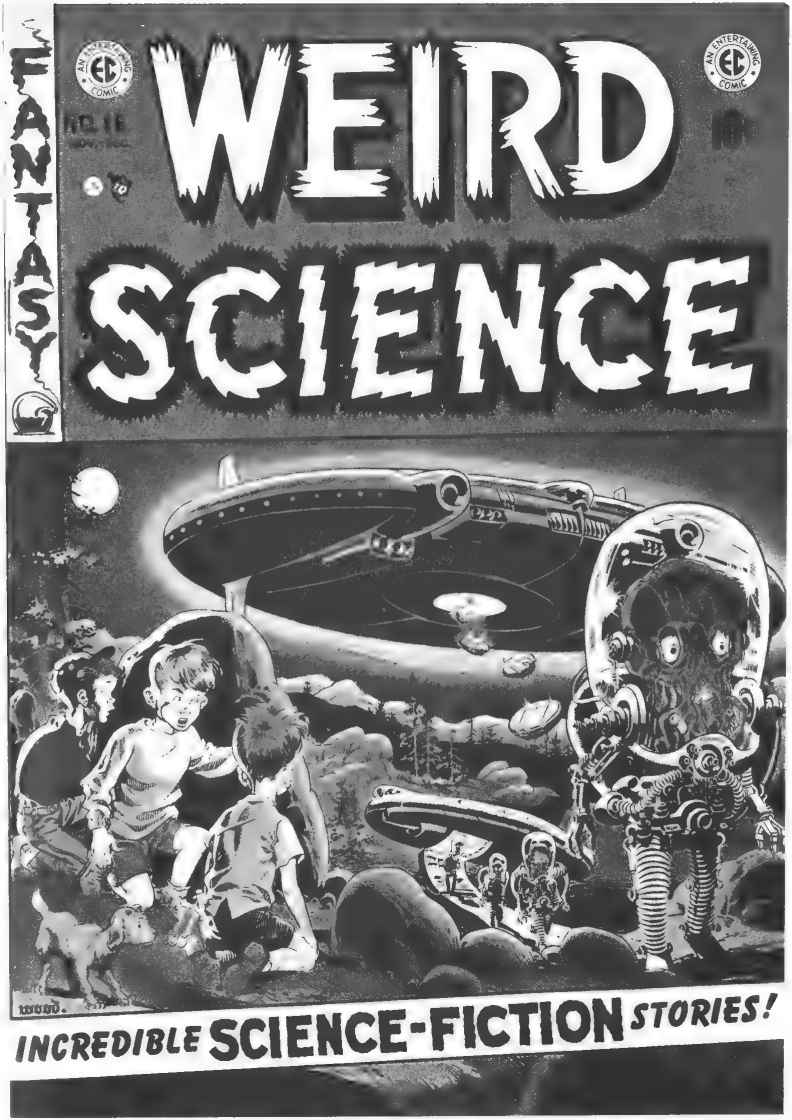
All covers are copyrighted by William M. Gaines, EC Publications.

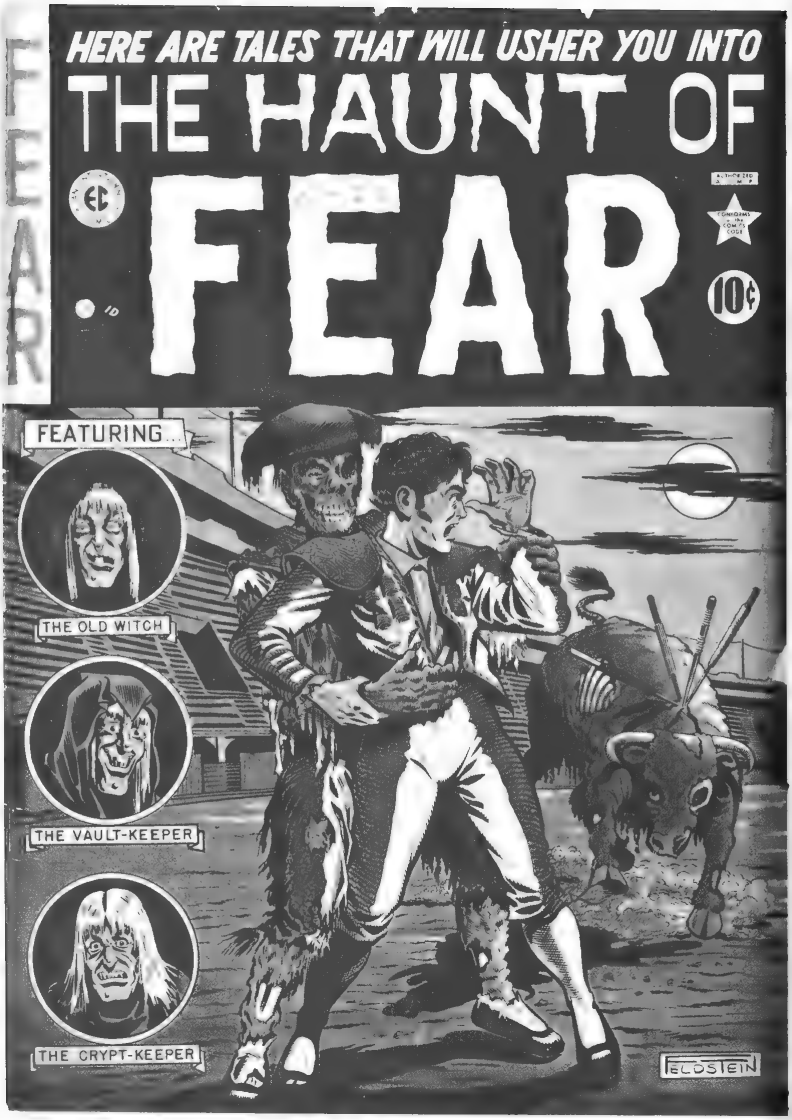

WEIRD
SCIENCE
FANTASY
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
Wood
INCREDIBLE SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES!

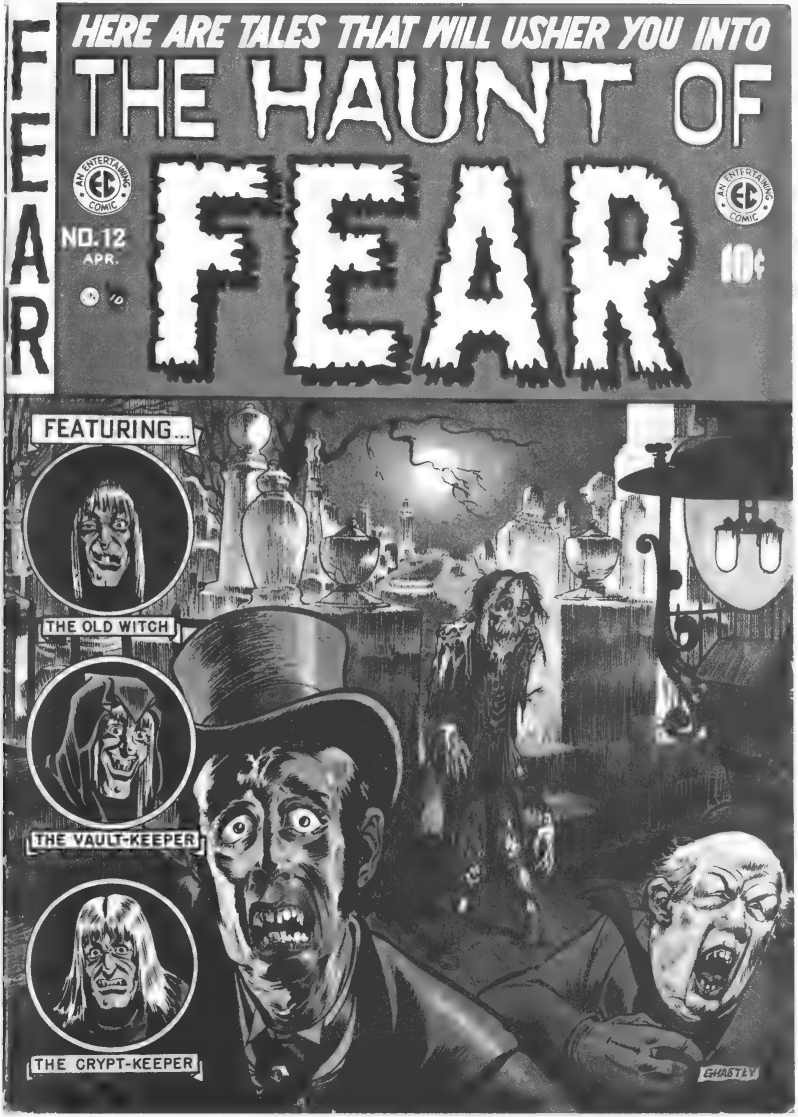

FANTASY
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
NO. 14
10¢
WEIRD
SCIENCE
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
10¢
INCREDIBLE SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES!

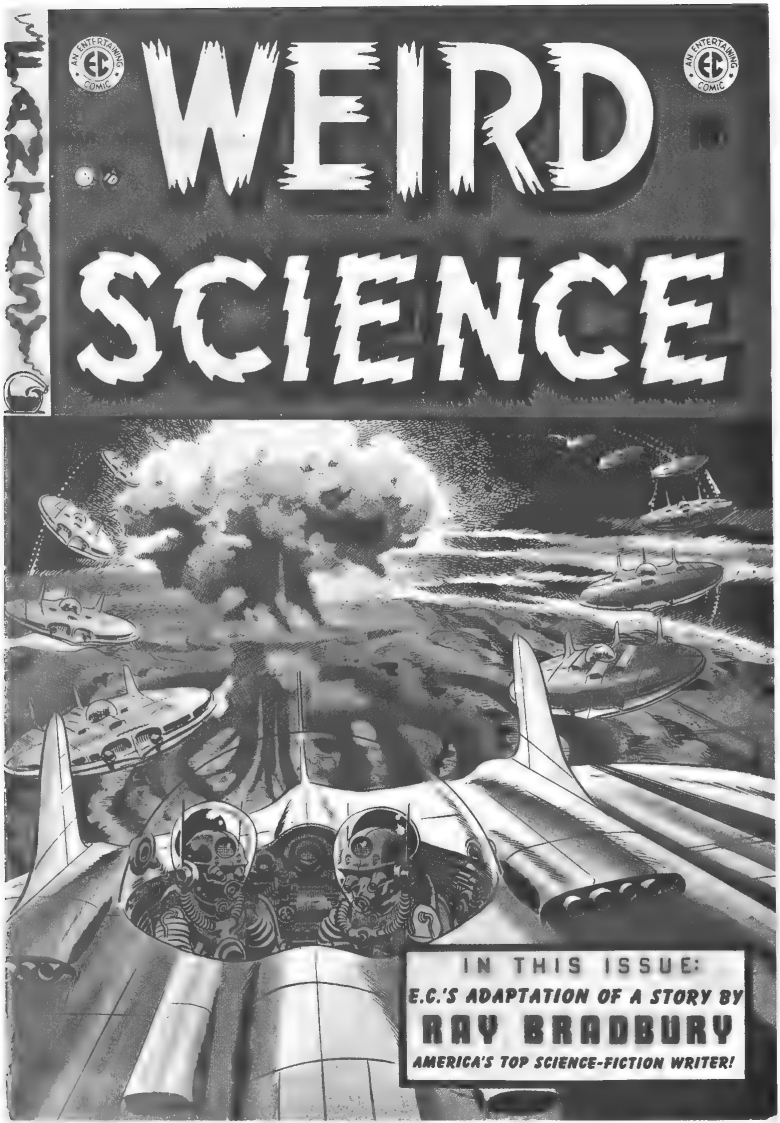

FANTASY
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
10
WEIRD
SCIENCE
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
INCREDIBLE SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES!
WOOD

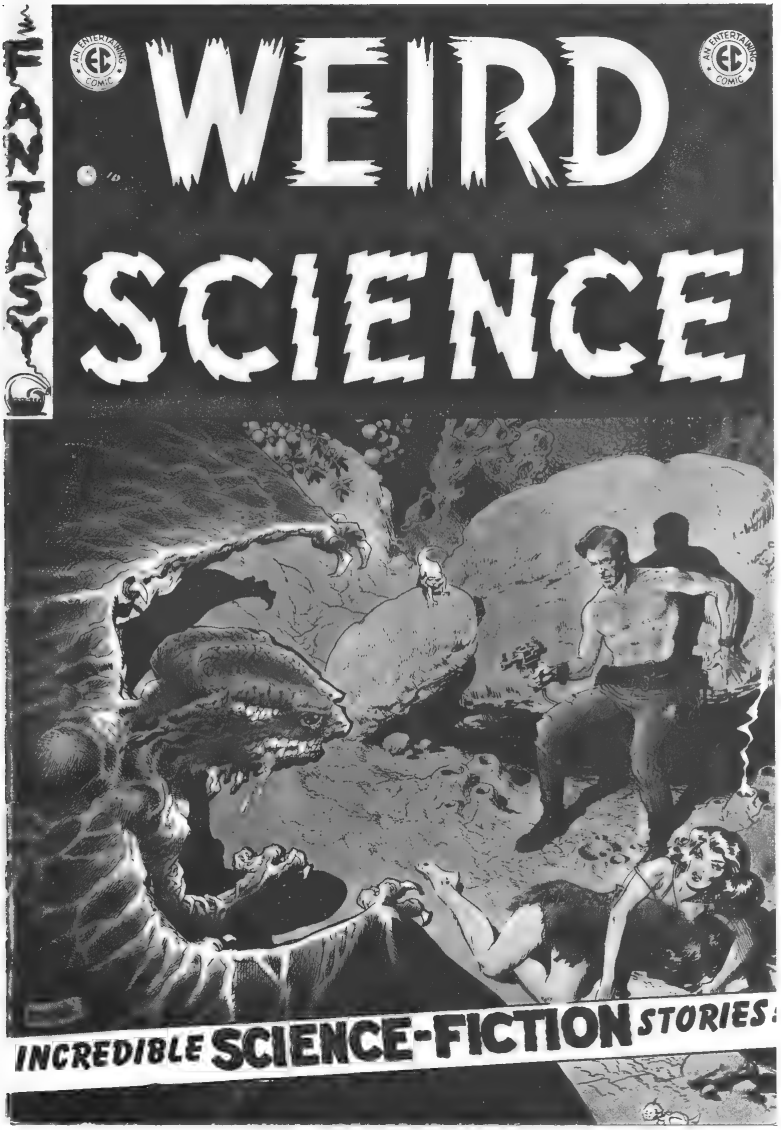

WEIRD
FANTASY
10¢
AUTHORIZED
A C M P
CONFORMS
to the
COMICS
CODE
AN ENTERTAINING
COMIC
INCREDIBLE SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES!
ELDSTEIN

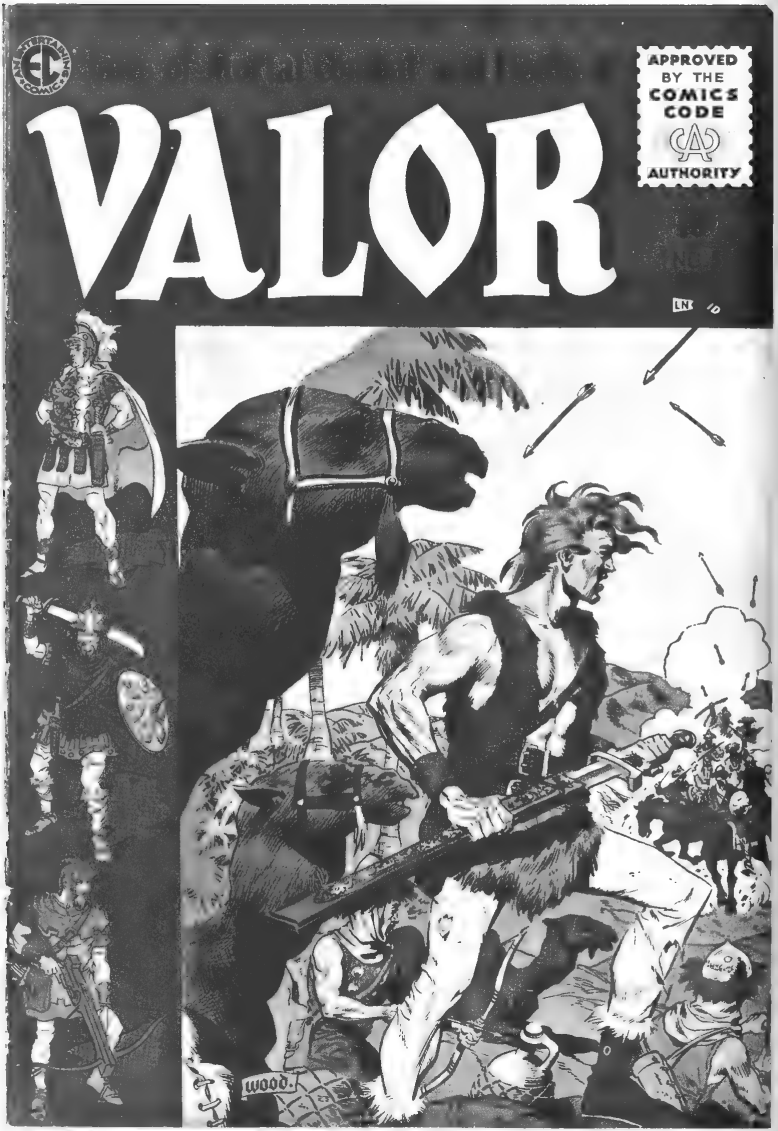

MAD-ISSY
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
NO. 16
WEIRD
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
10¢
SCIENCE
INCREDIBLE SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES!


HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR
EC
10¢
FEATURING...
THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER
THE CRYPT-KEEPER
FELDSTEIN


FEAR
HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
NO. 12
APR.
10¢
FEATURING...
THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER
THE CRYPT-KEEPER
GHASTLY


FANTASY
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
WEIRD
SCIENCE
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
IN THIS ISSUE:
E.C.'S ADAPTATION OF A STORY BY
RAY BRADBURY
AMERICA'S TOP SCIENCE-FICTION WRITER!


WEIRD
SCIENCE
INCREDIBLE SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES


EC
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
VALOR
LN '10
WOOD

BLACKMARK

by Gil Kane

A REVIEW BY JAMES VAN HISE

To many of you the name BLACKMARK may be unfamiliar due to the bad distribution this paperback received. This is unfortunate because BLACKMARK is without a doubt one of the finest comic strips ever published. The strip itself is sword & sorcery pure and beautiful as is the art by Gil Kane and is done in the pleto-fiction format he used so well in his much lamented HIS NAME IS SAVAGE. Although BLACKMARK abounds with the violence that earmarks most sword & sorcery, it is not as brutal and protracted as was SAVAGE, although it is none the less well handled. The art is nothing short of fantastic and is easily some of the best, if not the best, work Gil Kane has ever done! If you'll look closely when reading it you'll find at least three pages inked and/or drawn by Neal Adams and their styles fit together superbly. The story is excellent and as well handled as the art. The setting is NEW EARTH in the distant future. BLACKMARK is the offspring of a woman who was implanted with the seed of a king who was exiled for practising the forbidden ancient science. Just as his seed is planted through super-scientific means, so are the king's scientific memories preserved within that seed who is born to be BLACKMARK. His name comes from the fact that although the woman was paid well for her services to the dying king, her husband does not think highly of it and thus when the child is born he names the boy BLACKMARK because he was spawned by demon science. Thus marks the beginning of Blackmark's struggle from boy to warrior to king but in a dramatically different way. This is the epic called BLACKMARK, an epic which may only be beginning!

BLACKMARK is published by Bantam Books, serial number 85871, for 75¢

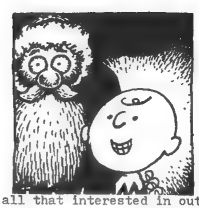
As the armor-scaled monstrosity passed directly beneath, Blackmark launched forward with a steel-muscled spring. And his bronzed body and gleaming sword were welded into one deadly instrument hurtling through space.

Blood and pale green ichor explosively sprayed about Blackmark as force of fall, weight of body, and thrusting might of his own sinewed arms buried the blade to its hilt in the swimming yellow pool that was the lizard's eye! And behind that skewered orb lay the creature's brain.

UNDERGROUNDS

by

James Van Hise



Underrround comics (which can be called that now only as a label since they now appear even on some regular newstands, even in Miami) have come a long way since their inception, but in some ways this can hardly be called progress. Lately the Undergrounds appear to be taking two divergent directions in their approach to stories and content, one being a step in the right direction while the other is a step hopelessly backwards.

One thing which typifies many Undergrounds is that of doing stories in the EC tradition. The only problem with this is it is all too often done by people who think EC is great (which it is) but for the wrong reasons! They loved some of the grossness and blood and gore which dotted some of EC's more extreme horror stories and by using these ideals as a springboard they do stories so incredibly imaginative yet hopelessly perverse that they think they've gone EC one better when actually all they've done is prostituted the EC ideal, rather than going it one better! Gross is great is all too prevalent a theme in the Undergrounds, but there is more than just that one reason for this.

Definite trends can be detected in the Underground comics. For the first couple years of their widely known existence, explicit sex was their calling card which guaranteed good sales because much of it was done by very talented people such as Crumb. But even explicit sex can wear thin so that the happy go lucky kind of Crumb was no longer enough to arouse interest. Thus the sex became more bizarre and perverse (such as that in the bile filled art if S. Clay Wilson) until now even this has been built upon to produce such incredibly imaginative perversity that it has reached such heights (or depths, however you look at it) of shock and vomit storytelling that I've no doubt at all but they will have run the gamut of even this quite soon so that they will have made even the perverse, boring and commonplace. Their end is near. Thus in more ways than one these stories are self destructive in nature. Almost without exception, in these stories, the main character (I hesitate to use the word protaganist) meets some bizarre end in a long line of perverse occurances. Examples of Undergrounds which employ this type of approach are mostly new titles or issues such as THRILLING MURDER, TALES OF SEX AND DEATH, YOUNG LUST, PULP COMIX and others.

Undergrounds have a great deal of potential, precious little of which is being realized. Even those which still try and get by with just plain every day out and out sex have had to explore new directions such as ripping off characters from Disney, some of which may or may not be out of copyright (and some which certainly aren't). But ripping off anything from Disney is not just self destructive, it's suicidal, sheer and complete!

Even those in the established comic industry, who, with the run-ins with the code might be interested in the freedom offered by the Undergrounds, see the overall poor directions the Undergrounds are taking. At the recent New York comicon they pretty much echoed some of these sentiments:

Len Wein - "I wouldn't be interested in the least. All they seem to want to do is make a buck and run!"

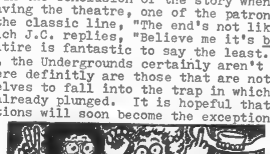
Denny O'Neil - "I have no interest. All they seem to be is shock and outrage on every page. By the time I reach page ten my sense of shock and outrage is worn out!"

Roy Thomas - "I wouldn't want to write for them. I might like to try it as an artist. They have some good artists, sure, but there's so many others who don't seem to know which end of the pen is up; I just might make it."

Gil Kane - "I'm not all that interested in outraging everyone. I like to work on novels and acheive a balance between words and pictures. No, going into Underground Comics doesn't hold any temptation for me."

As much as Underground Comics could hold for them, it's what they hold for them at present that doesn't interest them. This is not to say that quality and serious endeavors cannot be found in Undergrounds at all, it's just that the trash has eclipsed them in the eye of the observer. But as I said, good solid creations and fine art has been produced and will continue to be produced in the Undergrounds, the shock and vomit trend not withstanding. On the art side there are talents such as Rick Griffin who have turned out some beautifully original illustrations, even to the extent of printing many in a regular fanzine size volume called THE MAN FROM UTOPIA. Crumb has turned out a dearth of pornographic strips but yet they're harmless and freewheeling, genuinely funny. Gilbert Shelton's Freak Brothers is a classic in the truest sense and THE COLLECTED ADVENTURES OF THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS is in my opinion the finest Underground ever published. In the vein of science fiction and fantasy, the best and most serious attempts in this being made in the Undergrounds is being done by Richard Corben. The strips he's done in them far surpass those he does for Warren in both quality and grace. Nothing that Rich has done for the Undergrounds has been bad and all of it has been great. The best he's done so far dominates the title UP FROM THE DEEP which sports a beautiful color cover by him and the two strips inside both have important, yet different messages. His strip CID OPEY is in fantastic color and is at once both subtle yet deeply moving. One other fine endeavor which has gotten along fine without relying on bizarre manifestations (unless you count the fact that the new edition of it, which is exactly the same as those previous, costs twice as much) is THE NEW ADVENTURES OF JESUS. I've never been very strong on religion but this slim volume has more honest, truthful enjoyable religious satire than anything I've ever read. It is nondenominational and non-hateful and uproariously funny. It is drawn, and I suppose written, by Gilbert Shelton and although the art is somewhat crude, it is appealing nontheless. The stories in it shift back and forth from the time Jesus originally lived until his return in modern times. One of the best sequences involves Jesus viewing "The Greatest Story Ever Shown", a Hollywood version of the life of Jesus in which J.C. has a brush cut and bulging muscles and in the end fights off 45,000 Romans single handed by mashing them with the cross on which he was to be crucified. It's great, especially the scene where Jesus lifts the cross from his back in the movie and begins fighting back while the entire audience (including J.C.) is crying. In the conclusion of the story when everyone is leaving the theatre, one of the patrons remarks with the classic line, "The end's not like the book" to which J.C. replies, "Believe me it's better!". The satire is fantastic to say the least.

No, the Undergrounds certainly aren't all bad as there definitly are those that are not allowing themselves to fall into the trap in which many have already plunged. It is hopeful that these exceptions will soon become the exceptional rule!



COMIC BOOK FANS
... COLLECT EVERYTHING!
HERE'S SOME TOILET PAPER USED BY AL WILLIAMSON!
WOW! JUST LIKE ALEX RAYMOND!
I'VE GOT A COMPLETE RUN OF HIS RUNS!!
... ARE VERY DEMANDING -
I JUST WISH..
IF ONLY--
TOO BAD--
HOW ABOUT SOME NEW COMICS BY BARKS
HOW COME STAN LEE DOESN'T EDIT AND INK?
WHY DOESN'T NEAL ADAMS DRAW THOR SPIDERMAN AVENGERS CONAN BATMAN SAD SACK AND ALL THE COVERS
.. HAUNT NEWSSTANDS ..
WHAT'S YOUR DELIVERY DAY?
ANY MORE OF THESE?
FREE PRESS IN YET?
CAN I OPEN A CHARGE ACCOUNT?
I'LL BUY ALL OF THOSE YOU GET
.. PRINT DOZENS OF FANZINES ..
PHOTO OFFSET
WRAP AROUND BINDING
FULL COLOR COVER
12 PAGES
IN-DEPTH INTERVIEW
MAILED FLAT
COLOR PAINTING
REVIEWS OF STUFF YOU SAW 2 YEARS AGO
SAME OLD QUARTERLY
WEIRD FAN GRAPHIC FANTASY
.. JERK OFF OVER PICTURES OF DONALD DUCK ..
... ARE USUALLY NAIVE ..
WHY COULDN'T THEY MAKE THIS 84 PAGES WITH EIGHT COLORS?
CRUMB SHOULD BE DOING A DAILY STRIP
I'VE NEVER DONE ANY PRO WORK BUT
CHUCK JONES IS A GREAT ANIMATED FILM-MAKER
... IDOLIZE PRO ARTISTS ..
KIRBY HIMSELF STOOD HERE
FOR SALE: PAPER DRINKING CUP USED AND SIGNED BY FRANK FRAZETTA $15.00
.. KISS ASS SHAMELESSLY ..
GEE I DON'T WANT TO SEEM PUSHY BUT COULD I HAVE JUST ONE ORIGINAL?
I'M AN ASSISTANT INKER SO IF YOU EVER NEED ANY HELP
YOUR STUFF IS WORTH MORE THAN $50 PAGE
NOBODY UNDERSTANDS YOU

..HAVE TWO COLLECTIONS: THE STUFF YOU CAN SEE AND THE STUFF THEY HIDE
HERE'S ALL MY ARCHIE COMICS
CASPER RICHIE RICH WACKY RACES
JUGHEAD ANNUALS
..KNOCK MAD MAGAZINE BUT KEEP BUYING FIVE COPIES OF EACH ISSUE...
I WISH SOMEBODY WOULD PUT THIS OUT OF ITS MISERY
BUT THAT'LL BREAK UP MY RUN
SURE IS ROTTEN
ALMOST AS BAD AS CREEPY
.. ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT THE BEST WAY TO STORE ALL THEIR COMICS..
AMBER PLASTIC BAGS WITH A SIDE ZIPPER!
HARD BOUND VOLUMES WITH CASES
SEALED IN LUCITE
SEALED IN BAT GUANO
EC
...ARE USUALLY GUYS NOT GIRLS
I'M ONLY COLLECTING COMICS TO FULFILL SEXUAL DESIRES
I'M MAKING UP FOR THE ONES MY MOTHER THREW OUT
WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?
.. LATCH ONTO ONE ARTIST AND HARANGUE ABOUT HIM FOREVER..
CARL BARKS
HARVEY KURTZMAN
NEAL ADAMS
ROBT. CRUMB
EISNER
FANTUCCHIO
...ARE STILL LOOKING FOR THE BIG "SECRET"
WHAT KIND OF A PEN DO YOU USE?
IS THERE A SCHOOL THAT TEACHES COMICS?
DOES AN ELECTRIC SHARPENER HELP YOU DRAW BETTER?
WELL GEE I COPIED IT RIGHT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
...PLAN TO MAKE LOTS OF MONEY BY COLLECTING..
IF I BUY 20 COPIES OF "THOR" NOW FOR 15¢
IN FOUR YEARS I CAN SELL THEM FOR 20¢ EACH! WOW!!
.. ARE UNIQUE! NO TWO ALIKE
FIVE COPIES OF MAD NO.1!! MINE! MINE!
... ARE IMMERSED IN TRIVIA..
THE LAST TWO PANELS OF SPIDERMAN WERE INKED BY MIKE ROYER
JACK KIRBY HAS SWITCHED FROM A G.E. 60 WATT TO A SYLVANIA 75 WATT BULB IN HIS DRAWING LAMP
WHO LETTERED WHIZ #48?

... BUY HUNDREDS OF GOOD PAPERBACKS BUT DON'T READ ANY OF THEM ...
THEY'RE JUST NICE TO HAVE
ANYHOW I SAW THE MOVIE
... ARE VICTIMS OF FATE ..
I JUST PAID TEN BUCKS FOR THIS COPY OF "UNCLE SCROOGE"
.. NOW GOLD KEY REPRINTS THE STORY.
YOU CAN GET IT ANYWHERE FOR 15¢
IF ONLY MY RBCC GOT HERE SOONER
I STOCKED UP ON MARVELS BUT SO DID EVERYBODY
.. KNOW ALL THE OLD STORIES
SUPERMAN WAS REJECTED BY 843 SYNDICATES
CANIFF LEARNED FROM NOEL SICKLES AND ERNIE BUSHMILLER
ALEX TOTH WALKS FUNNY
DOUG WILDEY WEARS ARMY SHOES
CARL BARKS WAS A LUMBERJACK DURING THE CIVIL WAR
... THINK DISNEY IS IT!!
NOW THAT'S ANIMATION
THAT'S REAL ART
THE ONLY WAY TO DO IT
IT'S ALL ON ONES, TOO
PLOT
STORY
FAIRY TALES
YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT!
.. HOLD CONVENTIONS A LOT.
NEW YORK
HOUSTON
KIRK ALYN
DISNEYLAND
SERIALS
KIRBY
FILMS
STERANKO
INFANTINO
STAR TREK
BUD PLANT
BOB SIDEBOTTOM
MIKE ROYER
ROY MIKER
RIKE MOYER
MY ROYKER
MOY RIKER
RYE MOYKER
ROYKE MYER
... HAVE NEVER HEARD OF BOB MERZ ...
WHO'S BOB MERZ?
WHO'S BOB MITCHELL?
WHO'S BOB SWARTHE?
WHO'S BOB KURTZ?
WHO'S BOB BACHMAN?
WHO'S BOB ZAMBONI?
.. ARE SHERIFFS BY DAY ... OUTLAWS BY NIGHT ...
WHAT DOES RICHARD KYLE LOOK LIKE?
WHAT DOES HE DO FOR A LIVING?
IS BILL SPICER FAT OR SKINNY
WILL MILT GRAY EVER WISE UP?
DO DON & MAGGIE SCREW A LOT?
... SHARE THEIR GOODIES ...
HELLO SPICER
.. MIND IF I READ YOUR STACK OF LITTLE LULUS?
RUBBER CEMENT
VINCENT DAVIS

AGAINST THE BACKGROUND OF THE UNTAMED JUNGLE, MONA SAW THE THIN VENEER OF HER LOVE EXPOSED TO FORCES SHE COULDN'T CONTROL! HER MIND KEPT TELLING HER THAT SHE WAS PLEDGED TO DON BUT HER HEART KEPT YEARNING FOR THE STRANGER WHO TAUGHT HER THE MEANING OF. . .

UNTAMED Love

When Don first suggested my brother and I accompany him on a hunting safari in Africa, I was cool to the idea, but now that we had reached the dark continent, I felt a mounting excitement engulf me...

I KNEW YOU'D LOVE IT ONCE WE ARRIVED HERE. YOU'RE IN FOR THE ADVENTURE OF YOUR LIFE, DARLING.

I ALWAYS CONSIDERED MYSELF A HOT HOUSE FLOWER, DON. BUT THIS--IT SEEMS SO MYSTERIOUS AND EXCITING...

YOU'RE JUST A BEAUTIFUL THING AT HEART, MY DARLING, THAT'S WHY I WANT YOU FOR MY VERY OWN.

IS THAT WHY YOU WANT TO MARRY ME, DON? BECAUSE I'M JUST ANOTHER ANIMAL YOU'VE CAPTURED?

BUT YOU'LL BE THE MOST WONDERFUL. CATCH I'VE EVER MADE. I LOVE YOU, MONA--LOVE YOU VERY MUCH.
I LIKE THE WAY YOU SAY THAT DON---THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO BE MRS. DON LONGWORTH II!
NOTHING MATTERS WITHOUT YOU, DARLING ---NOTHING!
SORRY TO INTERRUPT, SIS--BUT THE TENDER IS READY TO TAKE US ASHORE.
RIGHT WITH YOU CHARLIE!
But as we neared the jungle vastness of Africa, qualms began to assail me, once more. No-- it wasn't the hunting trip that bothered me.
DO I REALLY LOVE HIM--OR IS IT HIS MONEY THAT MADE ME SAY YES?
I MUST STOP THINKING ABOUT IT. OF COURSE I LOVE HIM--OR I WOULDN'T HAVE CONSENTED TO MARRY HIM. I MUST BELIEVE THAT.
HERE WE ARE, DARLING--- AFRICA AT LAST!
WHERE'S THE GUIDE AND CARRIERS WHO WERE TO MEET US?

TRACY SAID HE'D MEET US AT THE FIRST CAMPING SITE LATER TODAY. HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE BEST AND HE'S ROUNDING UP EXPERIENCED CARRIERS FOR THE HUNT.
WELL— WE'RE OFF!
It seemed that we walked endlessly that day, and when we finally made camp that night, I felt exhausted...
LISTEN TO THOSE ANIMALS HOWLING OUT THERE. IT SOUNDS EERIE!
WHERE THE DEVIL IS TRACY? HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE BY NOW. THESE OTHER CARRIERS ARE NERVOUS ABOUT STAYING IN THE JUNGLE AND MAY RUN OUT ON US ANY MINUTE.
I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO HIM WHEN HE INSISTED WE MEET HERE. THEY TOLD ME HE WAS AN INDEPENDENT CUSS, BUT HE'S STILL WORKING FOR ME!
RELAX, DARLING. IF HE SAID HE'D BE HERE--HE WILL!
DID I HEAR MY NAME MENTIONED?
HUH?! WHO'S THAT?
BLAST IT, TRACY-- WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SNEAKING UP ON ME? WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
JUST THOUGHT I'D SEE HOW CLOSE I COULD COME WITHOUT BEING DISCOVERED. YOU WOULDN'T MAKE A GOOD GUARD AGAINST MARAUDERS, LONGWORTH.
I'M PAYING YOU MORE THAN WELL FOR THIS TRIP, TRACY, AND YOU HAVE YOUR GALL TAKING YOUR OWN GOOD TIME GETTING HERE.
YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT WOMEN COMING ALONG!

THIS IS MY FIANCEE--MISS MONA TRENT. MONA--THIS IS TRACY--OUR GUIDE.
HELLO--TRACY.
MISS TRENT--IT'S A PLEASURE.
Maybe it was the firelight dancing on his handsome, rugged features--his broad chest--those keen, gray eyes that seemed to look right through me--but I found my heart pounding violently when he touched my hand...
YOU DON'T SEEM VERY HAPPY ABOUT FEMALE COMPANY, TRACY.
FRANKLY--I'M NOT. A HUNTING PARTY IS NO PLACE FOR A WOMAN. BUT IT'S LONGWORTH'S PARTY--SO I GUESS IT'S UP TO HIM.
The following day, we started our trek deep in the interior, but try as I might, I couldn't tear my eyes away from Tracy..
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? I'M LIKE A SCHOOLGIRL WITH HER FIRST CRUSH!
Days passed---days filled with all kinds of thoughts about Tracy---but he was rigidly polite on all occasions. We had only shot some small game and hadn't encountered anything worthwhile until one afternoon.
BWANA TRACY! KING--THERE! MANY!
GET YOUR GUN, LONGWORTH--THEY'VE SPOTTED SOME LIONS!
LIONS! I'D LIKE TO COME ALONG, DON. I PROMISE TO STAY OUT OF THE WAY.
WELL--IT MIGHT BE RISKY. BUT IF YOU WANT TO--!
STEP ON IT, MAN--THOSE LIONS AREN'T GOING TO WAIT FOR US.
The thrill of the hunt had completely engulfed me and I found myself eagerly pressing forward. But Don seemed completely unnerved and was assuming false bravado to cover it up...
GET THEM RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES, LONGWORTH. THEY'RE MIGHTY NASTY WHEN THEY'RE WOUNDED.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.

so sure of himself--and his attitude dissipated any fear I might have had. In fact, I found myself eagerly pressing forward as if to be the first one to reach the animals...
But Don kept fingering his safety catch and wetting his lips. He was obviously frightened. When suddenly...
DON'T SHOOT YET, WE'RE NOT NEAR ENOUGH FOR A GOOD SHOT.
SHUT UP!
Before Tracy could stop him, Don had raised his rifle, took a perfunctory aim and fired...
WAIT!
PING!
YOU FOOL--- YOU ONLY WOUNDED HIM. THIS MEANS TROUBLE!
GET A BEAD ON HIM, MAN! HURRY! HE'S HEADING FOR MONA!
SHOOT, MAN--SHOOT!
I--I C-CAN'T!

I could see those gaping, slavering jaws of the wounded beast and froze in terror in my tracks--unable to move--unable to scream...
GIVE ME THAT!
I-I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK!
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW! BUT HE SURE WAS A BIG ONE AND OUT FOR REVENGE!
I'VE HAD A LITTLE MORE EXPERIENCE AT THESE THINGS THAN YOU, LONGWORTH, AND I EXPECT YOU TO LISTEN TO ME IF I'M GOING TO BE YOUR GUIDE. OR ELSE GET YOURSELF ANOTHER BOY. I DON'T WANT BLOOD ON MY HANDS.
WHY--THE INSOLENT PUP! HOW DARE HE TALK TO ME LIKE THAT? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT DEAR?
LUBAGO! GET BWANA! HURRY--ON THE DOUBLE!
I WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT, MONA--BUT HE--HE WANTED TO SHOW OFF FOR YOUR BENEFIT I GUESS. YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?
YES, DON.

MONA! WAIT!
Somehow, the touch of his hand made me crawl with revulsion and I quickly turned and began to follow Tracy back to camp...
That night, as I sat alone with my confused, jumbled thoughts--thoughts that kept revolving around Tracy, I looked up and saw him standing there...
MIND IF I COME IN?
N-NO---!
I WOULDN'T JUDGE HIM TOO HARSHLY, MISS TRENT. EVERYBODY IS BOUND TO GET BUCK FEVER NOW AND THEN.
I KNOW-- AND PLEASE STOP BEING SO FORMAL TO ME, TRACY.
HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT BY THE MORNING--ALTHOUGH HE'S BEEN AT THAT BOTTLE ALL DAY. I'D HATE TO SEE YOU TWO BREAK IT UP!
I KNOW YOU WOULD, TRACY.
IS THAT ALL YOU CAN SAY? I KNOW--I KNOW--I KNOW! DO YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU? DO YOU KNOW THAT?
OH, TRACY-- I TRIED TO FIGHT IT!

WHEN I SAW THAT LION COMING AT YOU, I KNEW THEN THAT NOTHING ELSE WOULD EVER MATTER IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU.
I DO LOVE YOU, TRACY--WITH ALL MY HEART!
A VERY PRETTY AND TOUCHING PICTURE INDEED!
DON!
PLAYING THE BIG HERO WITH MY GIRL, EH? SHOWING HER WHAT A BIG MAN YOU ARE! BUT WHAT'S A BIG MAN GOING TO DO WITH A BULLET IN HIM?
I'M DOING A LITTLE HUNTING MYSELF TONIGHT.
PUT THAT GUN DOWN!
SURE I WILL---AFTER I GET RID OF YOU!
DON! DON'T--!
There was a loud explosion and a searing burn in my arm and then complete blackness...
Slowly, slowly—I came out of the bottomless pit to find Tracy kneeling next to me with a look in his eyes every woman recognizes...
IT WAS JUST A SUPERFICIAL WOUND, DARLING! HE'S GONE NOW--AND I GUESS PRETTY SORRY FOR WHAT HE DID. BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?
STAY WITH YOU, MY SWEET---FOREVER AND EVER.
THE END

An Interview With

GARRY TRUDEAU

BY JAY MAEDER

At the time of this interview (July 1971), Garry Trudeau's manic "Doonesbury" strip, less than a year old, was already creating shock waves in the established comics industry by proving that quasi-underground humor could be a profitable commodity.

Flapping noisily across comicdom like some good natured pterodactyl, "Doonesbury" shows every sign of becoming an institution not unlike "Peanuts"; a hardbound volume of reprints is due for publication shortly, and Trudeau has become something of a celebrity in his own right.

"Doonesbury" first appeared under the title "Bull Tales" in Yale University's daily newspaper, where it was spotted by John McMeel, president of the new Universal Press Syndicate. McMeel, determined to bring fresh and not necessarily conventional talent into the comics mainstream, signed Trudeau on the spot and sat down with him to shape "Doonesbury" into a marketable property. The strip went into national syndication in October 1970 and currently appears in more than 125 papers.

LET'S START WITH SOME INFORMATION ABOUT YOURSELF. ARE YOU A BIZARRE AND FREAKY CARTOONIST IN THE MOLD OF GILBERT SHELTON AND S. CLAY WILSON, OR ARE YOU A RELATIVELY STRAIGHT DUDE?

I guess I'm a relatively straight dude. I'm 23, just graduated from college, and I'm going back to graduate school next year. Took a degree in art at Yale and I'm going back for graduate work in graphic design.

And, I work on Doonesbury and a few other projects.

WHAT OTHER PROJECTS?

Well, I'm into the long range process of forming a group in New Haven called Calligraph Associates.. basically a professional commune. A noncompetitive atmosphere of people working exclusively on projects of their own...magazines, design, recordings.

I've got a one in a million break, but it's a rare thing. I have a lot of creative friends who have to, you know, go out and make a living. And with this, they'd be pretty much subsidized with what would amount to fellowships. A community thing. Like, a guy would promote concerts for six months for us, then go to California for six months and play blues.

YOU SPEAK OF YOUR "ONE IN A MILLION BREAK" WITH A CERTAIN AWE.

I feel like I ought to. I'm extremely fortunate that this has happened. I'm doing something that I couldn't be happier doing. And I know relatively few people who enjoy their work.

WHY ARE YOU A CARTOONIST, AS OPPOSED TO, SAY, A JUNIOR EXECUTIVE FOR SEARS ROEBUCK?

I don't know. I've always been interested in art and in writing. And somehow I put it together with this. It keeps me in touch with the current world and it keeps me in touch with art and it keeps me writing. Essentially, I like to write more than draw. Hopefully, I'll be doing a column for Universal within a year. Political satire.

WITH THE OTHER PROJECTS YOU'RE GETTING INTO, WILL YOU POSSIBLY NOT BE HANGING ON TO DOONESBURY?

That's a possibility. I have a six year contract and a very understanding syndicate.

ARE THERE OCCASIONS WHEN YOUR EDITORS FIND YOUR WORK NOT ACCEPTABLE?

Oh, all the time. I enjoy working at the level at which I'm working. I don't feel censored. But there are times when the greater wisdom that these guys have acquired prevails, and when I will bow to someone's wishes on a subject. Things like how

many episodes on a certain subject I can use in six weeks. They have a better idea of what that's all about than I do. Essectially we agree on just about everything.

Usually, when I get slapped on the wrist, it's not from the syndicate, it's from one of the papers. We've gotten into a lot of trouble on the west coast...the Los Angeles Times wasn't very happy about the sequence I did on a Black Panther trial. It was sort of heavy for most of their readership.

WHAT KIND OF MAIL DO YOU GET?

It's good mail. The interesting thing is that I seem to keep people guessing as to what my politics are, and I think that's the way it should be. I think it would be a mistake to impose my politics on anyone. I suppose I've got the average college liberal outlook. But this is not the kind of thing I feel it's right for me to impose on anyone.

If anything, the success of the strip has been its understanding of any point of view. Which is why I have a spectrum of characters from radicals to hardhats. I can hit kind of anything.

YOU WERE IN THE YALE DAILY NEWS FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS. WHAT WAS THE STRIP LIKE AT THAT TIME? WHAT DID CUTTING DOWN FOR SYNDICATION AMOUNT TO?

I had the same characters. It was a football strip first of all, and later focussed on the sexual episodes of Michael Doonesbury. And this is what got cut. This seems to be the touchiest subject of them all. And, you know, I get letters from mid-western housewives saying that their children shouldn't be reading this stuff.

DO YOU THINK OF DOONESBURY AS BREAKING NEW GROUND IN THE COMICSTRIP TRADITION, OR DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT?

It's hard to say. I was very naive about it in the beginning, and I just assumed the thing would catch. And I thought it was pretty tame, by the time they got around to cutting out all the stuff that I'd been doing.

Editors, on the other hand, thought it was very subversive and very avant-garde. I think the comics page is probably one of the most conservative pages in any newspaper.

YEAH, THIS IS WHY I'M INTRODUCING THE SUBJECT. EVEN THOUGH THE STRIP IS PRETTY TAME COMPARED TO WHAT IT WAS IN THE YALE PAPER, IT'S NONETHELESS THE KIND OF THING THAT'S NEVER BEEN SEEN ON THE COMICS PAGES BEFORE.

Well, editors have a huge responsibility with the comics page, see. Next to the headlines, it's the most widely read part of the paper. Which is kind of extraordinary, when you think about it, but essentially the comics page is a tranquilizer. Readers don't want to be hassled by the comics page. They don't want to be provoked or irritated. If they do, they'll turn to the editorial page and read Feiffer.

The primary role of the cartoonist is entertainer. Social commentary is sort of secondary. But, like, I don't think I could get away with some of the things I get away with if the strip didn't make people laugh. I mean, like I say, a lot of editors were really scared by the strip, and they really thought it was revolutionary.

But, you know, it's nothing at all compared to what's on television, or even the rest of the paper. It's this double standard they've got about what they can put on the comics page and what they can put on the front page. And to say "Good Lord, the children will read this" is somewhat ludicrous, because the kids will go to the TV and turn on Mod Squad. You know, it's a little irrational.

THE COMICS HAVE BEEN PRETTY BLAND FOR A LOT OF YEARS. IT'S BEEN VERBOTEN TO TOUCH ON CERTAIN ISSUES.

Yeah, well, they get around to talking about things five years after they happen. Like Schulz introduced one of his little black characters a fashionable five years after the Kerner Commission, you know. Almost as if somebody had said, okay, you can do your thing now.

A LOT OF BLACK STRIPS ARE SHOWING UP NOW.

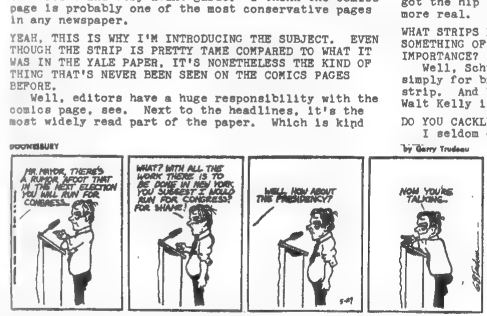
I'm following some of them. Friday Foster is a new one, which is pretty good. Unfortunately, Friday Foster is kind of like Diana Ross; she's palatable to a white public. She's hardly an Afro. Lt. Flap in Beetle Bailey, he's another one. I've talked to syndicate people, and some of them think Lt. Flap is the most revolutionary thing to happen in comics in 20 years. I don't really agree---I think Flap is very two-dimensional, a modern stereotype. You know, he's a fingerlicking brother. Instead of the 50s civil rights graysuit, now you've got the hip black Afro, and I don't think it's any more real.

WHAT STRIPS DO YOU ADMIRE, FOR HAVING CONTRIBUTED SOMETHING OF WHAT WE MIGHT LOOSELY THINK OF AS IMPORTANCE?

Well, Schulz has contributed the most, obviously, simply for bringing such total humanity to the strip. And Feiffer. Both have influenced me a lot. Walt Kelly is an old master.

DO YOU CACKLE HYSTERICALLY AT YOUR DRAWING BOARD?

I seldom ever smile. I take humor very seriously.


DOONESBURY
by Garry Trudeau
MR. MAYOR, THERE'S A RUMOR ABOUT THAT IN THE NEXT ELECTION YOU WILL RUN FOR CONGRESS.
WHAT? WITH ALL THE WORK THERE IS TO BE DONE IN NEW YORK, YOU SUGGEST I WOULD RUN FOR CONGRESS? FOR SHAME!
WELL, HOW ABOUT THE PRESIDENCY?
NOW YOU'RE TALKING...

ABOVE, A CERTAIN NEW YORK CITY MAYOR IN A DAILY FROM MAY, 1971

DOONESBURY
THE DELEGATE FROM N.Y.U. HAS MADE A GOOD POINT. WE MUST USE OUR ELECTORAL POWER TO BRING AN END TO GOVERNMENT SANCTIONED VIOLENCE.
WE MUST WORK HARD SO THAT VIOLENT CAMPUS REPRESSION MAY NEVER BE TOLERATED AGAIN!
AW, SIT DOWN, BUSTER! I'M SICK OF YOU PREVENTING RADICALS SOUNDING BAD BY ON VIOLENCE. WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE!?
THE DELEGATE FROM KENT STATE.

DOONESBURY
I WISH YOU COULD VISIT CHINA WITH ME. I THINK YOU'D BE ASTOUNDED HOW LIBERAL 800 MILLION PEOPLE CAN BE!
YEAH, PROBABLY.
HOLD IT. HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, PELLA! LET'S NOT PAINT SUCH A ROSY PICTURE!!
THERE AREN'T 800 MILLION PEOPLE IN CHINA — THERE ARE 800 MILLION COMMUNISTS!
THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE!
WHAT'S WE?
NO SHIRL

PART ONE

AN INDEX OF UNCLE $CROOGE COMICS

by: KEN. DON ROSA

Scrooge being my favorite character in comic history and Barks my favorite pure cartoonist, I'll try not to get carried away too much.

ALL artwork & scripts are by Carl Barks ... except when INDICATED

ALL Barks stories are semi-classics; especially CLASSIC classics will be denoted by denominations of dollar signs ($) of all things -- I simply can't let a SCROOGE index go by without a LITTLE editorializing.

ALL stories costar Donald Duck and the nephews

* = my own title for otherwise unchristened tales

ISSUE NUMBER	STORY TITLE	COMMENTS	LENGTH
Four Color #366 (#1)	"Only a Poor Old Man" ($)	for the last page of this first issue Barks seems to give a summation of HIS characterizations of Scrooge and Donald -- ($$$$$$$$$$)	32 pages
Four Color #456 (#2)	"Back to the Klondike"	a tale of US's past	27 pages
	"Somethin' Fishy Here" ($)		5 pages
Four Color #495 (#3)	*Chisel McSue and the Horse-Radish Treasure		22 pages
	*The Water Tank Money Bin	Beagle Boys	10 pages
UNCLE SCROOGE #4	*Island of the Menehunes	Beagle Boys	32 pages
#5	*The Ten Skyrillion Dollar Quarter ($)		32 pages
#6	*The Land of Tralla La ($$)	clever tale of the roots of greed	22 pages
	*The Old Man Fox Farce		10 pages
#7	*The Seven Cities of Cibola ($)	Beagle Boys	28 pages
	*Petruccio, the Homing Pigeon	sans DD and nephews	4 pages
#8	*Island of the Petrifying Ray	Beagle Boys	28 pages
	*Scrooge McDuck for City Treasurer		4 pages
#9	"The Lemming with the Locket" ($)		22 pages
	"The Tuckered Tiger"		10 pages
#10	"The Fabulous Philosopher's Stone" ($)	great example of Barks' research	24 pages
	"Heirloom Watch"		8 pages
#11	"The Great Steamboat Race"		16 pages
	"Riches, Riches, Everywhere" ($$)	US shows DD how he got rich	16 pages

UNCLE SCROOGE COMICS

#12	"The Golden Fleecing" ($)	US goes after Jason's golden fleece	32 pages
#13	"The Land Beneath the Ground"	US meets the Terries & Fermies	27 pages
	*Gyro Harnesses Lightning	first Gyro Gearloose feature	4 pages
#14	"The Lost Crown of Genghis Khan"		19 pages
	*The Foam-Stone Wall	Gyro Gearloose feature	4 pages
	*The Canny Brannies Give-Away ($)		8 pages
#15	"The Second-Richest Duck" ($$$)	classic tale of Flintheart Glomgold	20 pages
	*The Cat Translator	Gyro feature; origin of his helper	4 pages
	*Saga of the Wandering Money Bin		7 pages
#16	"Back to Long Ago"		21 pages
	*The Predicting Machine	Gyro feature	4 pages
	*The Colossalest Surprise Quiz Show ($)		6 pages
#17	"A Cold Bargain"($)	the story of Bombastium	27 pages
	*Gyro Goes Fishing	Gyro feature	4 pages
#18	"Land of the Pygmy Indians"		27 pages
	*The Gold Detector	Gyro feature	4 pages
#19	"The Mines of King Solomon" ($$)	US finds ANOTHER fabled trove	27 pages
	*The Bubble House	Gyro feature	4 pages
#20	"City of Golden Roofs"		26 pages
	*Roscoe, the Robot	Gyro feature	4 pages
#21	"The Money Well"	Beagle Boys	26 pages
	*Gyro's Scarecrows	Gyro feature	4 pages
#22	"The Golden River" ($)	a real heart-warmer	26 pages
	*The Bird Thought Reader Machine	Gyro feature	4 pages
#23	"The Strange Shipwrecks"	Beagle Boys	21 pages
	*Gyro's Pool	Gyro feature	4 pages
	"The Fabulous Tycoon" ($)	with Longhorn Tallgrass	5 pages
#24	"The Twenty-four Carat Moon" ($)	another great moral tale	20 pages
	*The Cyclone Warning Machine	Gyro feature	4 pages
	"The Magic Ink"		6 pages
#25	"The Flying Dutchman" ($)		20 pages
	*The Wishing Well Machine	Gyro feature	4 pages
	*The Fourth Great Pyramid ($)		6 pages
#26	"The Prize of Pizarro"($)	US finds the lost Incan treasures	20 pages
	"Krankenstein Gyro"	Gyro feature	4 pages
	*The Saga of Pizen Bluff	tale of US's past	6 pages
#27	"The Money Champ"($)	the return of Flintheart Glomgold	22 pages
	"The Firefly Tracker"	Gyro feature	4 pages
	"Uncle Scrooge and His Handy Andy"		4 pages
#28	"The 'Paul Bunyan' Machine"	Beagle Boys	21 pages
	"The Inventors' Contest"	Gyro feature; with Black Pete	4 pages
	"The Witching Stick"		5 pages
#29	"Island in the Sky" ($)	US goes spaceman	18 pages
	"Oodles of Oomph"	Gyro feature	4 pages
	"Hound of the Whiskervilles"	a tale of US's Scottish roots	8 pages
#30	"Pipeline to Danger"		17 pages
	"War Paint"	Gyro feature	4 pages
	"Yoicks! The Fox!"		9 pages
#31	"All at Sea"	Beagle Boys	17 pages
	"Fishy Warden"	Gyro feature	4 pages
	"Two-Way Luck"		9 pages

An UNCLE SCROOGE Index by Don Rosa - Part two

UNCLE SCROOGE COMICS

#32 "That's No Fable" ($) a clever tale of the Fountain of Youth 18 pages
"That Small Feeling" Gyro feature 4 pages
"Clothes Make the Duck" 8 pages

#33 "Billions in the Hole" ($) Beagle Boys 16 pages
"You Can't Win" Gyro feature 4 pages
"Bongo on the Congo" 10 pages

#34 "Mythtic Mystery" US visits Valhalla 15 pages
"Wily Rival" Gyro feature 4 pages
"Chugwagon Derby" 10 pages

#35 "The Golden Nugget Boat" with Gladstone Gander 20 pages
"Fast Away Castaway" Gyro feature 4 pages
"Gift Lion" Beagle Boys 4 pages

#36 "The Midas Touch" origin Magica De Spell 17 pages
"Duckburg's Day of Peril" Gyro feature 4 pages
"Money Bag Goat" 6 pages

#37 "Cave of Ali Baba" 16 pages
"The Great Pop Up" Gyro feature 4 pages
"Deep Down Doings" Beagle Boys 9 pages

#38 "The Unsafe Safe" Magica De Spell & the Beagle Boys 19 pages
"Madcap Inventors" Gyro feature 4 pages
"Much Luck Mcduck" 7 pages

#39 "A Spicy Tale" 18 pages
"Finny Fun" Gyro feature 4 pages
"Tricky Experiment" Beagle Boys 8 pages

#40 January 1963; first Gold Key issue
"Oddball Odyssey" Magica De Spell 19 pages
"Posthasty Postman" Gyro feature 4 pages

#41 "Kingpin for a Day" first US story NOT by Carl Barks! 7 pages
"The Status Seeker" Beagle Boys 20 pages
"Snow Duster" Gyro feature 4 pages
"Typhoon Tycoon" *not by Barks* 7 pages

#42 "The Case of the Sticky Money" Beagle Boys 20 pages
"Getting His Wires Crossed" *not by Barks* Gyro feature 4 pages
"Wheeling and Dealing" *not by Barks* 5 pages

#43 "For Old Dime's Sake" Magica De Spell 16 pages
"Something to Crow About" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages
"Famous Figure" *not by Barks* 9 pages

#44 "Crown of the Mayas" 21 pages
"The Pixie that Drizzled" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages
"The Invisible Intruder" facts about US's childhood 6 pages

#45 "Isle of Golden Geese" Magica De Spell & Beagle Boys 23 pages
"Day of Delayed Action" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages
"The Travel Tightwad" 4 pages

#46 "Lost Beneath the Sea" 22 pages
"A Helper's Helping Hand" Gyro feature 4 pages
"The Lemonade Fling" 5 pages

#47 "The Thrifty Spendthrift" ($) 20 pages
"Man versus Machine" Gyro feature 4 pages
"A Cool Deal" *not by Barks* 7 pages

#48 "The Many Faces of Magica De Spell" Magica De Spell 22 pages
"Jonah Gyro" Gyro feature 4 pages
"The New Suit" *not by Barks* 5 pages

UNCLE SCROOGE COMICS

#49 "The Loony Lunar Gold Rush" 17 pages
"Lost and Found Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages
"A Case of Too Many Sea Monsters" *not by Barks* 10 pages

#50 "Rug Riders in the Sky" Magica De Spell loses her powers 16 pages
"Once Upon a Time Machine" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages
"Getting That Healthy, Wealthy Feeling" *not by Barks* 9 pages

#51 "How Green Was My Lettuce" ($) 15 pages
"Pigeon Panic" one-shot Ludwig Von Drake feature; non Barks 4 pages
"Let Donald Do It" *not by Barks* 9 pages

#52 "The Great Wig Mystery" 20 pages
"The Portable Plier" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages
"Everybody's Got a Whistle" *not by Barks* 4 pages

#53 "Interplanetary Postmen" 15 pages
"The Homemade Robot" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages
"The Costly Cat" *not by Barks* 9 pages

#54 "The Billion Dollar Safari" with Gladstone Gander 21 pages
"The Arty Smarty" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages
"The Cookie Jar Caper" with Grandma Duck; nonBarks 4 pages

#55 "McDuck of Arabia" done in Barks' old style 24 pages

#56 "Scientific Sleuth" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages
"Mystery of the Ghost Town Railroad" ($) tale of US's past 24 pages

#57 "Bubble Trouble" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages
"The Swamp of No Return" 24 pages
"Instant Camping" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages

#58 "The Giant Robot Robbers" Beagle Boys 20 pages
"Mind Over Mustard" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages
"Ducking Out" with Grandma Duck; nonBarks 4 pages

#59 "North to the Yukon" ($) a swindler from US's past 24 pages
"The Two-Legged Mailbox" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages

#60 "The Phantom of Notre Duck" ($) ($$) for the beautiful art 24 pages
"The Drippy Diamonds" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages

#61 "So Far and No Safari"($) the RE-return of FLINTHEART GLOMGOLD 24 pages
"The Runaway Walking Stick" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages

#62 "The Queen of the Wild Dog Pack" 24 pages
"The Rude Awakening" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages

#63 "House of Haunts" Beagle Boys 24 pages
"The Evil Inventor" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages

#64 "Treasure of Marco Polo" US battles the Red Chinese! 24 pages
"The Helper's Helper" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages

#65 "Micro-Ducks from Outer Space" 24 pages
"Weather Wizard" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages

#66 "The Heedless Horseman" Beagle Boys 24 pages
"The Bird Thought Reader Machine Gyro feature (Barks reprint) 4 pages

#67 "The Fabulous Philosopher's Stone" ($) (reprint) 24 pages
"Super Scientist" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages

#68 "Hall of the Mermaid Queen" 24 pages
"The Hypno-Clock" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages

#69 "The Cattle King" 24 pages
"Flipping His Trap" Gyro feature *not by Barks* - 4 pages

#70 July 1967; LAST ISSUE OF A COMIC WITH ORIGINAL BARKS ARTWORK
"The Doom Diamond" ($) the ($) for the sheer nostalgia 24 pages
"Ye Old Hoppin' Chair" Gyro feature *not by Barks* 4 pages

UNCLE SCROOGE INDEX - Part Three- Conclusion

UNCLE SCROOGE COMICS

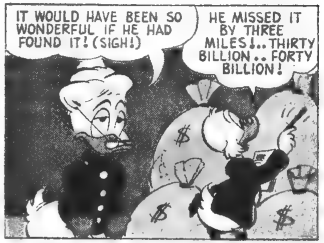
#71	a Barks cover -- technically "King Scrooge the First"	THIS is the last of Barks' art looks as tho Barks may have written this one...	21 pages
	"Outdoor Thinking"	Gyro feature *not by Barks*	4 pages
#72	"The Great Steamboat Race"	(Barks reprint)	16 pages
	"The Bubble House	Gyro feature (Barks reprint)	4 pages
	"Metal-Meltin' Mob"	with Gyro, Beagle Boys *not by Barks*	5 pages
#73	"Bongo on the Congo"	(Barks reprint)	10 pages
	"Duckburg's Day of Peril"	Gyro feature (Barks reprint)	4 pages
	"The Sleepwalking Plot"	Beagle Boys *not by Barks*	5 pages
	"Money Bag Goat"	(Barks reprint)	6 pages
#74	"The Dragon's Amulet"	*not by Barks*	21 pages
	"Once Upon a Hammock"	Gyro feature *not by Barks*	4 pages
#75	"The Battle of Marathon"	Gyro, nephews sans DD *not by Barks*	14 pages
	"The Fix-It-Fiasco"	one-shot Daisy Duck/Dimwitty Duck feature *not by Barks*	4 pages
	"On Guard"	Gladstone Gander, Beagle Boys; nonBarks	7 pages
#76	"Bye-Bye, Money Bin"	Beagle Boys *not by Barks*	14 pages
	"The Hopeless Helper"	Gyro feature; with Goofy *not by Barks*	4 pages
	"The Luck Tycoon"	Gladstone Gander *not byBarks*	7 pages
#77	"The Jillion-Dollar Diamond"	Beagle Boys *not by Barks*	14 pages
	"Lucky in the Lab"	Gyro feature; with Gladstone *nonBarks*	4 pages
	"The Telltale Hand"	Beagle Boys *not by Barks*	7 pages
#78	"I.O.U. ...But Who?"	US explores his past *nonBarks*	10 pages
	"The Sculptinker"	Gyro feature; Emil Eagle *nonBarks*	4 pages
	"The Fickle Fortune-Finder"	*not by Barks*	11 pages
#79	"Moon-Struck"	*not by Barks*	14 pages
	"New Planet Planner"	Gyro feature *not by Barks*	4 pages
	"Armored Tightwad"	Beagle Boys *not by Barks*	7 pages
#80	"Rikki Tikki Uprising"	*not by Barks*	14 pages
	"Sandwich Automation"	Gyro feature; Emil Eagle *nonBarks	4 pages
	"The Banjo Canyon Cache"	*not by Barks*	7 pages
#81	"The Strange Case of the Watched Duck"	Beagle Boys *nonBarks*	14 pages
	"The Instant Raincoat"	Gyro feature *not by Barks*	4 pages
	"The Sultan's Hourglass"	*not by Barks*	7 pages
#82	"Mythtic Mystery"	(Barks reprint)	14 pages
	"Operation Imolosion"	Gyro feature *not by Barks*	4 pages
	"The Bad Bargain"	Beagle Boys *not by Barks*	7 pages
#83	"The Monster and the Money Tree"	Beagle Boys, Madam Mim; nonBarks	14 pages
	"Roving Rug"	Gyro feature; Emil Eagle *nonBarks*	4 pages
	"The Hunks-Junks"	*not by Barks*	7 pages
#84	"The Lost Crown of Genghis Khan"	(Barks reprint)	19 pages
	"The Golden Apples"	Gyro feature; with US *nonBarks*	6 pages
#85	"The Great Wig Mystery"	(Barks reprint)	20 pages
	"Trouble to Soare"	Gyro feature; Madam Mim *nonBarks*	5 pages
#86	"The Golden Nugget Boat"	Gladstone Gander (Barks reprint)	19 pages
	"Tubby Hero"	Gyro feature *not by Barks*	5 pages
#87	"The Flying Dutchman" ($)	(Barks reprint)	20 pages
	"The Upsy-Daisy-Pack"	Gyro feature; Emil Eagle *nonBarks*	5 pages
#88	"The Unsafe Safe"	Magica De Spell, Beagle Boys (Barks reprint)	19 pages
	"Capnapper's Surprise"	Gyro feature; Emil Eagle *nonBarks*	5 pages
#89	"The Second-Richest Duck" ($$$)	saga of FLINTHEART GLOMGOLD; (Barks reprint)	20 pages
	"Invented Vacation"	Gyro feature *not by Barks*	5 pages

UNCLE SCROOGE COMICS

#90	"Cave of Ali Baba"	(Barks reprint)	16 pages
	"Brain Waves"	Gyro feature *not by Barks*	5 pages
	"Gift Lion"	Beagle Boys (Barks reprint)	4 pages
#91	"Riches, Riches, Everywhere" ($$)	(Barks reprint)	16 pages
	"Krankenstein Gyro"	Gyro feature (Barks reprint)	4 pages
	"The Waste-Saver"	*not by Barks*	5 pages
#92	"The Magic Ink"	(Barks reprint)	6 pages
	"Two-Way Luck"	(Barks reprint)	9 pages
	"That Small Feeling"	Gyro feature (Barks reprint)	4 pages
	"Tattletale Dime"	*not by Barks*	5 pages
#93	"The Midas Touch"	Magica De Spell (Barks reprint)	17 pages
	"Wily Rival"	Gyro feature (Barks reprint)	4 pages
	"Poolside Party"	Beagle Boys *not by Barks*	5 pages
#94	"Interplanetary Postman"	(Barks reprint)	15 pages
	"Fast Away Castaway"	Gyro feature (Barks reprint)	4 pages
	"Hobo Holiday"	*not by Barks*	5 pages

ALSO throughout the entire run, in particular the first half or so, are featured numerous one page US routines by BARKS which are far too good to be ignored.

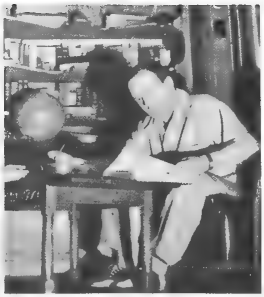
MANY of the stories NOT by Barks did NOT feature DD or the nephews; no mention was made inasmuch as I don't if anyone will care for the details behind these nonBarks strips...



UNCLE SCROOGE
DOOM DIAMOND
CONFOUNDED MONEY-STEALING JAYBIRDS! DROP THOSE COINS, YOU BLUE-TAILED DELINQUENTS!
BIRDS IN YOUR MONEY BIN, UNCLE SCROOGE?
YES! THE BEAGLE BOYS HAVE TRAINED THEM TO STEAL MONEY!
THEY COME IN THROUGH THE VENTILATOR WINDOWS!
BUT THOSE WINDOWS HAVE HEAVY SCREENS!
THE BEAGLE BOYS HAVE TRAINED FALCONS THAT CUT THE SCREENS WITH PORTABLE GAS TORCHES!
AS FAST AS I CAN PATCH ONE SCREEN, THEY CUT ANOTHER!
10088-707
U.S. 70-678

Modern JULES VERNE

"Flash Gordon" is young, handsome, an athletic whirlwind in Jules Verne-like adventures. "Flash's" creator, Alex Raymond, is young, handsome. He got his higher education on an athletic scholarship. In boyhood, when his playmates had cowboy, detective or fireman second-selves, Alex had a dream existence encircling the world in 80 days, voyaging 20,000 leagues under the sea, hurtling space. That is, he grew up on Jules Verne's books. Nothing has given him more satisfaction than to be called "the modern Jules Verne."



Raymond has to have a large library for research, for no matter how fantastic the adventure, Flash's following, always ready with criticism, expect his machines and actions to be plausible and "possible."

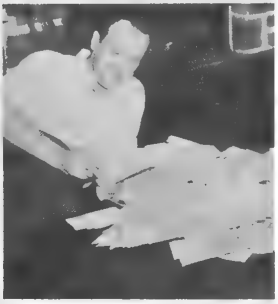
Raymond sketches characters from life. Current model (below) for Dale, Flash's sweetheart, is Patricia Quinn, 17, whom Walter Thornton signed up after seeing her Florida bathing beach picture in a rotogravure section. Pat lives with her mother in Arlington, N. J.

Pat, who's seeing how she'll look in the funny papers, her posing period over, is a "Blondie" strip fan. She also models for style magazines.

FLASH GORDON, No. 10—PUBLISHED BY DELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Copyright, 1938, 1939, 1940, by King Features Syndicate, Inc. World Rights Reserved. Printed in U. S. A.

Raymond can get an immediate reaction from two comics fans in his own home. His son, Alex, Jr., 9, and daughter, Lynne, 6 1/2, follow numberless strips and are frank in their criticisms of Dad's work. (Junior likes "Mandrake" better; Lynne prefers "Blondie.") The Raymonds also have another child too young for comics.

If there hadn't been a 1929, Raymond might have been a broker. It made him broke. A neighbor, Russ Westover, who draws "Tillie the Toiler," aware of Alex's skill with pen and pencil, suggested he try using it as a comic artist. Raymond did, first turned out "gag" panels, then developed an idea born of his devotion to Jules Verne—"Flash Gordon." One reward is this impressive Connecticut home. You see him with his wife.



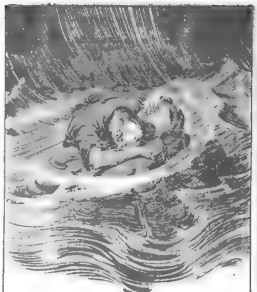
Another reward is the appreciation of a vast public, which continuously makes its influence felt in letters. An artist can only draw a strip, a newspaper can only publish it; the public alone decides whether it continues and how long.

FLASH GORDON

by ALEX RAYMOND

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

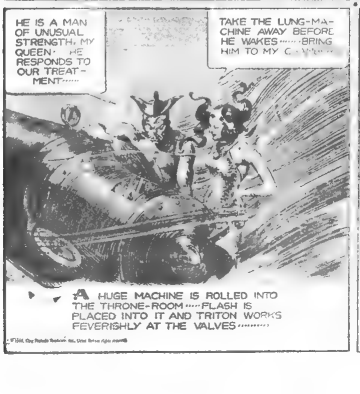
IN THE DEPTHS OF THE WATER-WORLD A POWERFUL MAGNETO-RAY DRAWS HIS LIMP BODY TOWARD A BEAUTIFUL CORAL CITY.



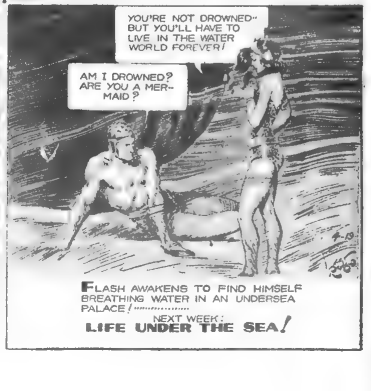
FLASH CLINGS DESPERATELY TO A PROTION OF THE REEF UPON WHICH THE ROCKET SHIP CRASHED---THE HUNGRY SEA CLUTCHES AT HIS BODY.....

UNCONSCIOUSNESS FINALLY OVERTAKES HIM AND HE SINKS BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE SEA OF MYSTERY...

FLASH IS BROUGHT TO A CASTLE CARVED OUT OF SOLID CORAL AND ENCRUSTED WITH PEARLS AND PRECIOUS STONES.....


HE IS A MAN OF UNUSUAL STRENGTH, MY QUEEN. HE RESPONDS TO OUR TREATMENT.....
TAKE THE LUNG-MACHINE AWAY BEFORE HE WAKES.....BRING HIM TO MY CAVERN

A HUGE MACHINE IS ROLLED INTO THE THRONE-ROOM.....FLASH IS PLACED INTO IT AND TRITON WORKS FEVERISHLY AT THE VALVES.....



FLASH AWAKENS TO FIND HIMSELF BREATHING WATER IN AN UNDERSEA PALACE!.....

NEXT WEEK:
LIFE UNDER THE SEA!

©1941, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World Rights reserved.

"CONTINUED NEXT WEEK...."

SCENES FROM THE SERIAL AGE

A REPUBLIC SERIAL IN 12 CHAPTERS
KING OF THE ROCKET MEN
featuring
TRISTRAM COFFIN · MAE CLARKE
HOUSE PETERS, JR. · DON HAGGERTY
I. STANFORD JOLLEY
Directed by FRED BRANNON

REED HADLEY
SHEILA DARCY
WILLIAM CORSON
LEANDER DE CORDOVA
ZORRO'S
FIGHTING LEGION
A Republic SERIAL in 12 CHAPTERS

878-EP-B-2

Tom Tyler starring in the serial, "THE PHANTOM".

©-D 764-EP 9-1

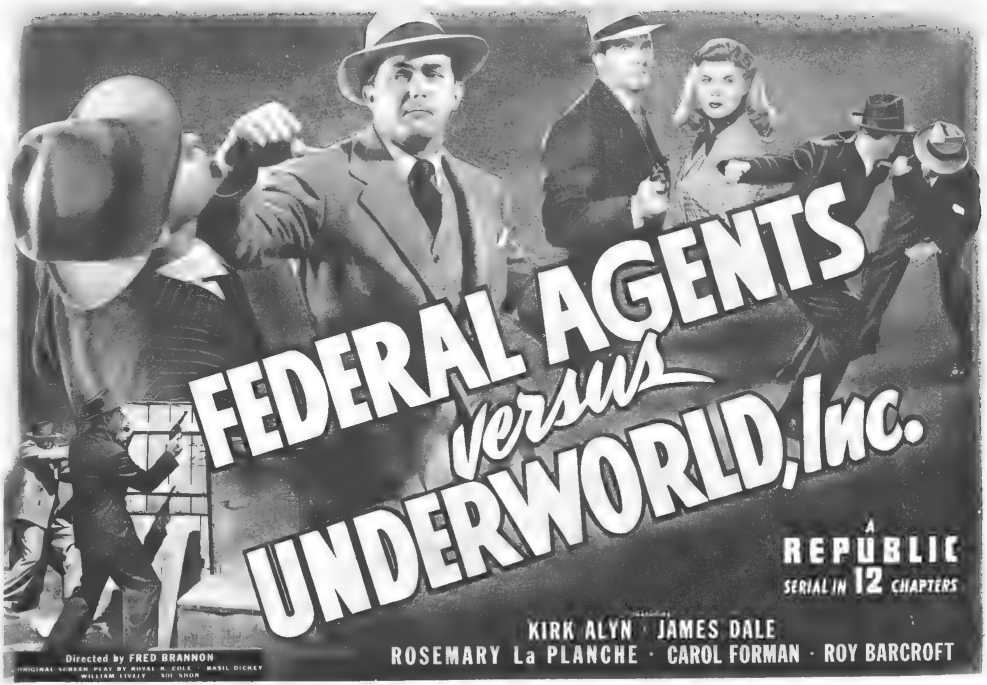
REPUBLIC PRESENTS: "THE CRIMSON GHOST"

© C.P. CORP. D-Oct. 901-EP. 15-41

© C.P. CORP. D-COL-901-SP-21

Adventures of
CAPTAIN MARVEL
A REPUBLIC SERIAL IN 12 CHAPTERS
Chapter 1
"CURSE of the SCORPION"
TOM TYLER · FRANK COGHLAN, JR.
WILLIAM BENEDICT · LOUISE CURRIE
WILLIAM WITNEY and JOHN ENGLISH — Directors

WHO IS THIS FEARLESS MAN WHO RISKS HIS LIFE AT EVERY TURN TO THWART JAP AT-TEMPTS AT SABOTAGE?
THE MASKED MARVEL
WILLIAM FORREST · LOUISE CURRIE
JOHNNY ARTHUR · ROD BACON
RICHARD CLARKE
A REPUBLIC SERIAL IN 12 CHAPTERS



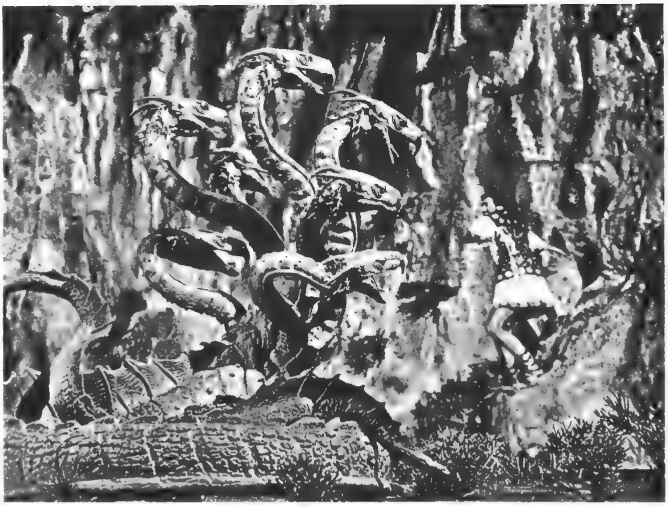
Chapter 3 "DEATH IN DISGUISE"

COUNTRY OF ORIGIN U. S. A.

ZOMBIES OF THE
Stratosphere
featuring
JUDD HOLDREN · ALINE TOWNE · WILSON WOOD
LANE BRADFORD · STANLEY WAXMAN
Written by RONALD DAVIDSON
Associate Producer FRANKLIN ADREON
Directed by FRED C. BRANNON
A REPUBLIC SERIAL in 12 Chapters
REPUBLIC PICTURES CORPORATION HERBERT J. YATES, President

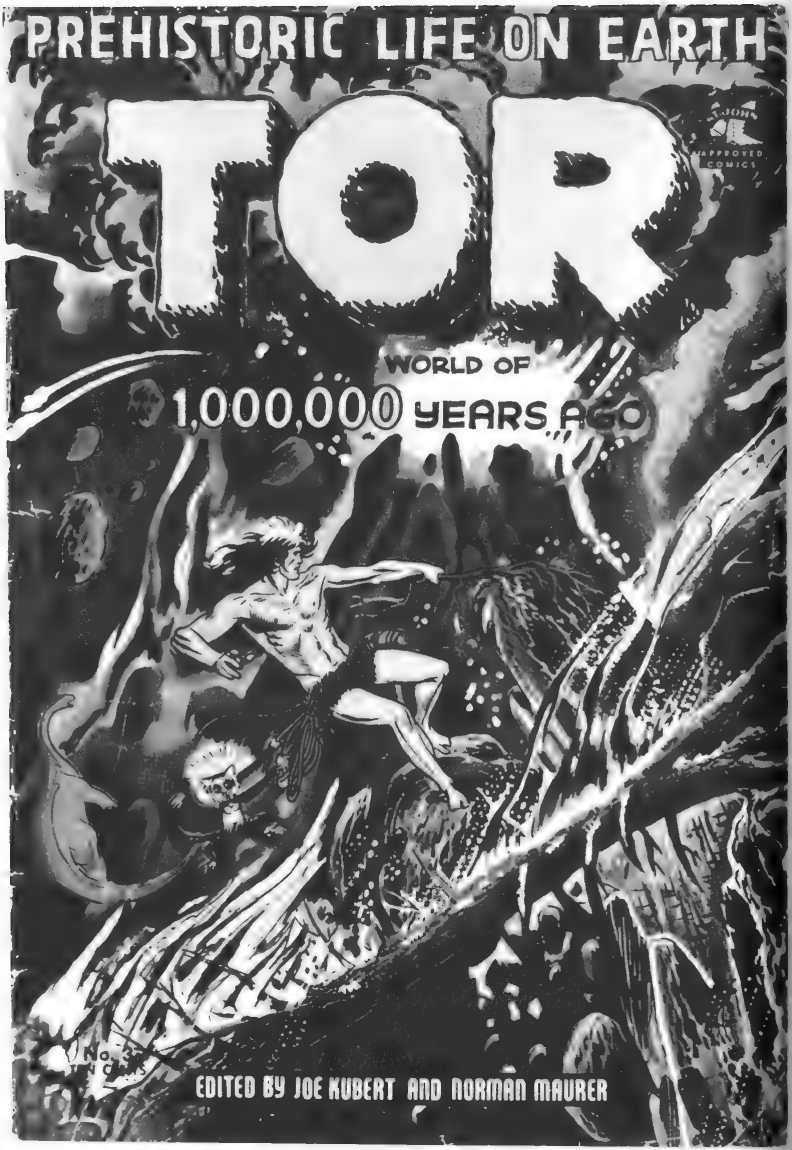
COLUMBIA PICTURES presents A CHARLES H. SCHNEER PRODUCTION, **JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS**
starring **TODD ARMSTRONG** as Jason, and **NANCY KOVACK** as Medea,
co-starring **GARY RAYMOND, LAURENCE NAISMITH** A MORNINGSIDE WORLDWIDE FILM. EASTMAN COLOR

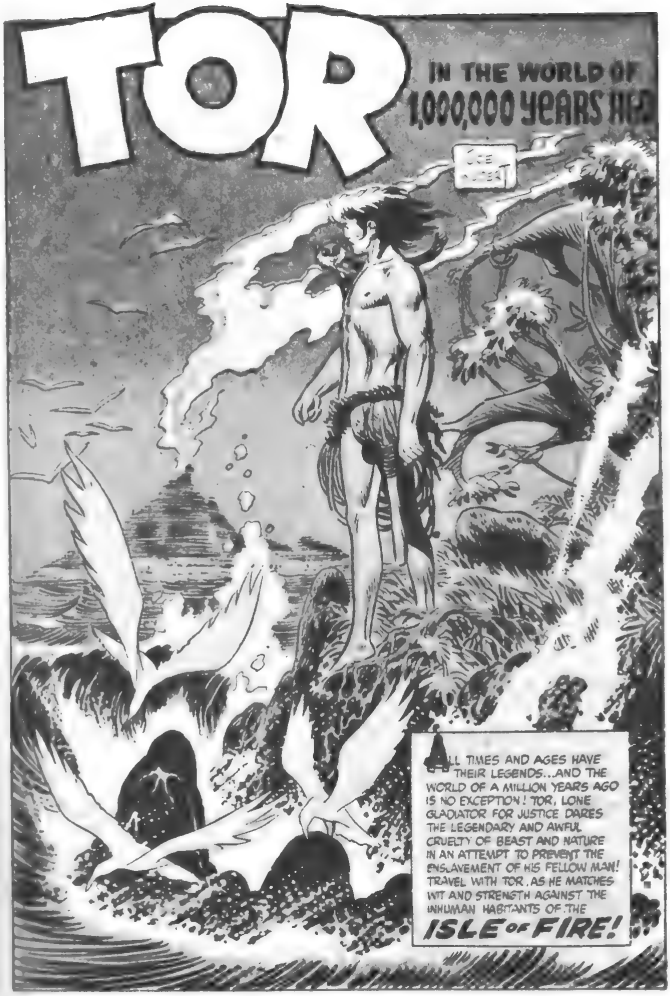
Copyright © 1963, Columbia Pictures. All rights reserved. Permission granted for Newspaper and Magazine reproduction. MADE IN U.S.A.



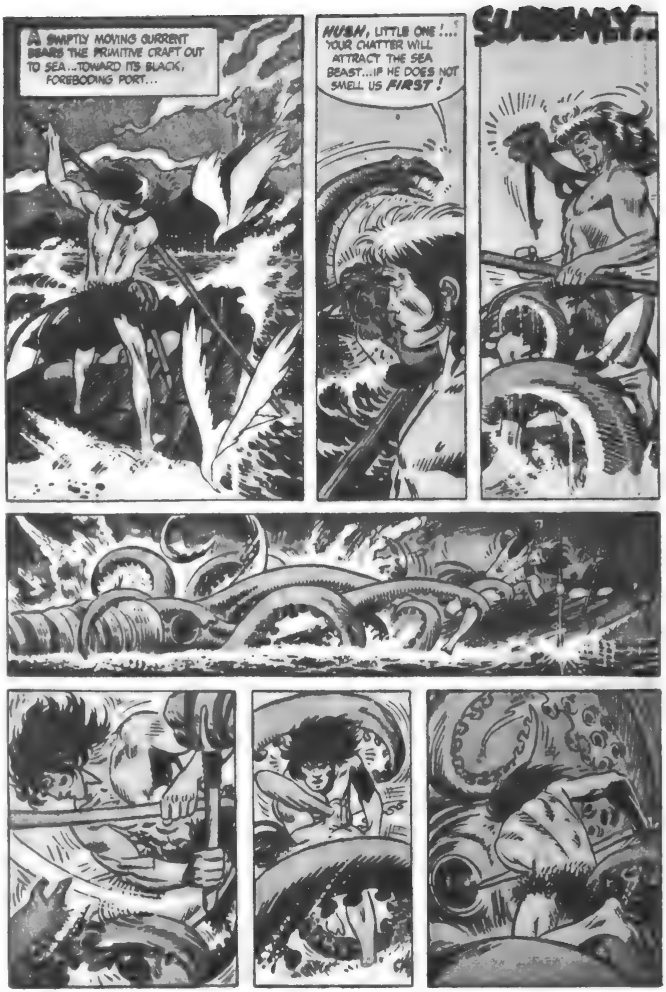
COLUMBIA PICTURES presents A CHARLES H. SCHNEER PRODUCTION, **JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS**
starring **TODD ARMSTRONG** as Jason, and **NANCY KOVACK** as Medea.
co-starring **GARY RAYMOND, LAURENCE NAISMITH** A MORNINGSIDE WORLDWIDE FILM EASTMAN COLOR

Copyright © 1963, Columbia Pictures. All rights reserved. Permission granted for Newspaper and Magazine reproduction. MADE IN U.S.A.


PREHISTORIC LIFE ON EARTH
TOR
APPROVED COMICS
WORLD OF
1,000,000 YEARS AGO
No. 3
EDITED BY JOE KUBERT AND NORMAN MAURER


TOR
IN THE WORLD OF
1,000,000 YEARS AGO!
ALL TIMES AND AGES HAVE THEIR LEGENDS...AND THE WORLD OF A MILLION YEARS AGO IS NO EXCEPTION! TOR, LONE GLADIATOR FOR JUSTICE DARES THE LEGENDARY AND AWFUL CRUELTY OF BEAST AND NATURE IN AN ATTEMPT TO PREVENT THE ENSLAVEMENT OF HIS FELLOW MAN! TRAVEL WITH TOR, AS HE MATCHES WIT AND STRENGTH AGAINST THE INHUMAN HABITANTS OF THE
ISLE OF FIRE!

A ROCK-STREWN SHORE BORDERS A VAST OCEAN. TOR STANDS GRIMLY AT THE WATER'S EDGE...HIS KEEN EYES NARROW INTO SLITS...
CHITTER CHEETER CHIRLICKETTY SQUEEKER!
YES, LITTLE ONE... 'TIS THE ISLE OF FIRE! MANY ARE THE LEGENDS WOVEN OF ITS FIERY PEAK...OF MEN WHO HAVE GONE THERE, NEVER TO RETURN!
DEEPER THAN THE INSTINCT OF SELF-PRESERVATION IS TOR'S INSATIABLE CURIOSITY...TO EXPLORE THE UNKNOWN...
I...I WONDER...?
I WONDER...?" THESE WORDS THAT HAVE LED TO THE WORLD'S GREATEST DISCOVERIES, LEAD TOR TO HIS DECISION!
THE NEXT DAY, AND FOR SEVERAL DAYS AFTER, TOR TOILS WITH AXE AND VINE IN PREPARATION FOR A PERILOUS JOURNEY...
WE SHALL SEE IF THE LEGEND OF THE ISLE OF FIRE HOLDS ANY TRUTH...
...AND FOOD MUST BE ACQUIRED...
MEAT IS PREPARED, AND THE HIDE IS USED TO HOLD A GOOD SUPPLY OF WATER...
THE NEXT LAND WE TREAD UPON, LITTLE CHEE-CHEE, WILL BE THAT OF THE ISLE OF FIRE!


A SWIFTLY MOVING CURRENT BEARS THE PRIMITIVE CRAFT OUT TO SEA...TOWARD ITS BLACK, FOREBODING PORT...
HUSH, LITTLE ONE!... YOUR CHATTER WILL ATTRACT THE SEA BEAST...IF HE DOES NOT SMELL US FIRST!
SUDDENLY...

TOR'S STAFF PIERCES THE GREAT, BALEFUL EYE... ITS TENTACLES LASH THE SEA TO FOAM AS THE MONSTER RECOILS IN TH PAIN...
THE SCAVENGERS OF THE MURKY DEPTHS ARE DRAWN TO THE BLOOD-SCENT... THEY ARE NOT PARTICULAR ON WHAT THEY DINE...
OR PUSHES ONWARD - AS THE DENIZENS OF THE SEA DEVOUR THEIR WOUNDED. A RED GLOW FLICKERS OVER THE FORBIDDEN ISLE, AND DEEP RUMBLINGS ECHO ACROSS THE WATERS...
IT WILL NOT BE LONG... SOON WE WILL REACH THE SHORE...
IT IS A STRANGE LAND!... THE EARTH IS BLACKENED FROM THE MOUNTAIN OF FIRE... EVEN THE WATER IS WARM FROM CONTACT WITH THE ISLE...
MOORING HIS RAFT, TOR MAKES HIS WAY INTO THE ISLAND'S CHARRED FOREST...
I WONDER... IF ANY SORT OF BEINGS INHABIT THIS FOUL ISLE?...
CHEE CHEE
WHAT IS IT, CHEE-CHEE?

SMASH HIS HEAD!... IT WILL TEACH THE REST... ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE!
I SMASH!
NO...NO! P-PLEASE...
A STONE-HAMMER DESCENDS AND SHATTERS A LIFE...
CRACK
WITH SABER-TOOTH AGILITY, TOR CLAMPS HIS POWERFUL ARM AROUND THE HEAD OF THE HAIRLESS ONE...
ANGER FIRES A TERRIBLE STRENGTH THROUGH TOR... THE HAIRLESS BODY TWISTS WILDLY FROM THE BALD HEAD ...A SICKENING SNAP...
SNAP
...AND THE HULKING KILLER IS NO MORE!..

I...I HAVE NEVER BEHELD SUCH A THING! HE...HE HAS SLAIN THE FIRE-MEN!
HE HAS THE STRENGTH OF THE MAMMOTH!
...YOU SAVED OUR LIVES! WHY? YOU ARE A STRANGER--NOT OF OUR PEOPLE--WHY DID YOU RISK YOUR OWN LIFE FOR OURS?
I BELONG TO NO TRIBE!...I AM CALLED TOR, AND I KNEEL TO NO MAN! THE HAIRLESS ONES PREYED ON YOU LIKE THE CARION JACKALS...I WANT TO HELP YOU, BUT FIRST I MUST LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ISLE OF FIRE.
IT...IT WAS NOT ALWAYS LIKE THIS! OUR ELDERS TELL US OF A RICH ISLE— RICH IN FRUIT AND MEAT... UNTIL THE MOUNTAINS BURST IN FLAME!
BAROOOOMM
SOME WERE ABLE TO ESCAPE...ACROSS THE WATER... BUT MANY DID NOT!
COULD MAN EXIST IN SUCH AWFUL HEAT?--NO ONE CAN TELL---BUT THESE FIRE-MEN DID LIVE!
YEARS LATER OUR PEOPLE RETURNED TO THEIR ISLE!... ALL WAS DESOLATION...BUT THIS WAS THEIR HOME, SO THEY REMAINED...
...ONLY TO BE CAPTURED AND ENSLAVED!

SINCE THAT TIME, WE WERE SLAVES OF THE FIRE-MEN! THEY KEPT US ALIVE ONLY TO BUILD A GREAT TEMPLE TO THEIR FIRE GOD!...EACH TIME THE MOUNTAIN BREATHES FLAME, THEY FEED US INTO THE FLAME PIT TO APPEASE THEIR SPIRITS' WRATH!
TOR...YOU MUST LEAD US OFF THIS ACCURSED ISLE! WE CANNOT HELP THE OTHERS...THERE ARE MANY FIRE-MEN...
NO!
TOR HAS SHOWN US THE WAY ALREADY! HE SAVED OUR LIVES, THOUGH HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SLAIN! CAN WE, DO LESS FOR OUR OWN? SHOULD WE SAVE OURSELVES AND NOT EVEN TRY TO HELP OUR PEOPLE?
I...I AM SHAMED! YES...YOU ARE RIGHT, GIRL... WE MUST TRY!
THEN WE ARE ALL OF ONE MIND!
LED BY THE LIGHT-HAIRED GIRL, THE THREE MEN FOLLOW UP THE LAVA-MOTTLED MOUNTAIN...
...BUT...THEY ARE NOT ALONE!

WITHOUT WARNING, A SCREAMING HORDE DESCENDS ON TOR AND HIS NEW-FOUND FRIENDS...
THERE! WE HAVE THEM ALL! BIND THEM...WE WILL BRING THEM TO THE CHIEF!
THUNK
CLOSE TO THE VOLCANO'S BUBBLING MOUTH, THE CAPTIVES ARE BROUGHT FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE LEADER OF THE FIRE-MEN...
SO...A STRANGER WHO THOUGHT TO HELP OUR SLAVES, EH? LOOK SHARPLY HOW I DEAL WITH THOSE WHO DISPLEASE ME!
AT A SIGNAL FROM THE CHIEF, ONE OF THE CAPTIVES IS SEIZED...
TAKE HIM... TO THE TEMPLE!
THE STONES OF OUR GREAT TEMPLE WILL SEAL THEMSELVES WITH THAT ONE'S BLOOD ...LOOK! IT WILL BE YOUR LAST SIGHT BEFORE YOUR BODIES ARE SACRIFICED TO OUR FIRE-GOD!

PUSH, SLAVES... PUSH!
BEFORE THE CAPTIVES' HORRIFIED EYES, THE VICTIM IS BOUND BENEATH A GREAT BOULDER...
...AND THE GREAT BOULDER FALLS!
CRUNCH
YOU FAT COWARD!
IF I COULD GET MY FINGERS AROUND YOUR FAT NECK...
YOU CEASE TO AMUSE ME... THROW THEM INTO THE FIRE-PIT!
YOU'LL NOT GET THE PLEASURE OF KILLING ME!... I'LL KILL MYSELF FIRST!
BEFORE A HAND COULD STOP HER, THE GIRL LEAPS INTO THE CRATER'S MOUTH...
THE CHIEF TURNS... A BLACK-HAIRED FURY RACES TOWARD HIM... A FURY BENT ON VENGEANCE!
HELP ME! HELP ME! O-DON'T LET HIM TOUCH ME!

AYEEEEEEEEEE
THE HULKING, CRUEL LEADER FINDS A FATE TO WHICH HE HAD SENTENCED SO MANY HELPLESS VICTIMS...
THINKING THEIR LEADER'S DEATH AN OMEN OF IMPENDING DISASTER, THE FIRE-MEN RUN FROM THE CRATER'S EDGE...
CHEE CHEE
TOR QUICKLY TIES HIS VINE ROPE TO A LAVA CRAG...AND CREEPS PERILOUSLY ALONG THE CRATER WALL WHILE DEATH BUBBLES A HUNDRED FEET BELOW...THE SERPENT SLITHERS AFTER TOR...
JUMPING OUT INTO SPACE, TOR CAUSES THE ROPE TO PUSH THE SERPENT FROM THE CRATER'S WALL...

THE BOILING LAVA HISSES A WELCOME AS THE SERPENT DROPS INTO THE CRATER'S MAW... WHILE TOR CLIMBS HIS ANCHORED LIFE-LINE...
SOMETIME LATER...
I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER... TOR! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN TREMBLES! QUICKLY! WE MUST GET TO THE BEACH!
RUMMMBLE!
WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE ENTIRE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN SHATTERS INTO WHITE-HOT ROCK... AMID A SHOWER OF FIRE, TOR AND THE GIRL LEAD THE CAPTIVE SLAVES TO THE BLACKENED BEACH... YAWNING CHASMS APPEAR AND THE ISLAND SHAKES, PROMISING TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION YET TO COME...
HURRY... GET ON THE RAFT, ALL OF YOU... THE ISLE CRUMBLES 'NEATH OUR VERY FEET!
IT... IT LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD...
SLOWLY, THE VIOLENT ISLE SETTLES INTO THE BOILING SEA...
...AND THE WATER GIVES NO EVIDENCE OF THE ISLE OF FIRE EVER HAVING EXISTED!
WE WILL REACH THE LAND BEFORE LONG... AND YOU WILL LIVE IN PEACE! THE FIRE-MEN ARE GONE -- NEVER AGAIN WILL YOU BE MENACED BY THE ISLE OF FIRE!
THE-END

STAR TREK

by JAMES VAN HISE

On September 8th, 1966, STAR TREK premiered on American television (I say American TV because it premiered two days earlier on Canadian TV. In fact, when STAR TREK was sometimes pre-empted on NBC, that episode would appear as regularly scheduled on CTV, so that there were times when STAR TREK appeared over a week earlier on Canadian television than on American). Thus began a three year run of what would become ONE of the finest science fiction series produced for television. It was more lavish than any previous SF series on TV and it had episodes which can be ranked alongside THE TWILIGHT ZONE and some of the better OUTER LIMITS because there were a few episodes which actually came off as good science fiction. Granted, the show had a lot of episodes which had good stories, but merely because a story has a science fiction setting does not mean that it is true science fiction. The first season of the series produced the greater number of good episodes which were also good, well done, science fiction. Just a couple of these are the episodes "Where No Man Has Gone Before" (the second pilot film); "The City On The Edge Of Forever" (which was written by Harlan Ellison and condensed from a massive script which he wrote for it. Ellison was hardly new to television SF as he had previously written episodes for THE OUTER LIMITS, including an excellent one which starred Robert Culp called "The Glass Hand"); as well as the famous two parter, "The Menagerie", which made such excellent use of the original discarded pilot film that it won the Hugo Award for best dramatic television presentation for 1966. "The City On The Edge Of Forever" won it for 1967. Although a number of good episodes followed, very little good science fiction was found in it after the first season. The reason for this was that it was a continuing series and thus had guidelines as to what could or could not be done with the regular characters of the series. This often regulated the stories into a standard format of the type of formula writing found in pulps back in the 1920's and 30's when science fiction was trying desperately to be seriously accepted as well as to find more writers that would treat it seriously. But much of the problem with the pulps had been that publishers preferred to aim toward younger audience which would be more apt to buy that "crazy Buck Rogers stuff" and it was thus being stifled by its own hand. A similar problem plagued STAR TREK. The "pulp" format was felt to be necessary for STAR TREK because of the continuing characters and thus, try as they did, it was difficult to persue mature science fiction within these confines. It was achieved, though, the few times when the stories were so well conceived and executed that they overcame the inherent restrictions of their format. "The Menagerie" is a superb example of this because of the complexity that was achieved in the two part show. The imaginative framing sequences, coupled with the flashbacks, enabled that episode to transgress the ordinary restrictions of a continuing cast of characters. Unfortunately, most of the episodes were typical TV plots wrapped in an SF setting and, worst of all, often done by people who didn't really know the whys or wherefores of their genre. Examples of this began to crop up more in the second season and almost dominate the third. For instance, the Enterprise began encountering civilization which would be based on one theme so that that particular show could revolve around that theme, making use of standard plots connected with it so that the SF premise of the show became incidental. So with greater frequency the Enterprise would discover cultures which would be Roman, Nazi, roaring twenties gangland type or something similar which would be a basic time-period setting. And then in the third season they decided to become relevant. Those episodes which employed "relevant" themes,on the whole, flopped because they were done by people who were too anxious to make their point and were completely unskilled in the techniques of doing such convincingly. To do a story like this correctly, you must be able to involve the viewer in the story and then subtlely weave the fabric of the theme, enabling the viewer to think about what is happening and realize things for himself, right along with the show's protaganist. One doesn't scream the message at the person or beat them over the head with as STAR TREK did. Rather than making it appear as a serious attempt to make a statement, it came across as "chic" or "now" and very amateurish. Examples of this type of approach on STAR TREK included the show which involved two characters who had been chasing each other across the galaxy for 50,000 years due to their racial hatreds. They are humanoid, but each of them are half black and half white, although their respective halves (which were vertically down the center of their faces, and presumably their entire bodies) were reversed, one thus being the inferior of the other. An EC "Judgment Day" it wasn't. The only good touch, which could have been used completely without the aforementioned nonsense, was that when they returned to their planet, they found that it had been destroyed by the racial conflicts. Another show involved a band of futuristic hippies searching for their unreal paradise in the form of a planet that was hardly the way they believed it was. Then there was the senseless episode in which Kirk had to prevent the smuggling of phasers to one of a certain planet's two dominate, albeit barbaric, races, to prevent the one from annihilating the other. The two races were called the "Yangs" and the "Coms", the Yangs, of course, being the good guys and not as savage as the Coms. Disbelief follows on the heels of disbelief as the Yangs bring out and old, tattered flag which is the symbol of their nation, and the flag's an exact ringer for the 20th century American flag. If it hadn't become absurd enough, Capt. Kirk then helps them regain their lost pledge, which they had uttered to the flag in ancient times, by doing the entire pledge of alliegence to the flag. In 1930 this would have been inexcusably bad pulp writing, but for a 1968 SF TV show it was inexcusable, unoriginal, and just plain awful. Among those STAR TREK fans I've talked to, it is almost universally held that this particular episode, called "Omega Glory", was the worst one, and the fact that it was written by Gene Roddenberry, the executive producer of STAR TREK and creator of "The Menagerie" episode, is incredible.

Despite how I've derided the dear departed STAR TREK, I am not trying to say that it was a bad series because it most certainly wasn't. In fact, it was the best regularly presented SF series, with a continuing cast and format, that was ever produced. The good shows were many and far eclipse those which were incredibly bad. So as not to overbalance this first part of the article with dwelling primarily on the bad shows, I'd like to list what I feel are ten of the best ones: "The Menagerie", "Where No Man Has Gone Before", "Mirror Mirror", "The City On The Edge Of Forever", "Metamorphosis", "Catspaw", "Tomorrow Is Yesterday", "The Tholian Web", "Space Seed", and "A Taste Of Armageddon". All of these episodes had excellent stories and some, such as "Tholian Web", excelled in special effects.

STAR TREK'S REAL STAR

by Jimmy Thornton and James Van Hise

All of the actors on STAR TREK are to be commended for their truly talented efforts, but according to all of the statistics gathered from the show's inter-galactic army of fans, the real star of STAR TREK is Mr. Spock; alias Leonard Nimoy.

Leonard was hardly a new face around Hollywood when he appeared in STAR TREK. For the major part of 17 years he had remained pretty much of an

obscure actor, doing guest spots on shows but never landing anything steady. His true self was often obscured under the make-up and guises of Indians and Mexican villains. When he landed the role of Mr. Spock (a role which had been previously offered to Martin Landau, but turned down due to his commitment to MISSION IMPOSSIBLE), Nimoy was not new to the role of an alien for in one of his earliest acting jobs he played a Martian, a rather deadpan, unemotional type, throughout the twelve chapters of Republic's 1952 serial ZOMBIES OF THE STRATOSPHERE. I am told that Leonard cringes at the mention of that early role.

A native Bostonian and the son of Russian immigrants, there was nothing in his background that would have foretold of his interest in acting. Leonard attended the drama school of Boston College and then, in 1949, went to Hollywood. Shortly thereafter he signed up for a speech course at the Pasadena Playhouse because, as Leonard puts it, "I didn't even know there was such a thing as a Boston accent." In the beginning, when Leonard had first arrived out in Hollywood, he found things quite rough, for even though the sweet rose of drama gave forth a very inviting odor, this rose had more than its share of unpleasant thorns. He mailed in hundreds of publicity pics and resumes, often going hungry to do it. But little pink rejection slips - or no answer at all - had been his only reward. His time of star studded destiny had not yet arrived, and little did he dream that it wouldn't be until 17 years after his initial arrival in Hollywood. He persvered, though. Such was the stuff of which Leonard Nimoy was made. Another early acting job of his was the starring role in a 1952 motion picture in which he played the part of Kid 'Monk' Moroni, the prizefighter. About this same time he met a young actress by the name of Sandra Zober, whom he married in 1954. But by that time he had been drafted and with his wife, he spent 18 months in Georgia stationed at Fort McPherson where he was in Special Services, writing, narrating and emceeing GI shows as well as working with the Atlanta Theater Guild in his spare time. But by 1956, Leonard was back in Los Angeles. After his marriage and military service, he held down various jobs including driving a taxi, one of his fares once being a young senator named John Kennedy. He continued to study acting as well as teaching acting and started getting better and better roles in TV shows such as RAWHIDE, THE VIRGINIAN, DR. KILDARE, THE OUTER LIMITS (where he played the lawyer defending Adam Link, the robot, against murder charges), as well as on PROFILES IN COURAGE. For awhile he played a semi-regular character on SEA HUNT through the able assistance of his friend, Lloyd Bridges. Nimoy also once guest starred in an episode of THE MAN FROM UNCLE, during the first season, in which he played a Russian agent and the nemesis of another guest star on that same show, William Shatner. This was over a year before STAR TREK was even conceived on film. He also appeared in films such as "Seven Days In May" and Genet's "The Balcony". Along with Vic Morrow (the star of COMBAT) he produced and starred in a motion picture version of Genet's "Deathwatch". Says Leonard, "I guess I'm the only actor who has appeared in movies of two Genet plays."

And then came the day he was to call at the office of Gene Roddenberry. Leonard had already met Roddenberry when Gene was the producer of THE LIEUTENANT and had cast Nimoy in an episode of the series.

"Mr. Nimoy", said Roddenberry, "I have a new adult science fiction drama planned for television. I call it - 'Star Trek'. One of the chief characters of the series will be a super-intelligent, alien being from another world, named Spock. Are you interested?"

"Please continue," replied Len'.

"Spock will be half human and half Vulcan. By personal choice, though, more Vulcan. As a spawn of the planet Vulcan, he will be without emotions. To publicly - or privately - display feelings of love, hate, anger, joy, humor, etc. etc. would be considered socially obscene. Do you understand, Mr. Nimoy, what will be required of the character known as Spock?"

"Affirmative, sir." replied Len'. "To display such emotions would be totally illogical."

"You'll do." exclaimed Roddenberry, with a big beaming smile of satisfaction. "You'll do just fine."

In the first pilot film,which starred Jeffrey Hunter as Capt. Pike and Leonard Nimoy as Mr. Spock, the unemotional character of Spock was not fully initiated for if you watch the original pilot, one is confronted with a very emotional Spock. Even in the very early episodes of the series itself Spock is described as unemotional, but is not quite as staid as he was farther into the first season and for the remainder of the series.

Leonard wasn't too sure at first about the pointed ear bit and if it would work out, so Roddenberry promised that if it didn't catch on during the first season, then Spock would get an ear job.

The Spock pinch, which became just as strongly identified with Spock as his absence of emotions, was originated by Nimoy himself. During one scene he was to subdue a man by punching him in the jaw. Leonard objected that this was out of character for Mr. Spock and suggested that he just pinch a nerve in the man's shoulder. The idea was accepted and incorporated into the character itself for the remainder of the series. Another reason Nimoy preferred this is that he wasn't as athletic as Shatner and this would make it less strenuous on him during the fight sequences.

Despite the seriousness with which he took the role of Spock, he was not one to take things too seriously. For instance, during a rehersal once, director Gene Roddenberry shouted, "Alright, quiet on the set. Positions everyone. Ready? Take one - scene two. Action."

Spock: "Thank you, Nurse Andersen, for the medical report on Lt. Uhura. I'll have copies made and forward them to Capt. Kirk and Dr. McCoy. Is there anything else that you wish to tell me?"

N. A. : "Yes, Mr. Spock, there is. Do you remember the day the Enterprise took me aboard, as a crew member?"

Spock: "Affirmative, Nurse Andersen. You were picked up on planet Alpha Beta Four, on star date 24-47.2. The memory is thoroughly implanted upon the photo-electric cells of my mental memory plates. Why, may I ask, do you make such an inquiry?"

N.A. : "Simply this, Mr. Spock; - I've loved you madly from the first day that we met. Yet, you've never responded. Don't my feelings mean anything at all to you?"

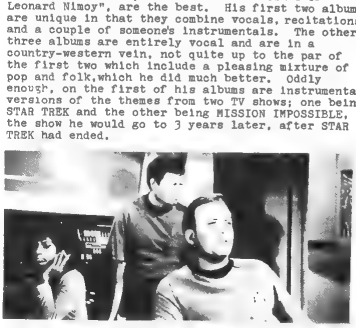
Spock: "Negative, Nurse Andersen."

N.A.: "Oh Spock, where...where is your heart?"

Spock: "Straight down my throat - one turn to the left."

This unexpected ad-lib, most certainly not written into the script, caught everyone off guard. The whole STAR TREK set, director n' all, were left rolling with helpless laughter.

STAR TREK openned many new vistas for Leonard Nimoy. One of these involved something which had been previously only a hobby...singing. Due to his new found fame, he was able to negotiate a record contract and recorded five albums of which the first two, "Leonard Nimoy Presents Mr. Spock's Music From Outer Space" and "The Two Sides Of Leonard Nimoy", are the best. His first two albums are unique in that they combine vocals, recitations, and a couple of someone's instrumentals. The other three albums are entirely vocal and are in a country-western vein, not quite up to the par of the first two which include a pleasing mixture of pop and folk,which he did much better. Oddly enough, on the first of his albums are instrumental versions of the themes from two TV shows; one being STAR TREK and the other being MISSION IMPOSSIBLE, the show he would go to 3 years later, after STAR TREK had ended.



AS HIS HENCHMAN OBEYED, VOSS TURNED AGAIN TO THE THIRD HARD-CORE MUTINEER, KEFFORD...
JETTISON ALL MAIN FUEL, KEFF! HEH! IT WON'T EVEN SHOW UP ON THEIR TELE-SCREENS!
FROM THE TAIL OF 'DORADO', A GREAT GOUT OF FLOATING GLOBULES BILLOWED OUT IN A DEADLY, EXPLOSIVE CLOUD...
FIRE!
AND ON 'ENTERPRISE', KIRK DROVE UNSUSPECTINGLY ON!
PRIME FORWARD MISSILES...
THE FLARING TAIL ROCKETS HIT THE MASSIVE CLOUD OF FUEL NOW SWIRLING AROUND THE STARSHIP!
NATURALLY.
BEAUTIFUL! IMMENSE! KIRK'S SHIP'S FRIED! SMASHED! PARALYSED!
YOU... YOU KILLED THEM! IN COLD BLOOD!
WISE UP, DUNCAN! IT WAS US OR THEM! LUCKY FOR YOU I'VE GOT A BACKBONE!
YOU COULD'VE FOUGHT CLEANLY!
SWIFTLY, UNDER ITS OWN MOMENTUM, 'DORADO' DREW AWAY FROM THE CRIPPLED STARSHIP...
YOU! YOU'RE JUST LIKE MOST OF THIS SNIVELLING CREW! HAPPY TO LET ME ORGANISE A MUTINY, YELLOW-LIVERED WHEN IT COMES TO THE CRUNCH!
YOU... YOU COULD HAVE TAKEN PRISONERS...
LET 'EM ROT! THE KLINGONS WOULD ONLY EXECUTE THEM ANYWAY!

a thinking man's adventure series

Returning for its second year as an NBC-TV color attraction, STAR TREK will take off for its weekly adventures in interstellar space from a new 8:30-9:30 PM/ NYT Friday launching pad. In this location, it will benefit from the lead-in strength of the Tarzan series, which paced NBC's new entries in the 1966-67 ratings sweepstakes.

A viewing favorite among young adults (18-34) and teenagers, STAR TREK has averaged a 36 Q-score this past season to rank in the TV-Q Top 20 among these groups (and also in the total sample). The NTI Full Analysis Report also shows that it slants strongly toward better-educated, middle and upper income families in urban areas.

one of TV's most loyal followings

Second only to The Monkees among NBC programs in the volume of fan mail it attracts, STAR TREK has been the recipient of more than 28,000 letters of support and encouragement from one of the most loyal and articulate viewer followings currently attracted by any television series. This mail comes from a wide diversity of sources—space technicians, college professors, college students, businessmen, housewives, and high school and grade school students. For the most part, the letters of these STAR TREK enthusiasts are distinguished by their thoughtful and literate content and by their stress on the believability of the series and the high quality of the acting and writing.

five emmy nominations

Singled out for Emmy nominations in five different categories, including "outstanding dramatic series," STAR TREK was one of the most honored new series of the past season. Other show and talent categories in which it received 1966-67 award consideration were "outstanding supporting performance by a dramatic actor" (Leonard Nimoy as Mr. Spock), Photographic Special Effects, Mechanical Special Effects, and Film and Sound Editing.

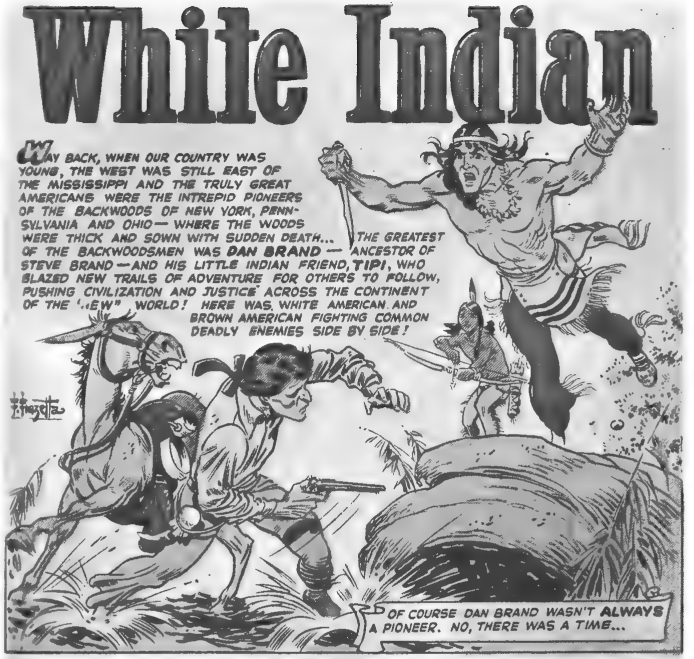
This unique NBC-TV adventure series was accorded another unusual distinction when Leonard Nimoy was invited by the National Space Club to represent STAR TREK as the guest of honor on a recent extensive tour of the Goddard Space Flight Center in Washington, D.C. The tour was followed by a dinner for 1500 club members, at which Vice President Humphrey was the principal speaker.

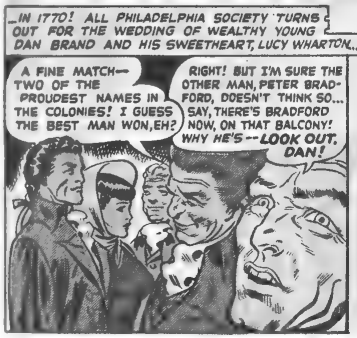
"A" for action... "B" for believability

In the upcoming 1967-68 season, the U.S.S. Enterprise will continue on the audience-winning course charted by series creator Gene Roddenberry in his STAR TREK writer's guide. Believability, the very first point underlined in this guide, is probably the key to the series' popularity with better educated, more discriminating viewers.

Each STAR TREK episode is packed with action and adventure, but the characters and plot situations are never allowed to veer away from the immutable truths of human nature and a solid platform of scientific fact. No less an authority than Dr. Isaac Asimov, a biochemistry professor and author widely regarded as one of the world's top science fiction writers, has called STAR TREK "... the first good television science fiction." Episodes of the series have been shown in college classrooms and STAR TREK is reported to be a solid favorite in campus dormitories from coast to coast.

White Indian


WAY BACK, WHEN OUR COUNTRY WAS YOUNG, THE WEST WAS STILL EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND THE TRULY GREAT AMERICANS WERE THE INTREPID PIONEERS OF THE BACKWOODS OF NEW YORK, PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO — WHERE THE WOODS WERE THICK AND SOWN WITH SUDDEN DEATH... OF THE BACKWOODSMEN WAS DAN BRAND — THE GREATEST ANCESTOR OF STEVE BRAND — AND HIS LITTLE INDIAN FRIEND, TIPI, WHO BLAZED NEW TRAILS OF ADVENTURE FOR OTHERS TO FOLLOW, PUSHING CIVILIZATION AND JUSTICE ACROSS THE CONTINENT OF THE "NEW" WORLD! HERE WAS WHITE AMERICAN AND BROWN AMERICAN FIGHTING COMMON DEADLY ENEMIES SIDE BY SIDE!
OF COURSE DAN BRAND WASN'T ALWAYS A PIONEER. NO, THERE WAS A TIME...


...IN 1770! ALL PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY TURNS OUT FOR THE WEDDING OF WEALTHY YOUNG DAN BRAND AND HIS SWEETHEART, LUCY WHARTON...
A FINE MATCH — TWO OF THE PROUDEST NAMES IN THE COLONIES! I GUESS THE BEST MAN WON, EH?
RIGHT! BUT I'M SURE THE OTHER MAN, PETER BRADFORD, DOESN'T THINK SO... SAY, THERE'S BRADFORD NOW, ON THAT BALCONY! WHY HE'S — LOOK OUT, DAN!

I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S THE FOOL...!
NO! DON'T SHOOT! PETER, PLEASE DON'T —OH-H-H-H-H...
LUCY! LUCY!
SHE TRIED TO PROTECT HIM.
LUCY! DARLING—SPEAK! ...SHE'S DEAD! OH, LUCY!
I WANT BRADFORD! BRING HIM TO ME!
HE'S DISAPPEARED! HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT!
A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE FUNERAL...
I HAVE BUT ONE PURPOSE IN LIVING NOW--TO MAKE BRADFORD PAY FOR THIS!
≥SOB≤
BRADFORD'S TRAIL LED WESTWARD!
YUP, STRANGER
ANSWERIN' TO YER DESCRIPTION PASSED THROUGH HERE AFORE YESTIDDY--ON THE TRAIL FOR FORT BEDFORD, AN IN A HURRY TOO. BUT I WARN YE, YOUNG FELLER--IT'S MIGHTY RUGGED OUT THERE FOR A TOWN-BRED CHAP LIKE YOU!
BUT DAN BRAND PUSHED RELENTLESSLY WESTWARD, COLD HATRED IN HIS HEART. HE CROSSED RIVERS, GREAT SHAGGY MOUNTAINS—HE BORED THROUGH MIGHTY FORESTS ALONG UNKNOWN TRAILS. ONLY AN IRON WILL FOR VENGEANCE KEPT HIM GOING—FOR HIS TOWN-BRED MUSCLES AND TEA-PARTY WAYS WERE PUNY WEAPONS AGAINST THE MIGHT OF THE ELEMENTS AND THE TRACKLESS VASTNESS OF THE WILDERNESS...
BUT AT LAST...
LOST! I MUST HAVE TRAVELED IN A CIRCLE-- I KNOW I'VE BEEN AT THIS SPOT BEFORE! I'M SO EXHAUSTED BUT GOT TO GO ON-- GOT TO...
A BEAR! MY RIFLE...!
2

THUNDER! I MUST HAVE WET MY POWDER IN THAT LAST STREAM! IF I CAN GET TO MY KNIFE IN TIME...!
CLICK!
DAN DUCKS THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE ENRAGED BEAST OF THE FOREST, BUT A SLASHING BLOW FROM THE SLEDGEHAMMER PAW...
AGH!
RRRAGH-R-R-R!
MY ARM—IT'S BROKEN—USELESS! THIS IS THE FINISH, DAN BRAND... GO OUT FIGHTING...
KILLED HIM! BUT WHAT'S THE USE? EXHAUSTED... LOSING BLOOD... SLEEPY... I-I THINK I'M PASSING OUT...
THE PRIMEVAL WILDERNESS, BROODING BLINDLY OVER LIFE AND DEATH AND VIOLENCE, CLAIMS ITS OWN! OMINOUS SILENCE GRIPS THE FOREST ONCE AGAIN AND DARKNESS DRAWS A VEIL OVER DAN BRAND, PLUNGING HIM INTO A HALF-SLEEP, HALF-DEATH. MINUTES, HOURS, DAYS— THEY'RE ALL THE SAME IN THAT BLACK, BLIND PIT FROM WHICH SO FEW RETURN...
UNTIL
WHAT—WHERE—WHERE AM I? HOW DID I GET HERE? WHO ARE YOU?
WE FOUND YOU ALMOST DEAD IN THE WOODS TWO DAYS AGO AND WE BROUGHT YOU TO OUR VILLAGE. I AM GREAT DEER, CHIEF OF ALL THE CATAWBAS—AND THIS IS TIPI, MY SON!
THANK YOU, THEN, CHIEF GREAT DEER, FOR SAVING MY LIFE. BUT I MUST GO! I HAVE A MISSION OF VENGEANCE THAT CANNOT WAIT, I-I...
CAREFUL! YOU ARE STILL TOO WEAK, MY BOY! CATCH HIM, TIPI!

I HONOR YOUR MISSION OF VENGEANCE, MY SON. BUT HERE IS AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE—STAY WITH US AWHILE AND RECOVER YOUR HEALTH. WE WILL TEACH YOU THE WAYS OF THE FOREST, THE INDIAN LORE...
...AND THEN YOU WILL CONQUER BOTH THE WILDERNESS AND YOUR ENEMY. THE STRONG OF HEART DO NOT THROW THEMSELVES FOOLISHLY INTO DANGER, BUT PREPARE THEMSELVES! LET US TEACH YOU CUNNING AND GIVE YOU STRENGTH!
YOU SPEAK WISE WORDS, GREAT DEER. I WILL STAY! AND I WILL LEARN ALL YOU CAN TEACH, SO THAT I CAN OVERCOME MY ENEMY!
WEEKS PASSED BY...
A FINE SHOT! YOU PICKED UP HIS TRAIL WITH CLEVERNESS AND YOU KEPT HIM BETWEEN THE WIND AND YOU, SO HE WOULD NOT PICK UP YOUR MAN SMELL! YOU ARE A GOOD PUPIL, MY BOY!
YOU'LL STAY WITH US, WON'T YOU, DAN BRAND—AND BE MY BROTHER?
AND THE WEEKS ROLLED INTO MONTHS—RIGOROUS MONTHS THAT TEMPERED DAN'S MUSCLES TO STEEL...
QUICKLY, DAN—NOW—WHILE HE IS TURNING! LESS MUSCLE AND MORE SKILL, MY SON! AH, THAT'S IT! GOOD!
I GIVE, DAN BRAND—THE MATCH IS YOURS. BY THE SPIRIT OF MY ANCESTORS, YOU ARE GETTING TOO GOOD FOR ME!
A SOLID YEAR PASSED, UNTIL...
MY MISSION IS STILL UNFULFILLED, GREAT DEER--SO NOW I MUST GO. I LOOK ON YOU AS A FATHER, MY NOBLE TEACHER.
MY HEART IS PAINED AT YOUR LEAVING—HAH, WHAT IS THIS?
GREAT DEER! GREAT DEER!
QUICK, DEFEND YOURSELVES! THEY ATTACK! THEY ATTACK! THEY---AHH-H-H-H...!
HE'S DEAD! TO THE DEFENSES, EVERYONE!

IN A FEW MINUTES...!
THESE ARE CHIPPEWA FROM ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN. AN UNKNOWN WHITE MAN SELLS THEM FIRE WATER AND STIRS THEM TO WAR SO HE CAN SELL THEM RIFLES AND POWDER!
THEY COME!
DIE, FOOLISH CHIPPEWA! WE Y'ILL TEACH YOU A LESSON THIS TIME YOU SHALL NEVER FORGET!
AND THEN...
BRADFORD!
FALL BACK, CHIPPEWA! FALL BACK— THEY'RE TOO STRONG FOR US THIS TIME!
CRACK
BUT— THE NEXT MOMENT...
UGH! MY SON, HELP ME— I'M SHOT!
GREAT DEER!
FATHER!
THAT WAS BRADFORD'S RIFLE BALL!
AVENGE ME, MY SON! TAKE— CARE-OF-TIP! — AHHHHH...
NO, DON'T GO! I HAVE NO ONE! STAY AND BE MY BROTHER! DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE!
I'M SORRY, TIP! — THIS TIME I MUST GO! NOW I MUST AVENGE TWO DEATHS! GOOD-BYE!
SWIFTLY NOW, A NEW DAN BRAND, WISE TO THE WAYS OF THE FOREST, FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF THE RETREATING CHIPPEWAS...
THEY RETREATED THIS WAY, RUNNING FAST, GOING BACK THE SAME WAY THEY CAME JUDGING FROM THE PRINTS GOING BOTH WAYS. AH, THERE ARE THE FOOTPRINTS OF BRADFORD'S HORSE!
5

THE WILLIAMSON COLLECTOR

by JAMES VAN HISE AND LARRY BIGMAN

Why should we do this? That's a reasonable question, and the reasonable answer is that Williamson art, among others, is enjoyed so why shouldn't it be chronicled for that reason alone? Many artists, including Williamson, have done work in obscure publications, seldom known and more seldom seen. Also, no artist is perfect and Williamson is no exception. Much of his early work is crude while again there is some that is quite good. Thus it is hoped that this column will help the collector of good Williamson art differentiate, so that when one shells out 5 or 6 dollars for an ACG or something similar one won't be in for a rude shock when he receives it. So the primary purpose of this is to discuss the art content of a strip. The story itself will be dealt with on a minor plane and then only to give the reader the knowledge of the type of subject matter which was illustrated. To be more precise, each story will be rated on a scale from 1 to 5, although even five most times does not equal the E.C. level of his work and those that do will be specifically pointed out.

The first area to be covered in this column is Williamson's work for ACG.

FORBIDDEN WORLDS #1 July-August 1951
"Demon Of Destruction"

F.W. #1 is probably the best known ACG with Williamson art. It also happens to contain some of Willi's best art outside of E.C. Although Frazetta, who did some pencilling and inking, did add to the overall beauty of the art, Williamson pencilled the majority of the story. The story itself is rather typical; a scientest and his girl uncover a demon who goes out to wreak destruction on the earth and it becomes their responsibility to get rid of the BEM. Fantastic, huh? Excusing the story, the art is really very nice. It contains some tight inking and fantastic atmosphere. The strip does have drawbacks, such as poor anatomy in places and limited background throughout. In certain panels the scientists girlfriend comes out as being pure Williamson, which is a disadvantage as Williamson had a large problem drawing girls in his early work. Overall the story is a notch above the typical Williamson fare of that time, and therefore rates a very solid: 4.

FORBIDDEN WORLDS #5 March-April 1952
"Land Of The Living Dead"

This story is definitely one of Williamson's finest non-EC strips, mainly because he is assisted by Roy Krenkel. The art itself is signed ROY G. WILLIAMS although it is obvious Williamson and Krenkel. The best panels in the strip are those which bear the heavy influence of Krenkel, especially in the architecture. The story itself concerns a man who passes into the spirit world but since he's alive he isn't dead. If you think that's confusing you should read the story. But then what can you expect from ACG storywise? There are a number of beautiful panels in this strip which equal the EC level of his work. At right is reprinted page 4 from this story so see for yourself what I mean. The final page of the story has probably the best single panel in the strip as it depicts a Krenkelian city in the background with birds flying in front of a large finely wrought tree in the foreground, and all of it has a fantastic feel to it. A very solid 5.

FORBIDDEN WORLDS #6 May-June 1952
"The Flapping Head"

This is it, people! The absolute low in Williamson's career! It is pure, unadulterated crap! It's hard to imagine that Williamson, who turned out so much beautiful stuff, could do such an atrocious job. The art has to be a classic among comics. The story is typical ACG fare, with a guy and his gal unearthing (again?) a centuries old vampire who had been decapitated. He gets around by flapping wings on the back of his head. The art is over inked and underpencilled; the anatomy is really bad and the girl looks like she has been resurrected after having died of starvation. The rating is the only thing that can be expected. "The Flapping Head" achieves the ultimate in ratings (probably never to be seen again): 1.

Any comments, suggestions or requests are welcome.

JUST THEN...
OHHH... PIRATES!
THERE'S ANOTHER HOSTAGE, ME LADS! SEIZE HER!
THEY....THEY'RE AS TERRIBLE IN DEATH AS THEY WERE IN LIFE...AND SINCE THEY HAVE NO NEED FOR MONEY ANYMORE, THEY GO AROUND SEEKING HOSTAGES ONLY TO KILL THEM!
WELL, THEY CAN'T KILL ME! THEY CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO A BODILESS SPIRIT.... BUT THERE'S PLENTY I CAN DO TO THEM!
THE-THE BULLETS GO RIGHT THROUGH 'IM...THERE'S NO WAY OF STOPPIN' 'IM!
BANG!
A... A GHOST!
AYE.... BUT BULLETS STOP YOU!
RUN FOR YER LIVES!
JUST THINK...DEAD SPIRITS RUNNING FROM A LIVE GHOST!
THIS PART OF THE SPIRIT WORLD NEAR THE FLORIDA KEYS IS INFESTED WITH PIRATES AND BRIGANDS WHO WILLINGLY GAMBLED THEIR LIVES IN THEIR NEFARIOUS ADVENTURES..AND LOST THEIR GAMBLES! AND THEY'VE BEEN SLOWLY WIPING OUT THE COMMUNITY OF GOOD SOULS WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN JUST CAUSES! BUT NOW THAT WE HAVE YOU ON OUR SIDE, GOOD WILL TRIUMPH OVER EVIL!
BUT I CAN'T STAY HERE.... EVEN THOUGH I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU! I DON'T BELONG IN YOUR WORLD...I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MINE! AND BESIDES, YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD....YOU CAN'T BE KILLED AGAIN IN THE SPIRIT WORLD, EVEN BY PIRATES!
BUT SPIRITS CAN DIE AGAIN! AND IF WE DIE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD, THERE'S NO OTHER WORLD FOR US TO GO TO..WE'RE REALLY DEAD THEN.... FOR ETERNITY!

THE WILLIAMSON COLLECTOR

by JAMES VAN HISE AND LARRY BIGMAN

This time we are back to review more ACGs, both from Williamson's early and post EC career. Once again the rating system is from 1(atrocious) to 5(beautiful). We hope this column will be helpful to all you art collectors out in fandom. Please send in some LOCs to us, so we'll know what you like or don't. An apology from one of us (Larry Bigman) for a grammatical error last issue; I pride myself on stuff like that, but it slipped by.

FORBIDDEN WORLDS #3 Nov.-Dec. 1951
"Skull Of The Sorceror" - 7 pages

This story marks a rarity in Williamson art in that it is one of the very few times that Williamson's pencils were inked by Wally Wood. Overall the art is better than the strip Williamson and Krenkel did in FW #5, because it doesn't have the shortcomings and bad panels where the art falls down, but then neither does it have the panels which leap from the page due to its fantastic content. Wood's inking really adds a nice feel to the art in that it tightens and smooths it out.

The plot concerns an archeologist who slays a high priest to secure a fantastic ruby. As the priest dies he curses the man and vows that when his skull is consumed in his funeral pyre, his spirit will be released to seek its vengence. To prevent this, Bob Knox severs the priest's head and keeps it safely in his home where he can view the skull at all times. Ten years later, one Halloween night, his son removes the skull from its place of safety and places it on a stick in the middle of a fire. The skull falls from the pole and is consumed, thereby releasing the priest's spirit which seeks out the archeologist. Bob Knox evades the spirit and seeks aid from a friend. But Bob is thought insane and is confined in a straightjacket where the spirit comes upon him and strangles him. The story then has the stock ending of the doctors realizing that what Robert had said was true and that he was indeed killed by forces from the unknown.

All of the art in the strip is excellent, with some of it outshining the rest. See the page reprinted at the right for an example of one of the better pages from this strip.

We feel that it should get a well deserved 5.

FORBIDDEN WORLDS #76 March 1959
"In The Beginning" - 6 pages

This story was done by Williamson during a strange period in his career. He had concluded his tenure with EC a few years before, having done superb art. At this time he was doing either nice, tight art or art that was lacking the true Williamson touch. As the title states, the story takes place in the beginning, of time that is. It concerns a feud between two prehistoric tribes, the Bear People and the Tawny Ones. The Bear People are still in the Stone Age, while the Tawny Ones are blessed with the guidance of the Ancient Ones, disembodied voices who reside in a cave and give advice to the Tawny Ones shaman. It turns out that the Ancient Ones are really the memory bank of a spaceship which the Bear People eventually destroy, leaving the Tawny Ones to their own guidance. The art itself is very bland; Williamson used little detail in the cave scenes when he could have used black to a great advantage. Far-off shots of mountain ranges consist of hardly more than outlines of the ranges. In certain panels the anatomy is almost non-existant, with people at times being bare outlines. Williamson's usual fine-line inking becomes extremely heavy in medium shots of people; this shouldn't be, especially when the originals were probably twice-up. In fact, in the whole story there is only one of Williamson's lizards, which are trademarks of his of sorts. Considering the art itself and what Williamson was capable of at the time, this story rates a below par 2.

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN #96 -May 1958
"Annals Of The Occult" - 3 pages
Reprinted in UNKNOWN WORLDS #47 April-May 1966 as "The Ansco Case"

The art in this strip is pure Williamson and really isn't that bad. It's just that although the art is good, there isn't much there for Williamson to work with as it's a straight horror story. But what there is though (dark,rainey night with glare of headlights and nicely rendered old house in background) is quite good.

The story is typical; it's about a man with a reoccurring dream in which he is killed in an auto crash. The dream begins to come true one night but the man leaps from his car and averts death. It's supposed to make you shudder (I think).

Nicely done still,and about 3.

NOTE: When this strip was reprinted in Unk. Wlds. it had bad reproduction which reduces the appreciation of the art considerably.

Corrections: Both of us forgot to put in page counts last issue for the stories. The counts are as follows: FW #1- 10 pages; FW #5-8 pages; FW #6- 8 pages. Sorry about that.

Next Issue: "Out Of The Night" #1,2, and 4.

OH, NO!
THOSE ELONGATED EYEHOLES-- IT'S THE SKULL OF AN ORIENTAL! BUT IT... IT MUST BE JUST A HALLUCINATION-- IT CAN'T BE THE SPIRIT OF THE DALAI RAMA! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MY STUDY-- MAKE SURE THE SKULL IS STILL THERE-- INTACT!
THE SKULL-- IT'S GONE!
IT'S ALL MY FAULT, DAD-- I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SKULL!
--AND AFTER THE SKULL FELL INTO THE BONFIRE, I SAW A--
ALL RIGHT, DAVEY-- I CAN IMAGINE WHAT HAPPENED NEXT! GO ON TO BED NOW AND TRY TO FORGET IT ALL! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME, AT LEAST I KNOW THAT YOU'RE WELL TAKEN CARE OF!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THIS WOULD HAPPEN SOME DAY! I SHOULD HAVE KEPT THAT ACCURSED SKULL IN A FIREPROOF SAFETY VAULT-- BUT NO, I WANTED TO HAVE IT HERE, WHERE I COULD LOOK AT IT EACH DAY AND REASSURE MYSELF THAT I STILL HAD IT!
TALE TWO
IT--IT'S YOU--YOU'VE COME FOR ME! I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU AGAIN-- THE WAY I FINISHED YOU TEN YEARS AGO!
4

THE WILLIAMSON COLLECTOR

by JAMES VAN HISE AND LARRY BIGMAN

This installment of the Williamson Collector is a potpourri of companies; the first work is from ACG, the second from Famous Funnies, and the third, Archie, as strange as that may seem.

FORBIDDEN WORLDS #63 Feb. 1958
"When Duty Calls" - 5 pages
reprinted in ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN #128 Oct.-Nov. 1961 as "Idle Dreamer".

"When Duty Calls" is a story about a college professor whose colleagues consider him to be an idle dreamer because of his advanced mathematical formulae. Professor Weaver receives a month's leave from classes and continues to work on his formulae, which nobody understands, except, of course, him. Suddenly he is teleported to Pluto, where he is employed by the Plutonians to finish a time ray, devised by a scientest of their world who died before it was finished. The ray is needed to ward off the attacks of the Xenon raiders who are gradually working their way through other galaxies to ours. Weaver finds the Plutonian scientest was employing the same theories and formulae as he was. He finishes the untested ray just in time for the Xenon attack. The ray works, sending the Xenon raiders into the future, and proving that Weaver was not a crackpot. Weaver is sent back to Earth, where he is scorned, But back on Pluto he is revered as a hero. This story is definitely made for Williamson, and he does come through. Fine line work (expertly done), futuristic buildings and garb, and even a miniature dinosaur- it's all here. The reproduction is pretty good in the AITU reprint and even better in FW. Considering the rather mediocre art that Williamson was doing in the late fifties, "When Duty Calls" was a welcome change of pace and, if it weren't for minimal use of backgrounds, it would get a 5, but, as it is, this Willi story rates a VERY NICE: 4.

BUSTER CRABBE #3 March 1952
"The Ogre" - 7 pages

"The Ogre" was Williamson's only story contribution to BUSTER CRABBE, other than "The Maid of Mars" in BC #5. "The Ogre" concerns the appearance of Kagagaks, the evil spirits who inhabit the Forbidden Mountain. A Kagagak appears to two campers (who are actually Williamson and George Evans; they drew the story, Evans inking, so they drew themselves into it.) who hurriedly run to town and tell Buster and Whiskers, Buster's sidekick, about what they saw. An old Indian verifies Al's and George's story, so Buster and Whiskers go to investigate. They trail the Kagagaks to their cave, where there ensues a little fight. Buster scares off the ogres by firing his gun. After leaving the cave, Buster decides not to verify the Kragagaks' existence, in order to preserve them, because they only fight when provoked. He tells Al and George that they were scared off by a "big, half-crazy hermit." He neglects to say, though, which half is crazy (Yuk! Yuk!). Anyway, the art on "The Ogre" is really excellent due primarily to Evans' tightening up of Williamson's pencils. The story is well laid-out, the western atmosphere is well conveyed, and the fight scene is done nicely and without sound effects. The reproduction is a little scratchy, but the line work still comes through. To the right is page 6, which, as you can see, has a little of the trailing of the Kragagaks and the beginning of the fight. It is truly fine work, generally on a higher level than the overrated "Maid of Mars". Having had an opportunity to see one of the original pages, I can testify that it is a very clean job. This comic is good; besides, the cover is by Willi and Evans, too. Get it if you can. This story is close to a 5 but because of the meager reproduction, the rating is :4.

THE FLY #2 September 1959
"One of Our Skyscrapers is Missing!" - 4 pages

This is the only costumed super-hero strip that Williamson has done to date and unfortunately it's rather uninspired.

The story is very bland with the Fly (Tommy Troy) investigating a skyscraper that mysteriously sunk out of sight below the ground. He discovers a race of subterraneans, battles their most powerful warrior as well as "the large headed lizard" and of course defeats them both. Since the skyscraper they pulled down was empty (neat trick) the undergroundeans think the Fly is an average surface man. Therefore they call off their planned attack of the surface world. Horray!

The art, although not bad, is very basic Williamson and except for a couple spots, it's difficult to tell it's his work. Overall it rates a rather uninspired :3.

The FORBIDDEN WORLDS #63 does not conclude the Williamson ACG's but ADVS. INTO THE UNKNOWN #91, 107, 116 and FORBIDDEN WORLDS #69, 78, and 86 are unavailable for us to cover at this time.

NEXT: TOBY PRESS

BUSTER, I'M WITH YUH TO TH' END, AN' MARK MY WORD, TH' END AIN'T FER OFF!
THESE TRACKS COULD BE FAKE — ATTACHED TO A MAN'S SHOES. MAYBE SOMEONE WANTS TO SCARE PEOPLE AWAY FROM HERE!
SHORE THAT MUST BE IT! IT'S ALL A DAD-BLASTED PLOT!
END OF THE TRAIL — AN EXTINCT VOLCANO!
At the bottom of the crater...
SHHHH — I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'RE NOT ALONE.
JUMPIN' JACK RABBITS! THIS PLACE SMELLS WORSE THAN TH' STOCK YARDS! PHEW!
Suddenly....
YOW!
DON'T SHOOT, WHISKERS, UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY!

THE WILLIAMSON COLLECTOR

by JAMES VAN HISE AND LARRY BIGMAN

This issue's column begins coverage of Willi's work in TOBY PRESS, most of which, as you will see, is westerns.

Once again, the ratings go from 1 to 5; 1 being atrocious and 5 being beautiful.

BILLY THE KID #3 - Feb. 1951
"The Claws of Death" - 4 pages

This issue had two stories in it by Williamson so don't think I made a typo when I list KID #3 again down below. Also, if you look over at the John Wayne #3 review, you will get an idea of TOBY's glittering originality in that the story in there has the same title as this one.

This story bears no signiture but is obviously Williamson VERY heavily inked by Frazetta. For this reason, even though the reproduction is a bit spotty, the art comes across as being quite exceptional. Outside of the first page, the backgrounds are pretty simple, gradually going almost to the point of nonexistence. The best art is on the figures and on the rather bizarre looking "big cat". All of the pages in this strip are good so it was rather difficult to choose the one reprinted from this story on the opposite page.

The story concerns (Rock Hudson (yeah, that Rock Hudson) and Bacon Bob (can you believe that?) and how they track down a killer mountain lion. The "big cat", as it's called, is controlled by a rather seedy looking mexican who has the hots for the luscious daughter of an old man he tried to have the cat kill. Rock Hudson discovers the hombre forcing his attentions on the chick and as he gets the drop on him, Blackie (a nice mexican name) signals to his big cat which leaps upon Rock! In the ensuing fight, Rock stabs the cat to death and in another brawl subdues blackie.

Anyway, the art's pretty nice and rates a rock sturdy: 4.

BILLY THE KID #3 - Feb. 1951
"The Honor of Billy the Kid" - 8 pages

The art on this story is so bad that I think I'll do the plot first.

It concerns a man impersonating Billy and how, by joining the imposter's gang under an assumed name, he clears himself and exposes the fake.

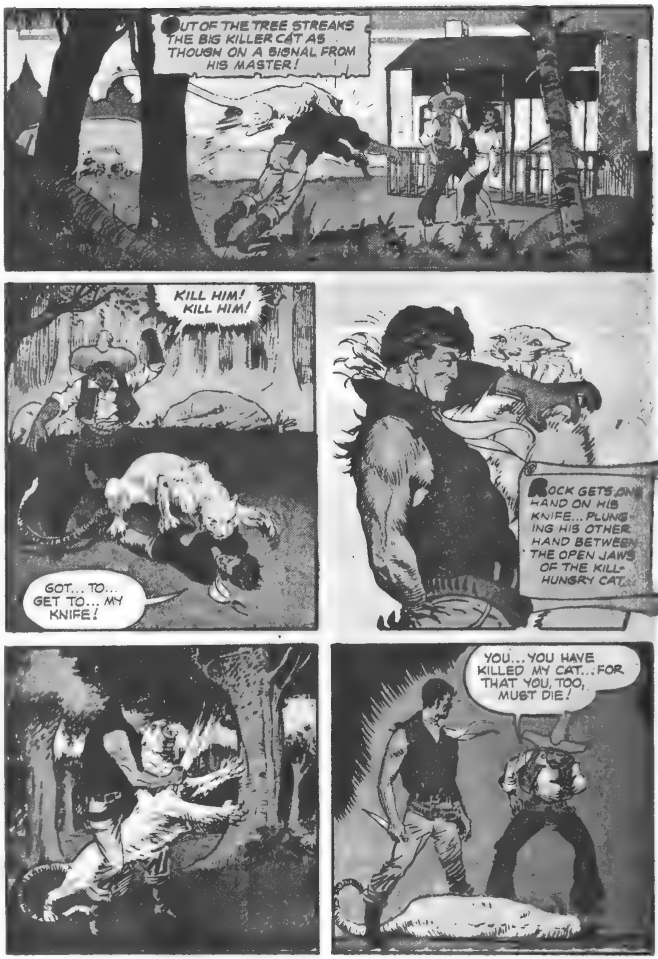
The art is very rough and is pure Williamson. It's not half as good as the ATLAS stuff you've probably seen Marvel reprint over the past month. It's quite crude, very heavily over inked so that very little fine line work remains intact after the inking. I won't go as far as to say it's sloppy but that's one of the few things that are wrong with it.

But it does look like he tried anyway as the anatomy isn't too bad and the horses look pretty good so that somehow, in a rather crude way, it appeals to me. So I guess I'll give it a half decent (in a rather crude sort of way) :2.

JOHN WAYNE #3 - June 1950
"The Claws of Death" - 9 pages

This story is either the second or third John Wayne story by Williamson, the first one or two being in JOHN WAYNE #2 which is unavailable for reviewing at this time. Although certain John Wayne stories were inked by Frazetta, this one is questionable as to whether it was or not. The story concerns a bet made between Duke and a friend; Duke says man is the only animal who kills for the sake of killing, and Mitchell Manning, friend, asserts that Big Tom, "the wildest mountain lion in these parts", kills for the sake of killing also. So, Big John and Manning go off to see if Big Tom will kill for the sake of killing. The mountain lion kills Manning's dog, so Wayne vows at first to kill Big Tom but then he decides he "gonna win all the way-gonna take Big Tom alive" which he does of course.

The art is typical early Williamson, containing poor or no backgrounds and poor (meaning heavy) inking. Don't get me wrong; heavy inking can be great if done correctly, but Williamson was not good as a heavy inker. Reinspecting certain panels, such as the ones with Big Tom, I'm reasonably sure that Frazetta did do inking on certain panels, though not the whole story. The main trouble with the story is the lack of backgrounds, although the fight scenes are very well rendered. Because Williamson is not known for action filled stories, he is not known to be an action artist. But in his early western stories this does come through. Because of this fact, "The Claws of Death" is raised from a 2 to an adequate :3.


OUT OF THE TREE STREAKS THE BIG KILLER CAT AS THOUGH ON A SIGNAL FROM HIS MASTER!
KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
GOT... TO... GET TO... MY KNIFE!
BOCK GETS ANY HAND ON HIS KNIFE... PLUNGING HIS OTHER HAND BETWEEN THE OPEN JAWS OF THE KILL-HUNGRY CAT...
YOU... YOU HAVE KILLED MY CAT.. FOR THAT YOU, TOO, MUST DIE!

THE WILLIAMSON COLLECTOR

by JAMES VAN HISE AND LARRY BIGMAN

Once again, the notorious Willi Review boys are back, this time reviewing that comic of the 1950's again that starred that immortal hero (who will always remain near and dear to our hearts), Big John "Duke" Wayne (not to mention smatterings of Willi & Fritz art).

JOHN WAYNE #3 June, 1950
"The Mystery of Rhyming Range" - 7 pages

You see, kiddies, next Tuesday is Pioneer Day, the 100th birthday of Canyon City. So, someone comes up with the idea that it would really be "keen" to stage a fake bank holdup for the amusement and edification of the town hicks; the holdup is to be led by (hold on to yore hosses, podners!) John Wayne. Well, you can imagine what happens. The fakers, including Duke, are tied up by professionals who rob the bank, but are then apprehended by John, and they all ride off into the sunset and live happily ever after, except, of course, the villains. The only thing that's good that happens to them as a result of their being caught is that they get away from Big John. The art here is pure Williamson, and it shows. There are two photo-swipe (?) panels of Wayne that are nice, but the rest is typically early bland Williamson. In fact some of it doesn't even look like Williamson. The same defects are here as in other early Willi stories, but there is an apparent improving of anatomy over earlier stories. But still, it's rather dull and still a ½.

JOHN WAYNE #4 August, 1950
"The Panther Man" - 10 pages - Reprinted in JOHN WAYNE #18 Jan.,1953, with very good reproduction.

The art on this one is pure Williamson and suffers from most of Williamson's early faults, especially over inking.

The story isn't one of their more inspired efforts. It has ol' Duke tracking down a killer panther who turns out to be actually an indian wearing the claws of a dead panther, the panther having been killed by the cowboys. The indian is seeking vengence on all cowboys for killing the animals with guns and such. When the indian is about to attack and ravage Big John, a real panther jumps the panther man. In the nick of time, John Wayne constructs a homemade slingshot from a tree stump and a scarf (from the time he got the idea until he finished building the sling, the panther had been diggin' and scratchin' at the indian all the while) and slays the panther with a small rock (!) before it can finish off the indian! He then hands the indian (still alive believe it or not) over to the sherriff and says, "C'mon hoss, let's go"! I'm afraid these heavy stories are starting to become too much for me, I just don't know...

The art is pretty rough and basic, with backgrounds occasionally added as favors. See page one of this strip which is reprinted on the opposite page as an example. Even though John Wayne looks like himself in a couple spots, it's still pretty scratchy and awful rough.

On top of that it's in the olden, golden west and the panther is jungle black (mayhap an escaped circus!).

Overall though it rates a fair ½.

JOHN WAYNE #4 August, 1950
"Black Gold" - 6 pages

This time the villain is after oil under a guy's ranch. The villain kills the rancher to get the oil, but Wayne gets him AND the deceased rancher's daughter, who isn't bad, as you might have guessed. This story, as far as I (Larry) am concerned is the first John Wayne story with rather nice art, mainly because of Frazetta's capable inking. The chick looks really nice, the action scenes are good, and the anatomy is good. The inking, logically, is good, and I'll even excuse the lack of background because I like the rest so much. So, for the first time a John Wayne story receives a ½ (it could be better, despite the above buildup.).

NEXT:
MORE JOHN WAYNE!

JOHN WAYNE
AND
"THE PANTHER MAN"
OUT OF THE MURKY PAST CAME LEGENDS; OF POOLS OF BLOOD! OF "LONG CLAW," THE MAN-KILLING BLACK PANTHER, WHO STALKED AND SLASHED TO DEATH COW-BOYS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO WANDER THE "POOL TABLE" MESA--- ALONE! "LONG CLAW" DIED YEARS BEFORE, BUT NOW, STRANGELY, HE LIVED AND KILLED AGAIN!!
WILSEN
VULTURE MEAT!! THIS POOR HOMBRE HAS BEEN RIPPED TO RIBBONS BY A PANTHER WITH---
--ONE LONG CLAW!!

THE WILLIAMSON COLLECTOR

by JAMES VAN HISE AND LARRY BIGMAN

JOHN WAYNE #6 Nov. 1950
"Murder Will Out" - 10 pages

Our story: Bonanza is accused of murder, taking the rap for Wayne, whom he thinks did it. Of course, neither did. John is Bonanza's lawyer and he scares the true killer into exposing himself by convincing the court that the woman murdered is still alive. The killer is caught and Wayne is the hero (again?).

The art is Fritz over Willi, but it just isn't that good for some reason. There are some nice horse scenes, but overall it looks rushed and unfinished. In fact, the high point of JOHN WAYNE #6 is the strip "Pot-Shot Pete" by Harvey Kurtzman. If you like Kurtzman, you'll like this (it was reprinted in an early, comic issue of MAD). But the Willi story is disappointing, especially since helped ink it and considering "Black Gold" in JOHN WAYNE #4 (see last issue's column) and the two other stories reviewed this issue from JOHN WAYNE #8. Thus this story is back to a bland ½2.

JOHN WAYNE #8 March 1951
"The Weeping Walloper" - 12 pages

The art in this one isn't that bad at all. Some of the faces, primarily in close-ups, appear to have been tightened and inked by Frazetta. Page one of this story is reprinted on the opposite page and strikes me as being pure Williamson, even the nice photo-swipe of John Wayne in panel two.

I'm shoked to say that although the basic plot is typical B-western stuff, it is handled quite well and I actually enjoyed reading it! Shock upon shock. It involves wildcat oil drilling and how John Wayne becomes involved with a wildcatter who is being harrassed by an oil syndicate whom he owes money to and who don't want his well to come in before the note is due to them. About half way through the story the wildcatter is drygulched, shot in the back. John and his pal, Bonanza Bill, vow to keep the well going so they contact the wildcatter's 15 year old son, Jim, telling him of his father's death and asking him to come out west and work on the well. The boy leaves the military academy he'd been attending and goes out west. He takes over the well, but because John won't treat him like a man, he does things to spite him, to show him that he's no kid anymore. One of these things involves him hiring one Jeb Lewis. Jeb then attempts to sabotage the well, finally resorting to putting nitro in the core. They escape the endangered derreck just before it explodes and a gusher comes in, saving the day after all. John captures the escaping Jeb Lewis with the aid of Jim, and all is right with the world.

Interestingly enough, Williamson signed his name on this story in panel two of the last page.

The art stands up pretty well, especially with Frazetta's tightening of it in various spots. Still a bit rough though, but I'll give it a strong ½3.

JOHN WAYNE #8 March 1951
"The Ugly Duckling Bandit" - 9 pages
Reprinted with very good reproduction in JOHN WAYNE #18.

The art on this story is pretty rough even though it has a fair amount of detail work such as backgrounds. Again it suffers from over inking. There are a number of spots where I detect good Frazetta inking, and in many spots it is very strong.

Like a few of the JOHN WAYNE's, this one has two strips by Williamson. Even though the first story in this book was good, this one is even better, possibly because John Wayne is barely in it. It concerns John and Bonanza unearthing the cache of an outlaw; over a quarter of a million dollars in gold and stuff. The bandit's name was Nathanial Hilton and his story is one of interest. Bonanza relates the story to John. A story of a boy, Nathanial, who was mistreated by his father and rediculed by his peers because of his shabby attire; but he could do no better. Then the fates step in, in the form of a branding iron which scars his face. They said it was an accident, but more likely it was accidently on purpose! Because of his scarred face, nobody would give him a job so finally he left home. He turned to crime, becoming one of the most feared outlaws in the west, "for he carried death in both guns!". Once during a bank holdup he's unmasked by a young boy and exposed, thus branded the ugly duckling bandit. Nathanial's first impulse is to shoot the boy but the bitter memories of his own childhood stay his hand. Running from a posse, he escapes into the desert, even though his horse has been shot from under him. On the verge of death he is befriended by an Indian who gives him water and life. Burying his loot in the sand, they ride off on the Indian's horse, leaving the cache, never to return. The reason? He had made his home with the Indians, living with them in peace as with them he had found friendship, something he had never known. Only years later was he heard of again when the Indians had a preacher come to preside over the funeral of the ugly duckling bandit.

The art's still not bad and Frazetta's random tightening helps considerably. It deserves a good solid ½3.

WAYNE
in
THE WEEPING WALLOPER
JOHN WAYNE BECOMES THE THE MEASURE OF A BOY'S STATURE AS A NEW KIND OF PROSPECTING--THE SEARCH FOR BLACK GOLD--PLUNGES WAYNE INTO AN ADVENTURE WITH A KID WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHEN TO SAY QUIT!
I WARNED YOU, BONANZA! THIS IS OIL COUNTRY!
PTUI!! GOSH, THIS WATER HAS AN AWFUL TASTE, JOHNNY!
YOU HAVE TO BE CAREFUL ABOUT THE WATER YOU DRINK HERE! THE OIL SEEPS UP FROM BELOW OR SETTLES DOWN THROUGH THE AIR TO GIVE EVERYTHING A THICK COATING.
SEE THAT BELT OF DERRICKS CURVING OFF INTO THE DISTANCE? THEY FOLLOW THE LINE OF AN UNDERGROUND OIL LAKE THAT EXTENDS FOR MILES! A FOOT OUTSIDE OF THAT BELT--AND NO OIL!

THE WILLIAMSON COLLECTOR

by JAMES VAN HISE AND LARRY BIGMAN

This issue winds up the TOBY PRESS and covers the two ME comics Willi did. We have not covered all of the TOBY though as we don't presently have access to JOHN WAYNE #2 & 7 although when we do we will come back to them as our format is pretty flexible. We also didn't mention the two page strip GUNS that Willi did which appeared in BILLY THE KID #1 as well as being reprinted in whole and part (first page only) in other TOBY books, sometimes under the title of DRAW. It's not a bad strip but nothing to get excited over.

DANGER IS OUR BUSINESS #1 - 1953
"The Vicious Space Pirates" - 6 pages. Reprinted in DANGER IS OUR BUSINESS #9 - 1964, and in COLLAGE #1 with excellent reproduction.

Although the actual story is entitled "The Vicious Space Pirates", the logo "Captain Comet, Space Pilot" looms much larger on the page. The story is typical space opera stuff with Captain Comet (not to be confused with the old DC STRANGE ADVENTURES character of the same name) battling that blackest of space pirates, the dreaded John Kidd! The story is decent enough and gives Willi plenty of nice Flash Gordon type stuff to play with. It's obvious that Williamson enjoyed drawing this strip as he really put a lot into it. What polished this strip up to give it a real touch of magic was superb inking by Frazetta, some of the very best he ever did, making this strip one of the best either ever did! The second last panel of the strip has a shot of Captain Comet's face which looks less like Captain Comet and more like Buster Crabbe, an idol of Willi's who he drew into a number of his strips around this time.

It's a very highly polished and finely wrought strip, easily deserving a :5.

JET #3 - 1951
Space Ace - "The Nothing Weapon" - 6 pages

This is definitely one of the best stories Williamson has ever done outside of EC. This is the first indication of what Williamson could do by himself and it is certainly a beautiful job. The story opens as a fugitive stumbles into a bar on one of Saturn's moons, Titan. He is gunned down almost immediately by the Port Patrol. As he falls, Space Ace spies his treasure, an ancient Book of Valar. The Valars settled Mars five million years ago, therefore the book must be worth a hell of a lot, thinks Space Ace, so grabbing the book he dives out of a window, avoiding the inquisitive Port Patrol. While going into hiding, Space Ace is observed by Flor, a beautiful and deadly adversary. She sends one of her men after Space Ace, because she knows of his consistent good fortune. The baddie zaps Space Ace with a paralysobeam and, upon realization of the value of the Book of Valar, decides to cop it for himself. Space Ace is again able to move by the time Flor gets to his place. Together they track down Flor's man, who is now dead because of a poisonous ink used by the Valars in printing their book. While waiting for the complete decontamination of the book, they toast each other, after a short bout of glass switching, which results in Flor getting the wrong or right glass, depending on whose side you look at it from. Space Ace, deciphering the ancient tome, discovers the existence of a weapon which is invincible and indestructable. He finds it on one of the asteroids between Mars and Jupiter, the location of the Valars' original home. However, he is quickly attacked by Flor's other boys. A strange thing occurs, though. The black globe, which is the weapon, absorbs all the energy of the ships' blasters and sends it back at the ships, converting them into pure energy. Space Ace uses the powers of the globe to power his spaceship which had been destroyed by Flor's men, and off he goes to sell his wares. Once again there is nothing wrong with this art. It is really a fantastic strip and worthy of the Williamson name. Here again is another story aptly rated :5.

JET #4 - 1951
Space Ace - "Death In Deep Space!" - 7 pages
Reprinted in FANTASTIC EXPLOITS #22.

Williamson did his last free lance work for ME, before starting his stint at EC. The two stories he did, though, for Vincent Sullivan's company were certainly high points of his career. Above this review is one of JET #3, which is pure Williamson and definitely woth having, while "Death in Deep Space!" is a collaboration with Wally Wood. The story again concerns that evil woman, that female space pirate, Flor, whom we met in JET #3, remember? Flor baits Space Ace using a well-formed member of her crew; the girl is floating around in space, Space Ace sees her and he doesn't nibble at the bait, he swallows it whole! He tracks the horrible space monsters, who are supposed to be responsible for the girl's floating in space, to Titan, Saturn's largest moon. And there Flor waits for him. After getting her jollies by whipping Space Ace with a symanthus(?)-hide whip, Flor tosses her enemy into an electric dungeon cell, already occupied by Benton Thorpe, "the greatest scientest in all the solar system". By the way, Mr. Thorpe is he whom Space Ace was looking for in the first place. They escape their cell and finally from Flor by incapacitating her and her henchmen with nitrous oxide, which is no laughing matter. Nitrous oxide is laughing gas, by the way. Going back to Space Ace: the art here is very heavily inked by Wood. In fact, in some panels, Williamson is indistinguishable through the inks. It is really a strange combination. This is not to say it isn't good; it is reminiscent of the above Captain Comet story. It is certainly a very competent job for both artists, as one can see from the opposite page, and surely deserves the rating of :5.

Space Ace
THE GIRL COMES FLOATING THROUGH SPACE, DRIFTING HELPLESSLY, FOR IN SPACE THERE IS NO UP OR DOWN...
BY THE RINGS OF SATURN! I CAME OUT HERE TO HUNT FOR A MAN AND INSTEAD I FIND —A GIRL!
WHERE IN THE NAME OF JUPITER'S NINE MOONS DID SHE COME FROM?
FAR OUT IN THE COLD REACHES OF SPACE, WHERE ONLY WHIRLING METEORS AND AN OCCASIONAL SPACESHIP MOVE, SPACE ACE MEETS A DRIFTING DERELICT AND A GIRL— AND FINDS HIMSELF CONFRONTED WITH—
"Death in Deep Space!"

THE WILLIAMSON COLLECTOR

by JAMES VAN HISE AND LARRY BIGMAN

This issue we present a mixture of two different company's books with Williamson art. We return briefly to ACG, then go to FAMOUS FUNNIES publications where we review three more books due to the short page count of the Willi stories in HEROIC.

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN #116 April-May 1960
"Out of the Unknown" - 4 pages

This story gets off to a fine start with a very impressive first panel of an ancient Merlin-type wizard. Unfortunately it quickly drops to art which, although not bad, lacks that magic present in some of his other ACG strips. See the reprint of page one for the contrast in art.

The story is interesting in that it concerns the tracking down of a bizarre legend, that of the Blankards, a cult of serpent worshippers who had vanished a century before. As the story unfolds (or as much as it can in four pages) it describes how the Blankards fled from the persecution of their unique religion, to a mountain area in Idaho and took refuge on a remote mountain ledge, setting up their community there. But at the end of their first summer, a long drought striken one, a forest fire erupted on the mountain side above them. This fire forced thousands of imperiled snakes to flee down the ledge...and through the Blankards' town! After the sibilant hisses had passed and faded, nothing was left alive. A hundred years later, a man named Morrison is sent by the Institute of Applied Anthropology to track the legend down. He hears of a cursed mountain in Idaho and with the aid of a helicopter seeks that mountain. When he finds it he is afforded a panoramic view of a mountain which resembles a tremendous rattlesnake!

Again, the art is lacking in that detail is often sacrificed for patches of black, fine lines being used sparingly and only in a couple of panels making eighty percent of the art rather bland. So even though the first panel is quite nice, the strip as a whole only rates :3.

HEROIC #51 November 1948
"Thin Ice On Shell Bank Creek" - 2 pages

This was Williamson's first job for the comics. However, he had pencilled "TARZAN" for Burne Hogarth earlier in the year (for a fine example of his pencils for Hogarth see issue number six of Larry Ivie's MONSTERS AND HEROES). Just as with other artists, Williamson's first job is not his best, but despite its being primitive, it is better than some other stories he did, notably one for ACG. Williamson's style, of course, had not begun to surface at this time, but he did manage to turn in a relatively competent job. The inking is the main asset of the story, while the people are slightly awkward. However, one must remember his age at the time (17) and that it was his first job. All in all, it is interesting as being the starting point of a major comics artist. Its rating, though, is only :2.

HEROIC #65 March 1951
"Sunny's Sunday" - 2 pages

This strip was done at the time when Al was just beginning to become rather prolific. Although it is not one of his science-fiction or fantasy strips, it is an example of what he could do on a contempory story. The first page is pure Williamson, and, while not in his well-known style, it is a nice combination of decent pencilling and inking. The second page is inked very heavily by Frazetta. While the first page is inked finely though firmly, the second page seems to be scratchy and has little background. This art is of a different sort than most Willi/Fritz collaborations, and I think it is a nice job, though admittedly short. But it is nice and is rated a :3.

MOVIE LOVE #8 April 1951
"William Holden" - 6 pages

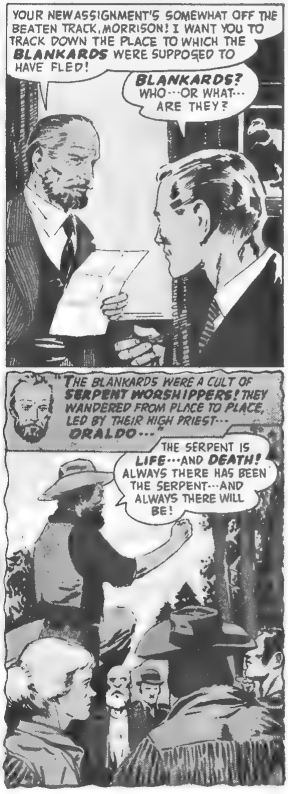
This is a love comic so not much can be expected storywise. Luckily it's not the usual drivel and merely concerns how William Holden became a movie star with the success of his first movie, "Golden Boy".

Even though the strip is signed just by Willi, the art is VERY heavily inked by Frazetta. But even though it is good art, in fact quite nice in a few spots, it overall looks rather strange, bizarre even. The figures are very tight and sometimes, although being very good renderings of people, have a cartooney feel. The backgrounds are almost nonexistant, but what there is, is tight and not sloppy...just strange. Due to this peculiar combination of factors, it only rates a :3.

WE HEAR MANY STRANGE, UNACCOUNTABLE STORIES··· STORIES WHICH ARE HARD TO PROVE BY THE COLD MEASURING-ROD OF SCIENCE! HERE'S ONE OF THE STRANGEST OF ALL, A TENSE ACCOUNT OF A MYSTERIOUS HAPPENING WE'LL CALL···

OUT of the UNKNOWN!

AT THE INSTITUTE OF APPLIED ANTHROPOLOGY···


YOUR NEW ASSIGNMENT'S SOMEWHAT OFF THE BEATEN TRACK, MORRISON! I WANT YOU TO TRACK DOWN THE PLACE TO WHICH THE BLANKARDS WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE FLED!
BLANKARDS? WHO···OR WHAT··· ARE THEY?
THE BLANKARDS WERE A CULT OF SERPENT WORSHIPPERS! THEY WANDERED FROM PLACE TO PLACE, LED BY THEIR HIGH PRIEST··· ORALDO···"
THE SERPENT IS LIFE···AND DEATH! ALWAYS THERE HAS BEEN THE SERPENT···AND ALWAYS THERE WILL BE!

THE WILLIAMSON COLLECTOR

by JAMES VAN HISE AND LARRY BIGMAN

This issue we begin covering Harvey publications but before we start on them we'll do an oldie from Millman publications which has the second job that Willi did for comics.

WESTERN FIGHTERS #11 - Oct. 1949
"Why They Call Them Mavericks" - 6 pages

This was Williamson's second professional comics and also the first to be inked by a more-or-less constant companion in future years, Frank Frazetta. As the title suggests, we find out in this epic western yarn just why the hell they do call them mavericks. In caes you're wondering, mavericks are named after Sam Maverick, who was paid off for some land with a bunch of unbranded cows who later stampeds and are commandeered by people in the area. Thus, runaway, unbranded cows are called mavericks. And so ends the history lesson for this issue.

The art is the first real indication of what Williamson could do. Of course, part of this is due to Frazetta's inking, but it is still a rather interesting job and it gets a :3.

ALARMING ADVENTURES #1 - Oct. 1962
"Hermit" - 5 pages, Reprinted in UNEARTHLY SPECTACULARS #3 - March, 1967.

The hermit of this story is Capt. Neal Beamis of the United Nations Space Corps. Despite his rather high rank, Beamis is a self-admitted failure at everything, including women. So, feeling he has nothing to lose, he volunteers for the first experimental flight to Mars; he knows if he succeeds, he will be famous. However, Capt. Beamis blows it again and crash-lands on Mars, forcing him to live off the land in order to survive. After an indefinite length of time, Beamis' colonel (The one who had picked him for the flight in the first place) lands on Mars and is hailed by Neal. Beamis apologizes for his failure; however, the colonel reasures him that he is a success, for he has proved that man is able to survive on an alien world (Mars anyway).

This is another collaboration between Crandall and Williamson, and it is a very competent, very tight and well-rendered strip. It was also the first story written and sold by Archie Goodwin. If not for rather weak backgrounds, this would be a 5; as it is, it is a very nice :4.

ALARMING ADVENTURES #2 - December, 1962
"Trapped In The Human Aquarium" - 5 pages

The art on this is very nice, being pencilled by Crandall and inked by Williamson.

The story concerns an oceanologist who is preparing to make his first professional dive, just off the Bahamas. Suddenly he spies a man alone in the water, even though no other boat is in sight and they are miles from land. Confusedly, he helps him aboard and they agree to make the dive together. On the strange man's wetsuit (which covers his whole body except his face) is a peculiar word which to the reader is very obviously the mirror image of the word "Neptune". The oceanologist photographs them for a record of the dive and then they take the plunge. The stranger plunges into the depths at incredible speed and as the oceanologist attempts to catch up to him, he goes deeper and deeper until he blacks out. When he awakes, his helmet is off and a strange vista meets his eyes as he is in an air filled, massive underwater aquarium! Watching him from the outside are numerous mermen, including the stranger he had met who is a merman as well. He finds that they are examining him as an example of his race. After a time he notices a large shark nosing about, and after donning his gear again he gesticulates wildly at the shark and when the shark charges him it shatters his prison and he escapes. He returns to the surface where his boat is still moored and he escapes. Of course no one believes him, but when he developes the pictures he took on the boat he comes across the one of the stranger and sees that the name on the man's suit had been Neptune, thus proving that there had indeed been a merman and that his experience was real. Ho hum.

The art is very good and is among the nicest that Al worked on at Harvey. The Williamson inking is excellent (see page 3 reprinted at right) and some very nice use of zip-a-tone is made. It rates a nice :4.

ALARMING ADVENTURES #3 - Feb. 1963
"The Secret of the Mountain" - 5 pages, Reprinted in BEE-MAN #2 - March, 1967

This strip is pure Williamson and is very well done. The only fault I can find in this is that the figures aren't as finely rendered as Al often does.

The story concerns a strange fish with gold spots that is captured near a strange uninhabited island. It is decided to try and find out if it is a freak of nature or if there are more like it. Thus it is released where it was originally caught and a diver follows it. He discovers a gigantic cavern where life has been cut off and developing on its own for centuries. The diver returns and tells of the hollow mountain and of its secret which he discovered. Even thought the fish he trailed escaped, he brought back many other smaller samples of fish and plant life which revealed what he believed to be the mountain's secret. Meanwhile, back in the cavern, two shadowed figures discover that the fish, which belongs to one of them, has returned. When fully revealed, they are two humanoid reptilian beings of what appears to be a respectable degree of intelligence and civilization.

Even though the art is very good Williamson, it is still only a :4.

FASCINATED, I FOLLOWED HIM DOWN ... DOWN...
WHY... WE'RE OVER 200 FEET-- AND HE'S STILL DESCENDING!
I COULDN'T RESIST THE CHALLENGE OF THIS INCREDIBLE ISLAND DIVER! DEEPER... STILL DEEPER WE DESCENDED UNTIL...
NO ...NO! W-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? NO MAN COULD SURVIVE WITHOUT GEAR THIS FAR DOWN...
M-MY HEAD... IT'S SWIMMING ...CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT... BLACKING OUT...
WHETHER CONSCIOUSNESS LEFT ME FOR SECONDS, MINUTES OR DAYS I CANNOT TELL... BUT WHEN I CAME TO.
W-WHY, MY HELMET'S OFF! WHERE AM I?
GREAT CAESAR! I-IT CAN'T BE!
MARINE PEOPLE-- STARING IN AT ME! I'M IN AN UNDERWATER AIR AQUARIUM--A HUMAN AQUARIUM!
3

THE WILLIAMSON COLLECTOR

by JAMES VAN HISE AND LARRY BIGMAN

BLAST OFF #1 - October, 1965
"LUNAR GOLIATHS" - 5 pages

This is a 3 Rocketeers story which is penciled by Kirby and inked by Williamson (if you can imagine an unlikely combination such as that). Both of the Kirby/Willi stories in BLAST OFF #1 were originally meant for publication in RACE FOR THE MOON but when RACE folded the stories remained in Harvey's files unpublished.

The story concerns a prize fight between two remote controlled robots. It takes place on a special platform errected in space between the Earth and the Moon (it appears the space jockies had nothing better to do). At the height of the fight, the platform is suddenly bombarded by a meteor shower. This causes an abrupt end to the fight as the platforms occupants flee its dangerously crumbling structure. As the 3 Rocketeers are about to escape, Figures Faraday notices that their robot is attempting to remove the other to safety, even though no one is controlling it! He runs up to it and sees that its brain case had been struck by a meteor, one which had lodged there and given it human intelligence. The other Rocketeers force Faraday to flee with them when the platform begins exploding. They escape in time to see the platform disintigrate behind them. They were unable to save the intelligent robot, although its last act had been an attempt to save one of its own kind.

The Williamson inking is almost impossible to decipher through the Kirby pencils. So even though the art is pretty decent, even for Kirby, Williamson's inking does no more than follow Kirby's pencils and is thus rather basic and rates only:2.

BLAST OFF #1 - October, 1965
"The Great Moon Mystery" - 5 pages

The story of "The Great Moon Mystery" is not new; it's been done before and better. The 3 Rocketeers, upon investigating a magnetic moon spire, are warped through infinity a' la 2001. Upon returning to Earth, they find that they have been gone a week, but with only a five hour supply of oxygen. As said before, the story is no big deal, but the art is really beautiful. This, I believe, is the best example of Williamson's inks on Kirby, or any other artist he has inked for that matter. The linework is perfect and is weaved out with fantastic use of zipatone. The combination of Kirby and Williamson on the third page (where the Rocketeers are warping through space) ranks with the best single pages ever produced for the comics. Williamson, as on the other pages, has employed fine lines and zipatone to enhance Kirby's pencils in a fashion that no other inker has ever accomplished. Another factor in favor of this story is extremely excellent color, which is not found to such a degree in any of the other 3 Rocketeer stories. The main downfall of Williamson's inking on all of the Kirby stories is the poor facial inking. One must remember that the styles of these two great artists are basically like night and day. Williamson's people are extremely realistic looking as far as structure goes, but, just as with Alex Raymond, his men and women are perfect beings that do not really exist. Kirby's characters do not exist either, but this is because Kirby's people are serio-comic in appearance. This is the downfall of many penciller-inker teams. On their own their styles are complete opposites, and, while it seldom surfaces on inanimate objects, it always will on people. Thus Kirby/Williamson machines and space tableaus are usually above par (in the case of "The Great Moon Mystery", excellent), because of Willi's science fiction art at E.C. and other companies in collaboration with Krenkel, Frazetta and Torres. But the people lack the finishing that Kirby's bold pencils not only need, but demand. Because of this fact, the rating of "The Great Moon Mystery" is brought down a notch (despite an example of one of Williamson's fine moons) from a 5 to a :4.

BLAST OFF #1 - October, 1965
"The Space Court" - 5 pages

This strip is a combination of Williamson and Krenkel, Krenkel doing the backgrounds which involve architecture and Willi doing the rest. The art seems to be a strange combination of the type Williamson did at ACG in the late fifties and the kind he was doing in the mid sixties. By this, it comes off as a mixture of fair and very good art. The art is not bad, but those panels that don't have Krenkel range from bland to good and, outside of the splash page, the Williamson itself is not overly impressive. All of the Krenkel is very good and raises the overall quality tremendously.

The story is typical stuff what with a scientest caught in a strange tornado and spirited off to mars. The people he meets there are unable to communicate their intentions and thus he misunderstands what has happened and tries to escape from them. After being trapped, as they close in on him, he faints, waking up on Earth. At first he passes it off as a dream until he notices a strange medal around his neck, a medal presented to him for distinguished service by the Martian League of Science.

If it hadn't been for all the nice work Krenkel added to the strip, it would rate about a bland 3, but as it is it achieves a very nice :4.

BLAST OFF #1 - October, 1965
"The Little Earth" - 5 pages

The art on this is extremely good, being by Crandall and Williamson. The pencils and inks are very well done and have a pleasing amount of detail, just enough to give the art that special magic that Willi often achieves. All of the panels are good and backgrounds are well handled with very few shortcuts taken. Despite the excellent Williamson inking, it can't submerge the Crandall pencils which come across very pronounced. There are a couple spots though which appear to be Williamson pencils with Williamson inks.

This story gives these artists plenty to work with. It concerns a spaceship near Alpha Centauri, crash landing on a small world which is identical in atmosphere, fauna and flora with Earth of prehistoric times, complete with volcanoes, dinosaurs, lush vegitation, etc. They think they've had it when they're surrounded by strange looking aliens but the aliens turn out to be not only strange looking,but friendly. In fact the aliens reveal, telepathically, that the animals were taken from Earth eons ago and offer to open relations with Earth now that they realize it has developed intelligent life. A happy ending.

The reprinted page at right is from this story a shows the beautiful job Williamson did inking. Note the excellent use of craftint in the last panel.

I was extremely impressed by this strip and thus rate it a :5.

AFTER TWO HOURS OF EXPLORATION, THE TWO HAVE COME UPON NOTHING OF SIGNIFICANCE.
THERE SEEMS TO BE NOTHING BUT JUNGLE AND ROCKS AS FAR AS YOU CAN SEE.
WELL, THERE'S AT LEAST FRUIT ON SOME OF THE TREES. WE WON'T STARVE.
SUDDENLY, AS THE TWO STEP INTO A CLEARING, THEY ARE CONFRONTED BY A SCENE OF PREHISTORIC WONDER.
THEY HAVEN'T SEEN US. STAY BEHIND THESE ROCKS, SO WE WON'T BE SPOTTED!
BART... DO YOU RECOGNIZE WHAT THOSE ANIMALS ARE?
I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! THOSE DINOSAURS ARE EXACTLY LIKE THOSE WHICH WE KNOW EXISTED ON EARTH MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO. IT'S AS THOUGH THIS WERE A MINIATURE EARTH AS IT EXISTED IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.
BUT THE CHANCES OF ANOTHER PLANET EVOLVING AS SUCH AN EXACT DUPLICATION ARE INCREDIBLE.

THE WILLIAMSON COLLECTOR

by JAMES VAN HISE AND LARRY BIGMAN

RACE FOR THE MOON #2 - Sept. 1958
"Lunar Trap" - 5 pages

"Lunar Trap" concerns the capture of a U.S. mineralogist on the Moon by Russians who think that he is destroying Soviet machines. When he is confronted with this accusation by the Russian woman colonel, the moon car they are in is suddenly attacked and all but completely destroyed by a powerful moon man who is the one who has been hurtling rocks onto the machines. So, the U.S. mineralogist is vindicated and (if you can believe this) makes a date with the Russian Colonel in the last panel.

I really feel that Williamson was handicapped in this story by incredibly bad layouts by Kirby, thus giving him very little to work with. The inking on the mineralogist in the splash panel is beautifully done, with the blacks probably attributable to Kirby, but the line work to Williamson. The inking on the people is a little bolder than usual, probably due to the fact that there is little else to work with. In fact, in some panels Williamson seems to have completely redrawn our hero, although this only appears to be in profile. Williamson's brush work on the character's uniforms is pretty bad, almost as if he had to use a rat's tail as a brush. Overall the inking gets progressively worse as one goes through the story, with the last page being very poor. It looks like this last page has been inked exactly as the pencils are with no actual embellishment. Anyone who can hold a brush can follow someone's pencils, but a good inker will highlight the good panels and try to cover up the deficiencies of others. Up until the last two pages, Williamson accomplished this relatively well, but he completely falls down at the end. As I said before, this poor showing might be due to the lack of decent material, but even so, Williamson still could have done a better job. Thus "Lunar Trap" rates a disappointing :2.

RACE FOR THE MOON #2 - Sept. 1958
"Island In The Sky" - 5 pages

The art on this one is very pronounced Kirby inked by Williamson. Even though the Kirby is, overall, very strong, Williamson's inking is yet stronger on this one it that it adds more to the art, usually in the anatomy and faces, and shows through much more than his inking of Kirby usually does. The only problem with this is that even though Williamson adds some with his inking, what he adds is scratchy, appearing to be rather fast and loose, not tight at all. This is unfortunate that it comes across so rough because if it was tightly and finely inked, it would have looked quite attractive.

The story concerns a space crew near Jupiter who cast into space, in a transparent cylinder, the body of a man killed in an accident. Shortly after the man's body is cast adrift, it is drawn to Jupiter's red spot (a vast island in the sky of Jupiter) and disappears inside it. One of the men remarks about the irony of that as the dead man had always feared that red spot. Sometime later, the cylindar is observed reappearing out of the red spot and when it is grappled and hauled aboard ship for inspection the dead man, Bill Fenner, is found to be miraculously alive with no knowledge of his accident. Through later occurances, it is found that his body is more-or-less invulnerable and when inspected by the doctors to discover why, a surprising fact is uncovered. That being that whoever repaired Bill Fenner's body, also placed an organism in his head which enables his body to adapt to extreme shocks and conditions, and it is calculated that this will enable his body to live for 1000 years! A strange saga of a man who feared the red spot of Jupiter. Oddly enough, that's the way the story ends, as the obvious things one might expect of Fenner being an invader and the Earthmen exploring the red spot do not take place at all.

Again, Williamson did do more than follow the pencils on this one. In fact, on the top of page 5, it appears that Willi almost completely redrew one of the faces. But due to his unfortunately loose approach to all this, I can only give it a :3.

RACE FOR THE MOON #2 - Sept. 1958
"The Face On Mars" - 5 pages

This story has very nice Williamson inking over Kirby Pencils. Although Williamson didn't really add a lot of his own style to this, he did enhance Kirby's pencils considerably, more in fact than almost any other Kirby story he inked. By this I mean that some of the panels are given a more polished and finished appearence. One of the most apparent places in the strip where this is done is on page one where some very fine linework is used to give the shades of the shadows a much more delicate appearence than they would ordinarily have had. The illustration on page one is of the diminuative figures of four men climbing up the outside of a massive carved face in which some interesting effects are used to give the feel if an alien carved surface.

The story itself concerns the find of a giant carven face on the surface of Mars. When one of the expedition enters it he is presented with a vast array of landscapes and cities and other vistas, all of which are images out of the planet's past. The final images show the conflict between Mars and the planet that once existed between Mars and Jupiter. Finally it shows how Mars destroyed that planet during a great war, but that planet's destruction came too late to save the race of Mars as the war had already polluted the atmosphere. Suddenly the man feels himself suffocating and falling and when he awakes he is outside the statue on the ground. What little he tells of what he saw is passed off as imagination and so he keeps the rest to himself, knowing that mankind will find out for itself all that he saw when it explores the face on Mars in earnest.

The art is pretty good with a number of good scenes of alien invasion and destruction as well as spaceships of various kinds (see page reprinted at right). Page two has some very nice scenes of alien scenery and civilization which comes across very nicely. And as I mentioned before there is the nice embellishment of the statue on page one. So, all in all I feel that this deserves a :4.

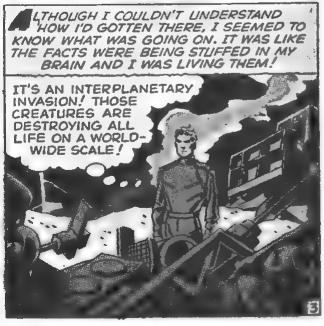
THEN, I SAW THE OTHERS--SCREAMING INTO VIEW IN SHIPS OF A STRANGE, REPELLENT FORM!

IN SECONDS, ALL THE WONDERS I HAD WITNESSED ERUPTED IN SEARING FLAME!

I COULDN'T FIGURE OUT HOW I WAS LEFT UNHURT IN THAT TERRIBLE HOLOCAUST! BUT THAT QUESTION FLED MY THOUGHTS WHEN I SAW WHAT CAME OUT OF THOSE STRANGE MACHINES!

I REMEMBER SHOUTING MY HATRED AND EMPTYING MY PISTOL AT THEM!
HERE'S SOME OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE! GO ON, TAKE IT! TAKE IT!

THOSE THINGS ACTED AS IF THEY DIDN'T SEE ME. THEY PASSED ME BY--LOOKED THE PLACE OVER AND TOOK OFF! I WAS LEFT ALONE IN A SMASHED CITY!


ALTHOUGH I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW I'D GOTTEN THERE, I SEEMED TO KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON. IT WAS LIKE THE FACTS WERE BEING STUFFED IN MY BRAIN AND I WAS LIVING THEM!
IT'S AN INTERPLANETARY INVASION! THOSE CREATURES ARE DESTROYING ALL LIFE ON A WORLD-WIDE SCALE!
3

THE WILLIAMSON COLLECTOR

by JAMES VAN HISE AND LARRY BIGMAN

OUT OF THE NIGHT #1 (Feb.-March-1952)
"The Return of the Werewolf" - 9 pages

This strip is signed Harold Williams as working with Williamson on this strip was Harold LeDoux (the artist of the Judge Parker strip). The art is excellent and is so good that it looks like it was Kremkel who was inking. In fact the overall quality is of EC calibre.

The story is much better than the average ACG crud. It concerns a werewolf that returns from the grave after being dead 100 years. When it had died its pack (of wolves) had ripped off its pelt which it regains by stealing it from a woman whose husband had just gotten it at an auction at an old house. As the story progresses the werewolf and his pack attempt to hunt down the woman and her husband. Finally the man tricks the werewolf and injects it with an overdose of tranquilizer. The pack senses the werewolf's lowered pulse and thinking that he is dying, they turn on him to tear off his pelt, but since the wolfman was not really dying the wolves wind up tearing him to pieces.

Again, the art is truly excellent and more than earns ↕5.

OUT OF THE NIGHT #2 (April-May-1952)
"Drum of Doom" - 5 pages

If you've been following this series, then you will probably remember "The Flapping Head" from FORBIDDEN WORLDS #6. If you've seen it or have it, then you really know how bad it is, right? Well, "Drum of Doom" is pretty close to ol' Head. Once again, Williamson was having trouble drawing women, which was always the case when, in his early days, he drew alone. The men arn't too bad, but the women are too bad. The Zombies (this is a horror story, you see) are typically decrepit looking Zombies. I won't bore you with the story as it is typical ACG drivel. Certain panels are really pretty good, but overall the art is very bland because of general poor anatomy and poor inking in the way of illogicalness (in other words, blacks are in the wrong places) and sloppiness.

"Drum of Doom" is better than "The Flapping Head" but not by much. That's why Willi this time rates a stale ↕2.

OUT OF THE NIGHT #4 (Aug.-Sept.-1952)
"The Phantom Fliers" - 7 pages

The art in this one isn't that bad and in fact in some spots comes across quite nicely. The only thing wrong is that the story doesn't give Williamson much to work with and also Williamson was working alone on this and thus the weaknesses in his early art are uncovered. Again, this primarily is his inability to draw women.

The story isn't too bad. It concerns a phantom squadron of dead pilots who reveled in killing during W.W. II and now in death pay the price by flying phantom missions every day against a phantom town. When another pilot accidently crash lands there (its high in the mountains of a vast wasteland) he is mistaken for a new member. He meets a girl there who was an army nurse who also landed there accidently and was taken among them. Finallly the pilot fixes his plane as he has discovered that the phantom planes cannot be controlled by the will of the pilot in reference to direction. The phantom squadron pursues him but when they fly across a sacred river the squadron is forced to turn back as spirits cannot cross it. Neat, huh?

Overall not bad but still nothing extremely exciting and only ↕3.

THE RETURN OF THE WEREWOLF

THIS IS THE STORY OF A FIEND THAT CAME BACK...KNOWING THAT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT WOULD BE THE SIGNAL FOR COFFINS TO OPEN....WITH TWO HELPLESS VICTIMS WATCHING THE GRISLY REUNION! BUT NEITHER COFFINS NOR VICTIMS ARE THE **REAL** REASONS FOR **THE RETURN OF THE WEREWOLF...** WHEN IT SEEKS A THING IT CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT!!!

ONE EVENING....

HONEY, I KNOW YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD A YEN FOR A FUR PIECE..... AND I LIKE TO PRODUCE!

OH, DAVE.... YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE! NOT ON THE SALARY YOU DRAW AT THE MUNICIPAL TAX OFFICE!

GOOD HEAVENS—IT'S NOTHING BUT A **WOLF SKIN!**

GOSH, GINNY..... I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D TAKE ME SERIOUSLY! I BROUGHT IT FOR A GAG!

AFTER ALL...IT LOOKS ALMOST LIKE NEW... EVEN IF IT **IS** CHEWED UP IN PLACES!

DARLING....DON'T MAKE ANY EXCUSES! IT'S THE ONLY FUR PIECE **I'LL** NEE ...UNTIL WE'RE MARRIED AND CAN AFFORD SOME THING BETTER!

THAT NIGHT.....
FUNNY THAT THE WIND SHOULD SEEM TO HOWL....JUST BECAUSE IVE GOT THAT SILLY WOLF PELT AROUND!
ANYWAY.....IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT! I'D BETTER LOCK THE WINDOWS AND GET TO BED!
OHH!
IT'S HERE! AND IT'S MINE!—MINE!
HEAVENS—! THERE'S WHERE I PUT THE WOLF-SKIN!!
IT'S CHANGING.....INTO SOMETHING EVEN MORE HIDEOUS! IT--IT'S DONNED THE WOLF-PELT!
AHHHHH!
I KNOW THIS ISN'T A NIGHTMARE! YOU'RE SOMETHING UNHOLY—BUT YOU'RE ALIVE!
YES...FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A HUNDRED YEARS! IT WAS THEN THAT I DIED....AND LOST MY PELT!
THERE IS ONLY ONE THING THAT CAN KILL A WEREWOLF....AND ONLY ONE WAY THE PACK CAN SAVE ITSELF FROM SHARING HIS DOOM! THEY LEAP AT HIS FINAL GASP...RIPPING OFF HIS PELT WITH QUICK SLASHES OF THEIR TERRIBLE FANGS!!
2

IT'S FANTASTIC... IT'S CRAZY... IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!!
BUT IT DID HAPPEN....TO ME! WHAT YOU SAW ENTER HERE WAS BURIED AS A HUMAN.....BUT A WERE-WOLF WHOSE PELT HAS BEEN TORN FROM HIS BODY BY HIS OWN PACK REMAINS BURIED ONLY A HUNDRED YEARS! THEN HE CAN RISE AGAIN.....RECLAIM HIS PELT.....
...AND SEEK HIS PREY!
DON'T TOUCH ME!
IN THE NEXT SECOND...
OHH!
GAK-RGH
WITH THE UNEARTHLY CREATURES PURSUING....
THEY'RE NOT GOING TO GET ME....I'M NOT GOING TO BE THEIR VICTIM....IF I HAVE TO FLEE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!!
GINNY REACHES HER CAR JUST IN TIME.....
HEAVEN KNOWS WHETHER THEY CAN FOLLOW ME...BUT I'M GOING TO DRIVE AS FAST AS I CAN GO..... FOR HOURS...UNTIL I'M READY TO DROP!
GOOOO...

NEXT MORNING; AT CITY HALL—
GINNY! GREAT GUNS, WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK HALF DEAD!
I'VE BEEN DRIVING, DAVE..... DRIVING ALL NIGHT..... TO GET AWAY FROM THEM!
YOU'RE WITHIN INCHES OF COMPLETE HYSTERIA! BEFORE YOU SAY ANYTHING, HONEY....I'M PHONING DR. PARKER DOWN IN THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT FOR A SEDATIVE!
MINUTES LATER....
THIS IS POWERFUL STUFF, GINNY! YOU WON'T NEED MORE THAN ONE DROP.... BUT YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT!
DAVE...I'D RATHER WAIT! RIGHT NOW, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT.... WHERE DID YOU GET THAT WOLF PELT??
THAT WAS PART OF THE STUFF TAKEN FROM AN OLD MANSION ON BLACK ROCK ROAD! NO TAXES HAD BEEN PAID ON THE PROPERTY FOR A HUNDRED YEARS....SO WE SENT WORKMEN AROUND TO PICK UP THE FURNISHINGS TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION! NO ONE BID FOR THE WOLF SKIN.... SO I THOUGHT I'D BUY IT, STRICTLY FOR LAUGHS!
UNPAID TAXES—FOR A HUNDRED YEARS! THAT'S HOW LONG HE'S BEEN DEAD, DAVE—THE WEREWOLF WHO CAME FOR THAT PELT!
WERE-WOLF! MY GOSH, GINNY, YOU ARE IN A STATE! GRANTING THERE ARE SUCH THINGS, OUR WORKMEN WENT ALL THROUGH THE OLD HOUSE—WOULDN'T THEY HAVE FOUND SOMETHING?
OUTSIDE—UNNOTICED IN THE MORNING HAZE THAT CREEPS AMONG THE SHRUBBERY—
BUT DAVE.....YOU REMEMEMBER SAYING THE WOLF SKIN LOOKED CHEWED UP! AFTER A WHOLE CENTURY, IT SEEMED ALMOST NEW...EXCEPT FOR THE FANG MARKS OF THE PACK!
HONEY....YOU'VE GOT TO TRY TO FORGET ABOUT THAT PELT! I WON'T SEE YOU UNTIL TOMORROW..... BECAUSE TONIGHT I WANT YOU TO TAKE SOME OF THAT SEDATIVE.... AND SLEEP OFF YOUR JITTERS!

COULD A CREATURE LIKE ME HOPE FOR ANYTHING BETTER? NOT ONLY WILL SHE BE ALONE... BUT HER DRUGGED SLUMBER WILL REMAIN UNBROKEN..... UNTIL SHE FEELS MY FANGS!
THAT NIGHT, AT THE MUNICIPAL CLUB—
HI, DAVE! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AROUND HERE SINCE YOU STARTED GOING STEADY WITH GINNY!
SHE'S A LITTLE UNDER THE WEATHER TONIGHT, FRANK! COME TO THINK OF IT....YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT, EITHER!
IT'S MY NERVES, DAVE! MY HELPERS AND I HAVEN'T BREATHED A WORD ABOUT THIS TO ANYONE .....BUT WE GOT QUITE A JOLT WHEN WE CLEANED OUT THAT OLD PLACE ON BLACK ROCK ROAD THE OTHER DAY! IT MAY SOUND QUEER.... BUT THERE'S ONE ROOM WE DIDN'T TOUCH.. ..... BECAUSE NONE OF US HAD ENOUGH NERVE TO OPEN THE DOOR!
WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, FRANK? COME TO THE POINT!
YOU SAW THAT WOLF SKIN! WELL, IT WAS RIGHT OUTSIDE THAT DOOR!..... AND JUST AS I PICKED IT UP....WE HEARD SOMETHING! THEY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN DOGS, DAVE.....BUT THERE WERE THINGS SOMEWHERE BEYOND THAT DOOR....HOWLING!
HOLY MACKEREL!
CAN'T SAY I BLAME THE GUY..... HE MUST THINK I'M NUTS!
MINUTES LATER..
I COULDN'T CONVINCE DAVE ABOUT THE WEREWOLF... BUT AS MUCH AS I NEED IT, I WOULDN'T DARE TAKE ANYTHING TO HELP ME SLEEP!
GOOD HEAVENS!
SLAM!

GINNY... WHAT HAPPENED?
DAVE — THE WEREWOLF! IT WAS HERE AGAIN..... JUST A SECOND AGO!
HONEY, AT THIS STAGE I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE..... BUT FOR MY OWN PEACE OF MIND.... I'M LOOKING OVER THAT HOUSE ON BLACK ROCK ROAD!?
I'M GOING ALONG, DAVE! I CAN'T STAY HERE BY MYSELF... AND NEITHER DO I WANT YOU TO GO ALONE TO A PLACE LIKE BLACK ROCK ROAD!
WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK! TWO VICTIMS.... AND ACTUALLY COMING TO THE PLACE THEY'LL NEVER LEAVE ALIVE!
THEN... UNAWARE OF THE WEREWOLF SPEEDING LIKE THE WIND AHEAD OF THEIR CAR
I STILL HAVEN'T TAKEN ANY OF THIS SEDATIVE, DAVE..... BUT MAYBE I'LL WISH I HAD BEFORE THE NIGHT'S OVER!
A HALF-HOUR LATER....
THE MOONLIGHT'S STREAMING INTO MOST OF THE ROOMS... BUT JUST THE SAME.... IT'LL BE PRETTY SPOOKY LOOKING THROUGH A PLACE THIS BIG!
WE WON'T BOTHER WITH THE EMPTY ROOMS, GINNY! WHAT I'M INTERESTED IN IS THE DOOR FRANK AND HIS MEN WERE AFRAID TO OPEN!
THEN... WITH THE HOLLOW THUD OF THEIR FOOTSTEPS ECHOING AGAINST THE MILDEWED WALLS....
GUESS THIS MUST BE IT, HONEY..... BUT AS FAR AS I CAN MAKE OUT..... THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS ROOM, EITHER!
HAA! NOTHING YOU CAN SEE... BUT STEP IN.... JUST A FEW INCHES!!
SUDDENLY..
HEY!!

IN THE NEXT INSTANT.....
CRASH!
THAT'S WHERE THE LIGHT IS COMING FROM, DAVE.....A ROW OF GLOWING COFFINS!
WAIT A MINUTE..... WHAT'S THAT?
DAVE...THERE HE IS!!
I THOUGHT YOU TWO WOULD LIKE TO BE CONVINCED ...THOSE ARE THE COFFINS IN WHICH MY PACK TOOK REFUGE..... WHEN, I DIED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO! NOW THAT I HAVE RETURNED, THE WOLVES USE THEM AS A RESTING PLACE..... UNTIL I SUMMON THEM AT MIDNIGHT!
DON'T LET THIS CREEP GET YOU, HONEY! IF HE DIED ONCE... IT CAN HAPPEN AGAIN!
HA-HA-HA!! THINGS WILL NEVER BE LIKE THEY WERE IN 1852.. WHEN A WAVE OF RABIES RAGED AROUND BLACK ROCK!
THEN WE WERE AFRAID TO ROAM ...WITH PEOPLE EVERYWHERE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR STRAY DOGS! A HOWLING PACK WOULD BE SURE TO ATTRACT ATTENTION.. ...SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE TRACED US HERE .....AND FOUND A WAY TO EXTERMINATE US! I FEARED TO TAKE SUCH A RISK.....AND AS THE LONG NIGHTS DRAGGED ON.... I STARVED TO DEATH!
THAT I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SEEN, CREEP!
YOU WON'T...BECAUSE I'M NOT STARVING THIS TIME! WE'VE GOT OUR PREY...AND I'LL BE BACK AT MIDNIGHT TO HELP THE PACK TEAR YOU APART!!
S THE MINUTES TICK ON...LIKE THE NEARING FOOTSTEPS OF HORROR
IT'S 11:58! NOW I'VE GIVEN UP HOPE, DAVE..... EVEN FOR A MIRACLE!
BABY...I'M NOT SO SURE OF THAT! LET'S HAVE THAT BOTTLE, QUICK.. ...THE ONE WITH THE SEDATIVE COMPOUND!

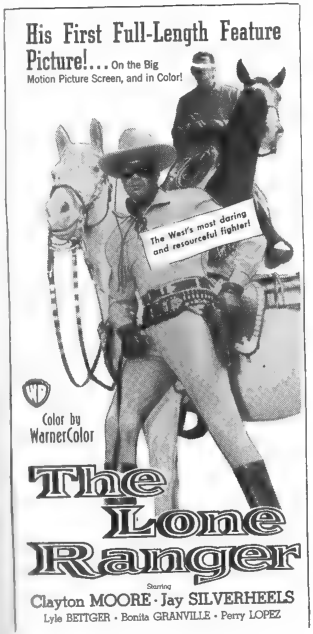
DAVE, IT'S NO USE! THERE MAY BE ENOUGH BARBITURATE IN THAT VIAL TO KILL A HUMAN BEING... ...BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO STOP A WEREWOLF!
TIME'S RUNNING OUT, GINNY! GET BACK—AWAY FROM THE TRAP DOOR... AND AWAY FROM THOSE COFFINS!
A SECOND LATER, AS THE ANCIENT MYSTIC MIDNIGHT SOUNDS FROM A DISTANT TOWER...
OOOO
IN A SUDDEN RUSH.....
WHILE I STILL HAVE A CHANCE, CREEP—HERE'S SOMETHING THAT'LL GET YOU! A THRUST OF MY PEN—INJECTING YOU WITH THIS LIQUID--
FOOL! DO YOU THINK THAT WILL HELP YOU? PUMP ARSENIC INTO MY VEINS—OR ACID—NOTHING CAN KILL ME BUT STARVATION!
MAYBE NOT...BUT DOES THE PACK KNOW THAT? IF YOU WERE REALLY DYING, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY THEY COULD FIND OUT... ...BY SENSING YOUR LOWERED PULSE!
WELL, CREEP....YOUR PULSE IS FADING AFTER THAT OVERDOSE OF SEDATIVE.... AND AS FAR AS THOSE WOLVES ARE CONCERNED... YOU'RE DYING!
THEY'RE GROWLING AT ME! BUT IT'S A MISTAKE ....I HAVE AN ETERNITY TO LIVE AS LONG AS PREY ABOUNDS.....
BUT NEXT MOMENT...
POW
GARRRGH!
GARRRGH!!
8

THEN, IN A SWIRL OF FUR AND FANGS—
GRRRR
NO--DON'T! YOU WITLESS BRUTES... IT'S A TRICK!
DAVE...IT'S HORRIBLE! THEY'RE RIPPING THE FUR FROM HIS BODY--INCH BY INCH!
YEP....ONLY THIS TIME, HE WON'T REVIVE AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS AND CLAIM HIS PELT! THAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED ONLY IF HE'D BEEN DYING WHEN THE WOLVES ATTACKED..... AND SINCE HE WASN'T....THEY'RE ACTUALLY TEARING HIM APART!
AAAAGHH!
SECONDS LATER....RISING FROM THE TANGLED MASS OF SHAPELESS FUR....
GR-RR!
.....AS THE LEADERLESS WOLVES LEAP FORWARD.
DON'T BE AFRAID, GINNY! THEY'RE RETURNING TO THEIR COFFINS....AND I'M SURE OF WHAT WE'LL FIND INSIDE!
AN AIR OF PEACE DESCENDS OVER THE MANSION... LIKE THE FINAL LIFTING OF A CURSE.....
DAVE, THERE'S NOTHING! ONLY A HANDFUL OF DUST-- IN HIS COFFIN!
ABOUT ALL YOU COULD EXPECT, HONEY...CONSIDERING IT'S THE REMAINS OF A CREATURE THAT TOOK REFUGE IN DEATH A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!
THANK GOODNESS IT'S OVER, DAVE! NOW I CAN SHIVER JUST BECAUSE I'M COLD!
BABY, I'M GOING TO GET YOU A COAT.... A WARM COAT...BUT YOU CAN BET YOUR LIFE IT WON'T BE FUR!
THE END

The Lone Ranger

by JAMES VAN HISE

CLAYTON MOORE


His First Full-Length Feature Picture!... On the Big Motion Picture Screen, and in Color!
The West's most daring and resourceful fighter!
WB
Color by WarnerColor
The Lone Ranger
Starring
Clayton MOORE · Jay SILVERHEELS
Lyle BETTGER · Bonita GRANVILLE · Perry LOPEZ

During the mid fifties, the Lone Ranger came thundering across the screen in two color spectacles; THE LONE RANGER and THE LONE RANGER AND THE LOST CITY OF GOLD.

Clayton Moore and Jay Silverheels continued the roles with whom their names had become synominous among their television audiences.

The first picture was made by Warner Brothers and the second by United Artists and both were productions of Jack Wrather (who stills owns the rights to L.R. as well as Clayton Moore's contract).

The first movie, THE LONE RANGER (1956), was produced in Warnercolor and that is the picture's only drawback. This is because the color processing is substandard in that the tones of color keep changing back and forth in the middle of scenes as if various lengths of footage was processed by different labs that didn't know what the other was doing. Thus very often in the picture the Lone Ranger and Tonto may be riding across the plains in broad daylight, the colors a bit light accordingly (almost true color), and suddenly the color will take on a blue shade. This happens quite a lot in the film in totally different settings. It doesn't actually come across that badly but it is very noticable and is a bit distracting at times. So if you see this on your color T.V., don't go wild if the color starts doing strange things as it won't be your set's fault.

But as I said, this is the picture's only flaw as it still has a great deal going for it. The story, although using the western cliche' of the rancher using white men disquised as indians to cause trouble, still comes across well as it is bolstered by some nice touches and fine acting all around. The pacing of this film is flawless and has some truly excellent fight scenes as well as a number of fantastic stunts. One such stunt, the best in the picture in fact, occurs when you least expect it, that being after the principal heavy, Kilgore, has been killed. Cassidy, the main henchman who has just killed Kilgore, is fleeing from the Lone Ranger across an expansive plain. The Lone Ranger catches up to him, leaps down a steep incline in persuit (while he's still mounted) and then jumps from Silver down the incline further still, ripping Cassidy from his saddle while both take a tremendous, rolling fall down the incline (and believe me when I say it's steep!). This whole sequence tends to leave one breathless it's so fast and furious. As the fight ends you can see the slope in the background and it is quite evident that it definitely is quite steep and it was not just trick photography.

The location shooting in this picture is just fantastic, all of it being done in the rangeland of southern Utah. A number of panoramic shots, one right at the beginning of the picture, are nothing short of awe inspiring and add considerably to the flavor of the film.

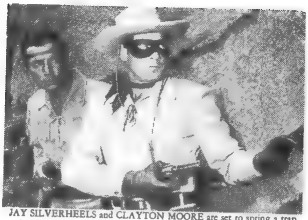
This movie is by far the best of the two as it possesses thrills the second picture just didn't succeed in attaining.

THE LONE RANGER AND THE LOST CITY OF GOLD,(1957), second and final in the series of full length Lone Ranger films, unfortunately has a story that comes across a bit low key compared to the first picture. It does have its fine moments though and the openning few minutes, which rechronicle the Lone Ranger's origin, possess a charm which bears viewing it over and over and over again. All through the origin episode a song titled "Hi-Yo Silver" plays in the background, adding a really nice mood to the whole sequence.

The color this time was by Eastmancolor, not the inconsistant Warnercolor, and the difference is quite apparant.

Although location shooting was again used in this picture, the photography is not as inspired and although it is by no means inferior, neither is it anywhere near as superior as that of THE LONE RANGER.

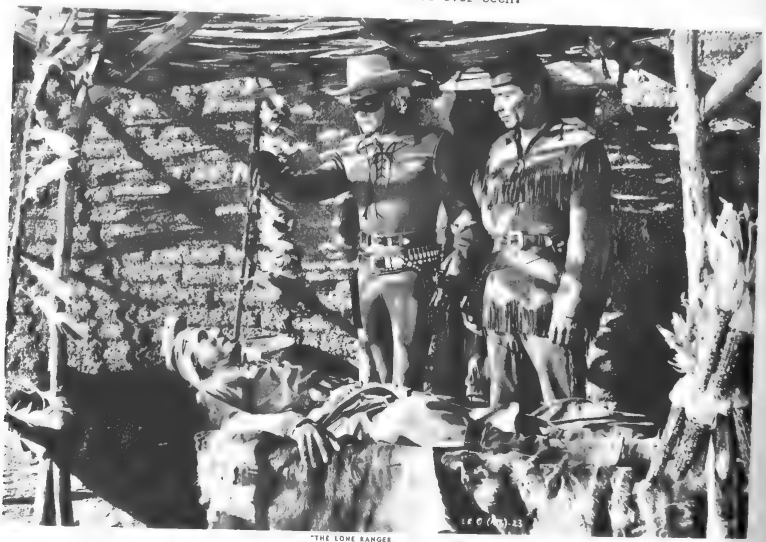
A theme which is prevalent in both Lone Ranger films, and which is quite beneficial to the pictures because of its presence, are the slams against the bigoted hatred of the indians. Their use of it is not mere tokenism as the stand taken is too strong, the ignorance pointed out leaves



JAY SILVERHEELS and CLAYTON MOORE are set to spring a trap in this scene from Warner Bros.' "THE LONE RANGER." Color.

no question in the mind of the viewer but that bigotry is ignorance. In THE LONE RANGER AND THE LOST CITY OF GOLD this presents itself in the form of a doctor hiding the fact that he is an indian and in the shabby treatment of the indians by the townspeople. In THE LONE RANGER it is exemplified much the same way even to the point that Tonto barely escapes hanging at the hands of the aroused townspeople who first subdue him in an excellently executed fight sequence which is quite long and quite realistic.

Although both pictures have their fine points as well as their drawbacks, THE LONE RANGER has much more going for it and comes across much more imaginatively than THE LOST CITY OF GOLD or for that matter than most any other western I've ever seen.

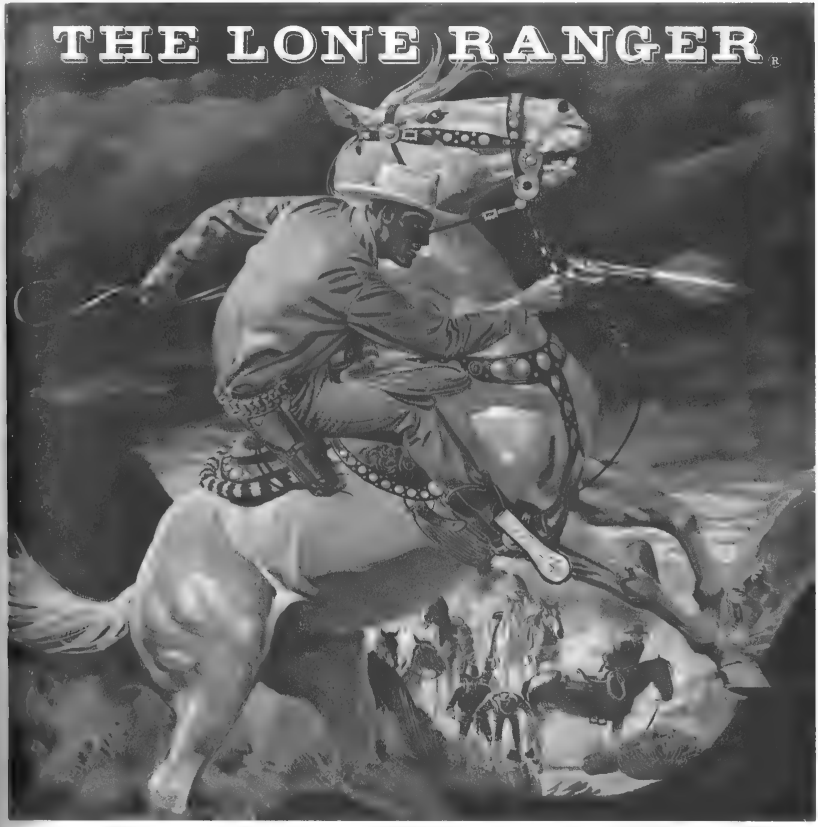


"THE LONE RANGER AND THE LOST CITY OF GOLD"

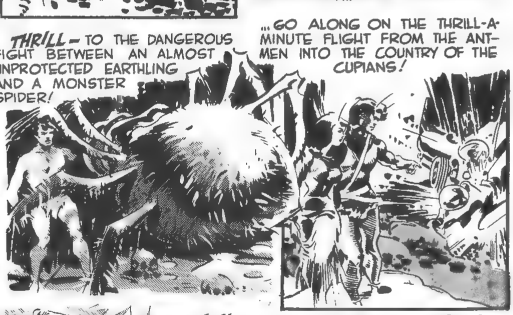
"THE LONE RANGER
And The Lost City Of Gold"
CLAYTON MOORE
JAY SILVERHEELS
TONTO
Directed by LESLEY SELANDER • Produced by
Based upon the LONE RANGER LEGEND • A JACK WRATHER

Copyright

LC-Q-(169)-3


THE LONE RANGER®

TRAPPED ON A PLANET OF PERIL, HE DARED CHALLENGE ITS MONSTER RULER!


THRILL - TO THE DANGEROUS FIGHT BETWEEN AN ALMOST UNPROTECTED EARTHLING AND A MONSTER SPIDER!
...GO ALONG ON THE THRILL-A-MINUTE FLIGHT FROM THE ANT-MEN INTO THE COUNTRY OF THE CUPIANS!

FIGHT - WITH THE ENSLAVED CUPIANS FOR THEIR FREEDOM FROM THE HORRIBLE ANT PEOPLE AND ENJOY HIGH ADVENTURE AND STRANGE ROMANCE ON A WORLD OF MYSTERY...

MEET THE LOVELY BUT DANGEROUS "SIRENS OF SPACE!"
FOLLOW THE FEARLESS DAVE KENTON AS HE STRUGGLES AGAINST THE SIREN LURE --AND LEARNS THEIR AMAZING SECRET!
FOLLOW A RUTHLESS MURDERER INTO THE REALMS OF INFINITE SMALLNESS! WATCH HIM AS HE PLOTS HIS DIABOLICAL CRIME! SEE THE STRANGE TRICK OF FATE WHICH MAKES THE SHINING SANDS OF RICHES ... "THE SHINING SANDS OF DEATH!"
SHIVER WITH A BILLION OTHERS OF OUR WORLD AS FROM THE DEPTHS OF SPACE A BANDIT ASTEROID SEIZES US! THRILL TO THE STRANGE, BLOOD-CURDLING DETAILS OF THE MOST GIGANTIC CRIME EVER PERPETRATED! "THE ABDUCTION OF THE EARTH!"
SEE A ROBOT STRUGGLE TO THINK LIKE A HUMAN! WATCH HIM TRY TO SAVE A LOVELY GIRL AND SUDDENLY COME TO..."THE END OF HIS SERVICE!"

IN THIS ISSUE - CAPTAIN DAVE KENTON OF THE STAR PATROL PITS HIS KEEN WITS AGAINST QUEEN MYRZA OF THE 'VAMPIRES OF THE VOID' .. LOVELY AND COLD AS THE FAR STARS FROM WHENCE SHE CAME ... AND UTTERLY EVIL ! ....
ON THE EERIE, FORBIDDING SURFACE OF THE MOON A NATION IS BORN AND JAC HARTT DISCOVERS A SINISTER ALIEN SPY RING, EQUIPPED WITH AMAZING TECHNOLOGY, INCLUDING THE POWER OF INVISIBILITY, ARE INCITING REVOLT!
ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES ON OTHER WORLDS IN TIME AND SPACE!

FOLLOW TWO INTREPID ADVENTURERS, **JACK RANCE** AND YOUNG **TOMMY PETERS,** AS THEY BRAVE A JOURNEY INTO THE DAWN OF TIME IN A SEARCH FOR THE FIRST TIME TRAVELLERS ... AND FIND INSTEAD, IN THE FETID, STEAMING JUNGLES OF THE PREHISTORIC WORLD THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF A PRIMITIVE PRINCESS!

The
RAY
BY
S. Lectron
WHO KILLED THE GREAT IVAN, MASTER OF TRAPEZE ART AT FARNUM'S CIRCUS.... OR WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?
THE RAY, HAPPY TERRILL, REPORTER IN CIVIL LIFE, TAKES HIS PAL, BUD TO THE CIRCUS, WHERE AN AMAZING SERIES OF EVENTS CONSPIRE TO MAKE HIM THE BIGGEST SHOW OF ALL.
SEE, HAPPY, THE CIRCUS IS WONERFUL, AIN'T IT?
SURE IS, BUD.
BUD IS GETTING A BIG KICK OUT OF THE COLORFUL SHOW, BUT HAPPY'S INTEREST IS FOCUSED ON SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE.

TERRILL WATCHES A MAN TINKERING WITH AN AWKWARD CAMERA. . .
ODDEST CAMERA I EVER SAW..
SUDDENLY THE SPECTATORS STIR EAGERLY AS THE RING-MASTER ANNOUNCES THE NEXT ACT.
LADEEZ AN' GENTLEMEN.. I PRESENT TO YOU THE GREATEST EQUESTRIENNE OF ALL TIME.. VERA AND HER WONDER HORSE, ROSEEN!
WITH THE BAND'S BLARING NOTES, THE HORSE PRANCES AROUND THE RING.
HAPPY SEEMS UNDULY INTERESTED IN THE PRETTY HORSEWOMAN.
. . IT'S HER HORSE I'M INTERESTED IN.. LISTEN HOW IT TAPS TO THE MUSIC?
IN FACT, THOSE HOOF BEATS SOUND ALMOST LIKE THE MORSE CODE!
YEAH, HAPPY? YA THINK SO??
JUST THEN THE MAN WITH THE CAMERA FOCUSES HIS LENS.
. . AND THE GREAT IVAN, MASTER TRAPEZE ARTIST, UTTERS A CRY AND LOSES HIS GRIP.

PANDEMONIUM RULES THE BIG TOP AS IVAN PLUNGES TO THE SAWDUST.. DEAD.
BUD, YOU FOLLOW THE MAN WITH THE CAMERA AND KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN! THEY WON'T SUSPECT YOU OF EAVES-DROPPING! I'LL MEET YOU AT THE FREAK SHOW!
YEP!
BOY! THIS IS A SWELL PLACE TO LISTEN FROM.. OO-OH.. I CAN HEAR 'EM NOW!
PIETRO, WE GOT THE WRONG MAN! WE DO THE RIGHT JOB TOMORROW!
PUFF! I GOTTA TELL HAPPY! EXCUSE ME, JUMBO!
PUFF.. PUFF.. THAT'S ALL I HEARD! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WE'LL COME TO THE CIRCUS AGAIN TOMORROW AND MESS UP THEIR PLANS!
FAT LA
THE NEXT DAY FARNUM'S GAY SHOW ATTRACTS THE BIGGEST CROWD OF THE SEASON.
AGAIN VERA AND HER WONDER HORSE DRAW GREAT APPLAUSE.
UNDAUNTED BY THE PREVIOUS DAY'S TRAGEDY, THE ACROBATS ARE MORE SUPERB THAN EVER.

SUDDENLY FROM THE BLEACHERS A MAN FOCUSES A CAMERA.
AND WITH A WILD SHRIEK ANOTHER AERIALIST PLUMMETS PAST THE SAFETY NET.
BUT BEFORE HE STRIKES GROUND, A BRIGHT YELLOW FIGURE ZOOMS UP FROM THE AUDIENCE TO SAVE THE ACROBAT FROM DOOM...THE RAY...
GRABBING A TRAPEZE, THE RAY SWINGS THE LIMP FORM TO SAFETY.
THE CROWD ROARS...THEY THINK THIS IS PART OF THE ACT.
BAH! PIETRO, WE'VE FAILED AGAIN! QUICK! GET OUT OF HERE!
FELLA, YOU'RE GREAT! HOW'D YA LIKE TO JOIN THE SHOW?
ME TOO, MISTER, HUH? KIN I GO TO FEED THE ELEPHANTS?
THAT NIGHT THE CIRCUS LEAVES TOWN WITH TWO NEW MEMBERS ...THE RAY AND BUD.

AS THE TRAIN ROARS THROUGH DARKNESS, THE RAY VISITS THE MAN HE SAVED. . .
HELLO? HOW DO YOU FEEL?
FINE, THANKS TO YOU! I'D LIKE TO TALK AWHILE!
I'M NOT AN ACROBAT, BUT AN F.B.I. AGENT. . I JOINED THE CIRCUS ON A HUNCH THAT VERA IS A SPY WHO CAN LEAD ME TO THE REST OF HER ESPIONAGE MOB!
HMM. . YES. HER HORSE'S HOOFS BEAT A CODED MESSAGE TO THE MAN WITH THE CAMERA. . HE FOCUSED A PARALYZING RAY ON YOU THAT MADE YOU FALL. EVIDENTLY THEY MEANT TO GET YOU YESTERDAY BUT IVAN GOT IN THE WAY!
VERA KNOWS WHO YOU ARE. IT'LL BE HARD TO CATCH HER!
SUDDENLY THE TRAIN JERKS TO A STOP. .
WHA'? HEY! HORSE'S HOOFS OUTSIDE!
IT MUST BE VERA! SHE HEARD US!
THE RAY LEAPS OUTSIDE. .
IT IS VERA! SHE TOOK ROSEEN OUT OF THE HORSE CAR!
I'LL FOLLOW HER AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!
THE HORSE GALLOPS TO THE ROAD, AND. .
TURN OFF YOUR LIGHTS! IT IS I, VERA!
DISMOUNTING, THE YOUNG EQUESTRIENNE STEPS INTO THE CAR. .
THE DRIVER LIGHTS A CIGARETTE. .
THIS CLINCHES IT! HE'S THE MAN WITH THE CAMERA!

SUDDENLY THE HEADLIGHTS FLARE AGAIN, WITH THE RAY RIGHT IN THEIR PATH. . .
PIETRO! RUN HIM DOWN! HE'S THE RAY!
THE CAR BEARS DOWN UPON HIM, BUT THE RAY STEPS NIMBLY OUT OF THE WAY AND ONTO THE RUNNING BOARD. . .
ANY ROOM INSIDE?
LIE DOWN! TAKE A REST!
WELL, THERE WILL BE WHEN I DRAG YOU OUT OF HERE!
VERA TRIES TO FLEE.
OH NO, YOUNG LADY! YOU'RE STAYING RIGHT HERE TO TELL YOUR UNCLE RAY EVERYTHING!
ER..UM.. WE WERE ON THE WAY TO AN ESPIONAGE MEETING.. ALL THE AGENTS IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE THERE.
FINE! WE'LL KEEP THAT DATE.. YOU AND I..
MY, HE'S HANDSOME! TOO BAD HE'S NOT ON OUR SIDE.. I COULD.. ER.. LIKE HIM A LOT!
MMM... PRETTY.. HOW'D SHE GET IN THIS?
MEANWHILE, BUD LEAVES THE TRAIN TO SEARCH FOR THE RAY. . .
THAT GUY'S HARDER TO FIND THAN A FLEA'S TONSIL!

A HALF HOUR DRIVE BRINGS THE RAY AND VERA TO AN OLD MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAMBOAT, DOCKED AT A DESERTED WHARF.
WE'RE MEETING HERE?
WALKING UP THE PLANK THEY MEET A STEVEDORE.
PSST.. MIKE? INTERFERENCE? GET RID OF HIM?
YAH? SURE? TICKLED PINK TO DO THIS GUY IN?
BUT THE RAY IS NOT CAUGHT SO EASILY.
SUBDUING HIS ASSAILANTS, HE TOSSES THEM OVERBOARD.
WITH VERA AN UNWILLING COMPANION, THE RAY ENTERS THE MAIN BANQUET ROOM.
THIS USED TO BE A SHOW-BOAT?
THE SPEAKER SCREAMS HIS WILD MESSAGE TO THE AUDIENCE.
THIS GOVERNMENT MUST FALL? DOWN WITH..
SUDDENLY VERA BREAKS LOOSE FROM THE RAY'S GRASP.
STOP! THERE'S A SPY IN OUR MIDST! THE RAY?!
IMMEDIATELY HE IS TARGET FOR ANGRY GUNS, BUT.
I'M DOING THE SHOOTING HERE.. MY OWN WAY!

MEANWHILE BUD HAS FOUND RAY'S HORSE AND IS SKIRTING THE RIVER BANK.
GOLLY! LOOKIT THAT OLD RIVER BOAT SAILIN'!
SUDDENLY HE SPOTS THE BRIGHT FLASH OF THE RAY'S BODY ON DECK...
GIDDAP, BOY! I GOTTA KEEP THEM IN SIGHT!
BACK ON THE SHIP THE RAY BATTLES AGAINST GREAT NUMBERS.
ONE FOR THE MONEY..
..TWO FOR THE SHOW..
..THREE TO MAKE READY..
..AND FOUR TO GO! ALL ASHORE!
THEN THE RAY BATTLES HIS WAY TO THE BRIDGE AND PILOT HOUSE.

THE PILOT, TRYING TO DEFEND HIMSELF, LOSES CONTROL OF HIS WHEEL.
AND THE SHIP RUNS ON THE SHOALS WITH A SHIVERING CRASH.
THE SUDDEN IMPACT SENDS VERA HURTLING INTO THE RIVER.
EEE. HELP?
THE RAY LEAVES HIS FIGHT TO DIVE TO VERA'S RESCUE.
SEIZING THE RAY'S ABSENCE TO ESCAPE, THE SPIES FLEE LIKE RATS FROM A SINKING SHIP.
BUT BUD IS WAITING ON SHORE TO DRIVE THEM BACK.
YIPPEE!
THE RAY RETURNS, CARRYING THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL.
THIS'LL MAKE A FIVE-STAR STORY FOR MY PAPER!
HE QUICKLY SUBDUES THE OTHER HALF-DROWNED AGENTS AND TIES THEM TO TREES.
YOU STAY HERE AND WATCH THEM, BUD.. I'VE A CALL TO MAKE!
HELLO, F.B.I.? I'VE A PARCEL OF SPIES DOWN HERE.. BUT DO ME A FAVOR FIRST, WILL YOU? GIVE THE SCOOP TO HAPPY TERRILL OF "THE STAR" NEWS STAFF.. HE'S ER.. A FRIEND OF MINE!

Follow The Ray, America's outstanding comic, in the August issue of SMASH COMICS.

A VISIT WITH HAL FOSTER

INTRODUCTION AND CONCLUSION BY ANDREW WARNER AND JAMES VAN HISE, RESPECTIVELY.

INTERVIEW CONDUCTED BY JAMES VAN HISE, ANDREW WARNER, LARRY BIGMAN, COLEMAN SPRINGER, JOHN ELLIS AND MIKE McKINNEY; THE TRIP CREW.

Approximately 300 miles northwest of Miami lies the home of Harold R. Foster. In the morning you can hear the song birds in the trees and the quail across the water. An open lake provides bass and other fish for sportsmen who use the connected waterways they live near. Hal Foster is such a sportsman. Tranquility pervades the property, the home, the very room we sat in. But silence was a difficulty in the presence of Harold R. Foster.

There is a silent strength and calm certitude sensed on aquaintance. His kind,gracious manner comes across from the first handshake to the end of the day farewell. The pleasure of talking to Mr. Foster is akin to an historic event, for his contribution to the elevation and success of the comic strip is a cause celebre'.

Why did Hal Foster make the move to Florida? Certainly not to get away from admiring fans. He told us that his previous address in Connecticut would not insure a fan's arrival because of the circuitous location of the house. No, he left Connecticut because he had cultivated the landscape of his home, built a bridge, planted trees and made a garden that had become too involved for him to devote time and energy to anymore, and he did not wish to stay and watch it fall into disarray. Hal Foster's present home is one of many in a pleasant community. It is a recently built house, small and easy to care for, with pleasant additions of a patio (with a view of the lawn), swimming pool, and a boat dock on the waterway. The home of the Fosters is a comfortable abode, a castle by no means.

Floridians know of the influence of the Florida sun on its inhabitants. A lethargy is induced with undescribable and unspecific aspects. Hal Foster claims to be one of its victims, but his work hardly shows it. He writes the story and does the storyboard layouts for John Cullen Murphy, Prince Valiant's present artist. He also watercolors the proofs of the strip in a studio that he wishes were larger.

In ending this introduction, I would mention a statement that Hal Foster began our visit with.

"No matter how pretty the picture is, if there is no story or meaning in it, there will be no interest."

* * * * * * * * * *

WAS THERE ANYTHING THAT YOU HAD PLANNED TO HAVE PRINCE VALIANT DO DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS?

Yes, the first plan was that his son, Prince Arn, would grow up and that Val's father would die; he'd be killed in battle of course as that's the only thing that could be for a king like that. Val would inherit the throne and give the Singing Sword into the keeping of Prince Arn. And I kept delaying and delaying that because, oh, I expected to live a hundred years or something so I didn't want to get rid of him too soon. But artistically I should have ended the whole thing, let's say, within the next year.

HOW MANY PAPERS CARRY VAL RIGHT NOW?

A little over 200. That's pretty much near saturation for a Sunday only comic.

THE LAST PAGE YOU DID YOURSELF, I BELIEVE IT WAS THE ONE WITH THAT PANEL (referring to the watercolored original which Hal Foster has framed on the wall) THAT APPEARED IN MAY, ARE YOU GOING TO BE DOING ANY MORE YOURSELF?

Oh yes, every now and then when I have time I'll do another.

I REALLY ENJOYED THAT PANEL.

I had a lot of comments on that and that was just a filler at a time when the story was getting a little bit boring. They'd been going across Europe, I'd been throwing in a few fights just to stretch the

time a little bit, so I put that in. That is the original up there. I got it back and colored it. I've had an awful lot of comment on that, more so than I think any other of the big ones.

WHAT ABOUT THE WEDDING PANEL?

Oh yes, some publisher wanted that so I gave it to him. Most of the rest of the pages are in the University of Syracuse.

EXACTLY HOW LARGE IS THE COLLECTION OF PRINCE VALIANT THAT THE UNIVERSITY OF SYRACUSE HAS AND WHAT DOES IT CONSIST OF?

Well, they have all the proofs except for the first two years and then they have scattered originals going back to 1937. They have them in great big folders, full size. Those engravings, those first engravings, were beautiful things. They had Ben-day process then and those Ben-day men were artists, they could get the colors. Then they got cheaper and cheaper and finally there's no Ben-day work at all now, they use a different process that's cheaper and not nearly as good.

WHAT DOES THE UNIVERSITY INTEND TO DO WITH ALL THOSE PRINCE VALIANTS?

Oh, they're making a big collection of cartoons for research and I guess just because they're a big part of americana, a great source for young writers. In history they only give dates and things like that, but in cartoons, anywhere from this century, you have costumes and the language, the slang, everything is there. If you wanted to know what the gay 20's were like, why there's John Held Jr., I don't know if you know his work; bell bottom pants, raccoon coat, the megaphones of the 1920's, hip flask, quite a few things that are visual. Still the most graphic form of communication is the story told in pictures. These cartoons encompass so much more than just words, because right there you can see it. You can see the changing times. For instance, back in 1920 or around there, cartoons were masculine. There were no women except taking the background part. But now those are changed with women's rights and the rest of it. Now you see the woman has taken the leading part. The man is a rather simple little character which is saved from his own imbecility by the smartness of his wife. Quite true, too.

The masculine part of cartooning, well it just reflects the age and you see that reflection in cartooning more than you will in any other source. That's one of the values of keeping cartoons.

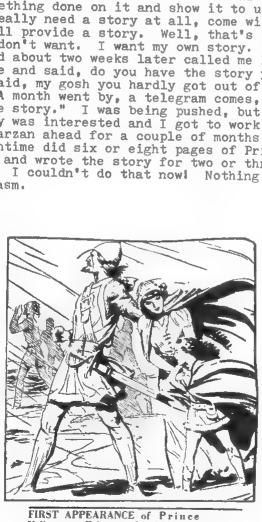
WHEN YOU WERE FIRST COMMISSIONED FOR DOING THE TEN WEEK ADAPTATION OF TARZAN OF THE APES, WAS IT YOUR IDEA TO PUT THE TEXT SEPERATE FROM THE PICTURE OR WAS IT THE SYNDICATE'S IDEA?

No, that was my idea. I had no instructions at all, just the book. I did the adaptation myself. That's what got me into cartooning, starvation and Tarzan.

1929, you know that was the year of the stock market crash, the great panic and there were three years of the depression after that. I was an advertising illustrator, a very good second rate one with hopes of being a first rate one in time. Then the first thing they cut down on was advertising. Of course that cut down on revenue, cut down on paying the rent. We had no money coming in. A couple of the artists left the studio and we put a ping pong table in there instead, and a dart game. Customers would come in because we had a five gallon can of alcohol, we had a source, this was in prohibition days. That's all we had in the safe. Every afternoon I'd mix half a gallon of synthetic gyn. Of course the customers would come in late in the afternoon expecting free drinks, and we'd play ping pong and shoot darts. We practised all day of course and we got pretty good at it. We used to make lunch money from the customers. Finally we put our foot down. Anybody who wants to come in, play darts and have free highballs, had to bring in a bit of work, and that was it. No more free rides, customers only. Pretty surprising but bit by bit they'd come in, little lines of lettering for the lettering men, little illustrations ads or something. They'd rake up something. So we survived for about a year or so like that, then Tarzan came along.

HOW DID THEY HAPPEN TO KNOW ABOUT YOU?

Oh, Joe Neebe had the idea for putting famous books and plays into newspaper's comic strips, I'd done a lot of work for him as he was with an advertising agency I did work for, and he thought of me when he got this idea. He wanted to raise the tone of comics and Tarzan was the first. We only illustrated one other book that way and that was THE SONG OF BERNADETTE. So, at the studio we ate ape for about a year and a half until things picked up. Then King features general manager came up to see me one time; he wanted me to work for King features. I said, well I had an idea but I hadn't polished it up yet. I was a little bit tired of Tarzan because I had no control over the hero. Also, I didn't think much of Tarzan although a lot of people did. So I was playing with the idea of getting my own story. He said, well when can I see it? I said, It's just an idea now and he said, well get something done on it and show it to us; you don't really need a story at all, come with us and we'll provide a story. Well, that's just what I don't want. I want my own story. So he left and about two weeks later called me long distance and said, do you have the story yet? No, I said, my gosh you hardly got out of the door! A month went by, a telegram comes, "Let's have the story." I was being pushed, but then somebody was interested and I got to work on it. I did Tarzan ahead for a couple of months and in the meantime did six or eight pages of Prince Valiant and wrote the story for two or three months. I couldn't do that now! Nothing like enthusiasm.



FIRST APPEARANCE of Prince Valiant on February 13, 1937, shown with his father, the deposed King of Thule, and his mother.

CONCERNING THOSE TWO PRINCE VALIANT PAGES THAT GRAY MORROW AND WALLY WOOD DID. WHY IS IT THAT YOU CHOSE THE WORK OF JOHN CULLEN MURPHY OVER THEIRS?

Gray Morrow and Wally Wood are both fine artists, I'd recommend them highly to anyone, but as for Prince Valiant, they don't know the period, arn't familiar with the era and surroundings as well as Murphy is. Murphy knows the period, the background and can execute what I want better. Morrow and Wood seem to be better for fantasy which is what they've done the best. I just felt Murphy was the best.

HOW DOES HE TAKE CRITICISM?

Very good, very good. The way he does hands is wonderful. He gets so much expression in his hands. The expression on a face is confirmed by the hands.

ON THIS ONE STAT YOU SHOWED US FOR ONE COMING UP IN A COUPLE WEEKS, IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GETTING BETTER OR DID YOU DO MORE WORK ON THIS?

No, I haven't touched them. I don't touch them at all, I think it would break his heart if I did.

THEY DON'T RUN PRINCE VALIANT FULL PAGE ANY MORE, DO THEY?

No, the syndicate said there's so few newspapers taking the full page that it didn't pay them to make the big plates. So they're not selling the big page any more. I got so in the habit of doing it for the big page that now it looks too crowded on the smaller size.

WHEN IT'S REDUCED, WHO REARRANGES THE PANELS, DOES THE SYNDICATE OR DO YOU?

Well, the syndicate does and they did a lousy job at first and I critisized them, but now they're doing it pretty well.

ARE YOU PLEASED WITH YOUR STORIES?

No, I'm very critical of my work.

WHAT WOULD YOU WISH FOR?

I don't know, a touch of genius I guess. No, I'm never satisfied with your work. Anyone who's pleased with their work will stop right there, because if you're pleased you're satisfied and you don't have to improve. You've satisfied yourself. But no, I'm not satisfied, I can pick out my own faults. When the story gets boring, there's nothing you can do about it, you've written it and you hate to tear it up. It's not right and you just hope the customers will forgive you.

DO YOU EVER TAKE IT AND JUST GO OFF ON ANOTHER TRACK AND LEAVE ANOTHER PART?

Oh yes, I've torn up two or three pages, written pages, and I've torn up half finished original pages. But it takes quite something to tear up a page you're working on and start over again, all that work. You stop to think, why should I do all this work, who notices? But they do. Every little thing I do, fans write me, tell me about it. Yes, the fan mail is very, very good. In fact it's too flattering. But every now and then I get criticisms. Some are good, some are outragous, but they all follow a pattern. For instance, I think you saw that I had Val getting into trouble with some arabs. I had several nasty letters about that. I was so careful! I mentioned Allah but they all said I was critisizing Mohammadans. I didn't. Mohammad wasn't born then. They couldn't critisize me for mentioning Allah because Allah's been worshipped as long as Jehovah, I think, I wasn't around at that time but he was the arabs deity. But you don't get provoked. Well, yes you do get provoked when somebody accuses you of accepting money for downgrading the Moslems. You write back and say they've made a mistake and sorry to have disturbed them and all and sometimes you get the nicest letter back. There was a lady who critisized me when I got Prince Valiant drunk the day Prince Arn was born. A new baby was born, the heir to the throne and of course the Vikings drank and drank and Prince Valiant had to be taken home. She said Prince Valiant had always been the hero to her boys and now he was drunk and just think what that would do to them, her sons, their hero has fallen by the wayside. I wrote back and apologized and said that as for hurting her sons, I didn't think that five minutes of reading the comics would upset your years of training. And she wrote back the nicest letter.

DO YOU GET ANY ART CRITICISMS?

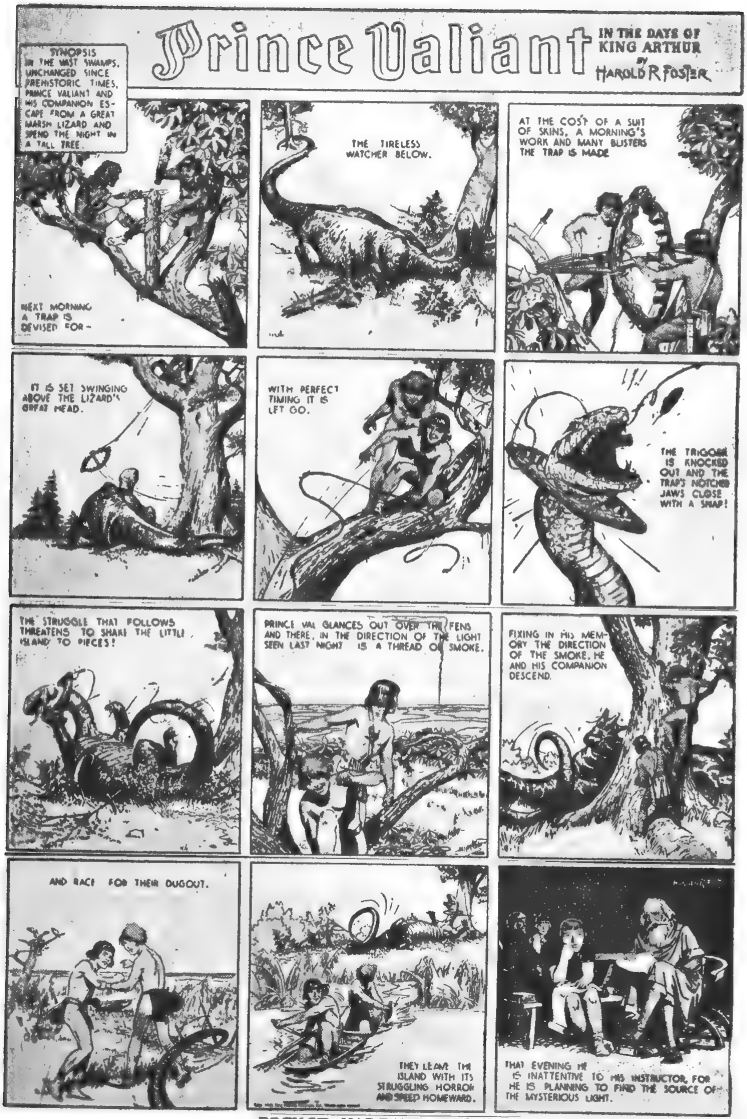
No, if I make any physical mistake of course I hear from that. I had Prince Valiant cutting down a tree once and somebody with the Northwestern Lumber Company wrote that a boy scout with a dull axe would cut a tree down like that but not a forester like Prince Valiant. I looked at it and I had a stump, I meant to make an undercut and the other cut and I was just a little bit careless about it so that it looked as though it came up to a peak as if a beaver had cut it. He was right.

I NOTICE YOU HAVE SOME OF THE REPRINT EDITIONS OF FLASH GORDON BY ALEX RAYMOND.

Yes, I take them out and look at them every now and then, and get sick. He has the most beautiful lines, I can't imitate his lines. I'd like to copy some of his stuff but he was just too darn good.

YOU DO YOUR OWN DRAWINGS STRAIGHT. DO YOU USE ANY OTHER MATERIAL, LIKE RESOURCE MATERIAL OR POSSIBLY PHOTO SWIPES?

No, I never copy anything. For instance, I'll look through some of those books I have, on Vikings if I'm making ships or a crowd of Vikings, I'll take a look through there and I'll get some attitudes, expressions, the shape of the ships, reassure myself. But to copy direct you lose all originality. Once you copy something, well now you've got to copy everything so there's no use in it. I make my sketch first, what I want, the position, whether it's a man on a horse or a horse galloping or something like that. I'll put that into my drawing, but I won't copy it directly.


Prince Valiant
IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR
BY HAROLD R FOSTER
SYNOPSIS
IN THE VAST SWAMPS, UNCHANGED SINCE PREHISTORIC TIMES, PRINCE VALIANT AND HIS COMPANION ESCAPE FROM A GREAT MARSH LIZARD AND SPEND THE NIGHT IN A TALL TREE.
NEXT MORNING A TRAP IS DEVISED FOR -
THE TIRELESS WATCHER BELOW.
AT THE COST OF A SUIT OF SKINS, A MORNING'S WORK AND MANY BLISTERS THE TRAP IS MADE
IT IS SET SWINGING ABOVE THE LIZARD'S GREAT HEAD.
WITH PERFECT TIMING IT IS LET GO.
THE TRIGGER IS KNOCKED OUT AND THE TRAP'S NOTCHED JAWS CLOSE WITH A SNAP!
THE STRUGGLE THAT FOLLOWS THREATENS TO SHAKE THE LITTLE ISLAND TO PIECES!
PRINCE VAL GLANCES OUT OVER THE FENS AND THERE, IN THE DIRECTION OF THE LIGHT SEEN LAST NIGHT IS A THREAD OF SMOKE.
FIXING IN HIS MEMORY THE DIRECTION OF THE SMOKE, HE AND HIS COMPANION DESCEND.
AND RACE FOR THEIR DUGOUT.
THEY LEAVE THE ISLAND WITH ITS STRUGGLING HORROR AND SPEED HOMEWARD.
THAT EVENING HE IS INATTENTIVE TO HIS INSTRUCTOR, FOR HE IS PLANNING TO FIND THE SOURCE OF THE MYSTERIOUS LIGHT.

PRINCE VALIANT - 1937

HAVE YOU EVER USED MODELS FOR YOUR FIGURES?

No, I've used photographs but as I say, I never copy direct. I learned how to draw fast when I was in Winnipeg. It used to get down around twenty below zero, I had my easle set up in the attic and the wind would be howling outside and I'd strip off. I had a cracked mirror set up and I'd set up my easle beside it and I'd sketch myself, learn the anatomy. I'd really sketch fast! As soon as I turned blue I'd quit what I was drawing.

WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE BEHIND MEDIEVAL CASTLE?

The syndicate was afraid that the newspapers would cut down on comics because there was a shortage of everything then, during the war years, and they felt the newspapers wouldn't use the full page Prince Valiant. But they wanted to keep it so I did the MEDIEVAL CASTLE just to fill in during wartime on the page. Then, of course, when the war was over we continued Prince Valiant with the full page and ended MEDIEVAL CASTLE.

DO YOU LET CURRENT ATTITUDES OR CONCEPTS INFLUENCE YOUR WRITING OF THE PRINCE VALIANT STRIP, SAY SOMETHING LIKE ECOLOGY?

Oh yes, something like that has been mentioned but not as part of the story. I mentioned Prince Valiant's friend going home to the Atlas mountains, to a once great forest where his grandfather used to hunt, and they had taken the timber away and the desert was creeping back into its own. Every time I get sore at something I'd take it out on Valiant.

I think I'll be glad to get off this earth before it's worse than it is.

I COULDN'T SAY I COULD BLAME THOSE SENTIMENTS, REALLY.

Well, you're younger. You haven't seen what people my age have seen; land filled with timber where you could drink out of any stream or any lake.

THEY'RE TRYING TO PRESERVE SOME OF IT FOR US, BUT...

Yes, but you can't because the money value is their only value. If you want to preserve something and money is offered for it, and given proof that it's profitable, that's enough for a go ahead. The human race has so much brains and so little intelligence. They can reach the Moon but can't clean up their mess! There's something wrong someplace. We've progressed to such an extent that we can't handle it.

IT'S BEEN MENTIONED THAT OUR TECHNOLOGY HAS FAR ADVANCED BEYOND OUR CULTURE, AND OUR OWN ATTITUDES NEED SHAPING MORE THAN OUR TECHNOLOGY.

Yes, man has become such a little thing that as things become bigger, man becomes smaller. Sort of a push button world. Sure, we're civilized; movies, radio, T.V., you get news from all across the world, but you can't fix the T.V. or the radio. It takes a specialist to keep them going. Man takes from the earth but he puts nothing back. Look at the animals. A cow or a deer. It eats the grass, its excrement becomes fertilizer and finally they die and everything they've taken from the earth goes back to it. Man just uses his excrement to poison his environment and when he dies either crematesis himself or is buried beyond any good use.

DO YOU HAVE SOME FAVORITE LITERATURE?

Oh yes, James Branch Cabell, I've stolen from him many a time. Lord Dunsany, Tales of wonder. I read any historical novel I can get ahold of. I like historical novels over just history of dates and places because it may not always be correct but it'll give you a better understanding. When I left Connecticut I gave most of my books away to the Mark Twain library.

HOW DID YOU FIND EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS?

Oh, I read the Tarzan books when they came out, but when you read alot your taste in literature changes and I found his stuff was nothing you could get your teeth into.

DID YOU READ ANY OF HIS MARS NOVELS?

No, the stories on Mars that I like are Ray Bradbury's. He's written to me and I have one of his first editions.

THE TRANQUILITY OF THESE SURROUNDINGS SEEM TO PURVEY, WHAT WITH THIS SHADED, SCREENED IN PORCH AND THE LAKE JUST BEYOND YOUR YARD.

Yes, it was hard to get used to. When I came from Chicago to Connecticut, at first the noise was terrific! Bothered me, damn crickets, and the birds would sit up there singing. When you come from the city you're not used to that. At night the tree toads would start going. It was noisy, but now when I go back to the city I can't stand the racket. But here, as you say, it's quiet, the quail whistling across there. Every month a different group of birds come in and then the sandspit across the way will be just white with gulls and different times of the year. I like it here best of the places I looked at in Florida. I was over on the east coast but didn't care for it.

WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE PRINCE VALIANT MOVIE?

It's a beautiful piece of photography. The scenery was marvelous. The story is a little bit childish.

I NOTICE HERE THAT YOU HAVE THE SEVEN HASTINGS HOUSE PRINCE VALIANT BOOKS AND AN EIGHTH ONE IN THE SERIES WHICH IS A FOREIGN EDITION NEVER PUBLISHED BY HASTINGS HOUSE. WHAT LANGUAGE IS THAT ONE IN?

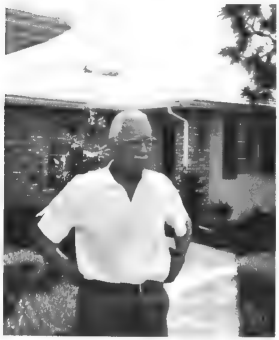
I don't know, they've been published in thirteen different languages. Some of those books are very well printed. That cover on the eighth one wasn't done by me and the printing on the inside isn't as good as the Hastings House editions. I didn't like the way Hastings House adapted them in that they're taken from my captions and re-edited. They took three years and jammed it into one book. They had to cut out a lot of stuff so they cut out what they thought was unnecessary and that was all humor, so all it became is practically statistics, fighting. You can't have high adventure all the time, it gets boring. If you kill one man with the Singing Sword one week you gotta kill two next. Now, what would you do for the encore? So I have a little episode, a peaceful episode for a couple weeks or so and then get into an adventure. But always with a let down so that you can build up to adventure. But in the books they just cut everything else out.

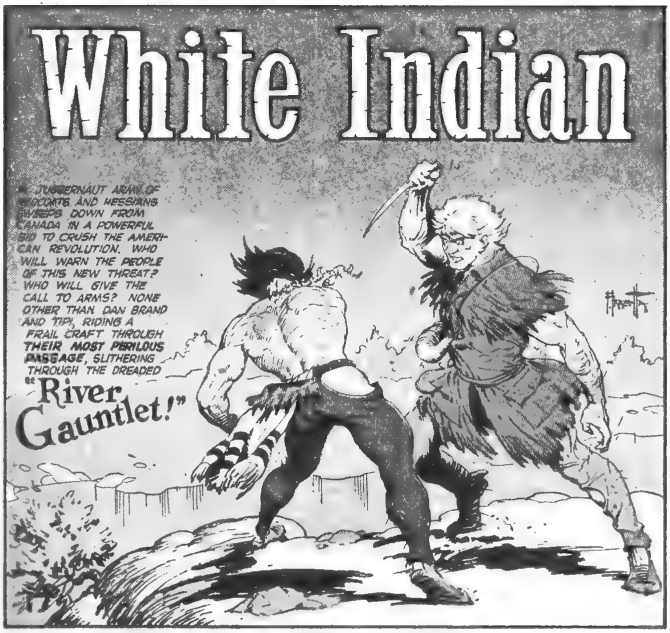
IT'S A SHAME THAT THE BOOKS CUT OUT THE HUMOR AND THE LIGHT MOMENTS BECAUSE I REALLY ENJOYED READING THE FIRST SIXTY-TWO IN THE McKAY PRINCE VALIANT FEATURE BOOK BECAUSE THE WIT IS SO TREMENDOUS.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

But then that's because Hal Foster is such a tremendous personality as the depth of this interview attests to. Believe it or not our visit lasted only a little over three hours, but due to Mr. Foster's openness and readiness to answer questions, the amount of information we secured was tremendous. But a bigger reason for this is the fact that he gave us the benefit of not just his knowledge, but his wisdom as well.

Finis




White Indian
A JUGGERNAUT ARMADA OF REDCOATS AND HESSIANS SWEEPS DOWN FROM CANADA IN A POWERFUL BID TO CRUSH THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. WHO WILL WARN THE PEOPLE OF THIS NEW THREAT? WHO WILL GIVE THE CALL TO ARMS? NONE OTHER THAN DAN BRAND AND TIPI, RIDING A FRAIL CRAFT THROUGH THEIR MOST PERILOUS PASSAGE, SLITHERING THROUGH THE DREADED "River Gauntlet!"

THE BRITISH ARMY SWEEPS DOWN FROM CANADA THROUGH THE LAKES AND RIVERS OF UPSTATE NEW YORK...
HERE'S OUR PLAN, GENTLEMEN—WE'RE MARCHING SOUTH FROM CANADA... ...AND AT ALBANY WE WILL MEET WITH GENERAL HOWE'S FORCES, NOW MARCHING NORTH. DO YOU APPRECIATE THE-ER-SIGNIFICANCE, GENTLEMEN?
I SAY RAW-THER, GENERAL BURGOYNE —RAW-THER!

BETWEEN US, WE SHALL CRUSH THE REBELS—LIKE A NUT-CRACKER—LIKE THIS! HEH-HEH-HEH!
REMARKABLE! BRILLIANT! WONDERBAR!
LET ME INTRODUCE ABEL BANNIS, WHO HAS AGREED TO SCOUT FOR US THROUGH THESE WILDS. MR. BANNIS IS ONE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BEST SCOUTS.
USED T'BE GEN'RAL BURGOYNE! RIGHT NOW, I'M EMPLOYIN' MY TALENTS WHERE THEY GITS PAID THE MOST!
SO! BANNIS IS SCOUTING FOR THE BRITISH NOW—THE TRAITOR! I'D LIKE TO SETTLE HIS HASH RIGHT HERE AND NOW, BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS TO GET AWAY FAST AND WARN OUR PEOPLE OF BURGOYNE'S PLAN!
ALREADY WE HAVE WASTED VALUABLE HOURS—WAITING FOR NIGHT TO CLIMB OUT OF THIS TREE...
EVERY PRECAUTION IS NECESSARY, TIPI. WE MUST NOT BE SEEN. OUR MISSION IS TO REPORT INFORMATION, NOT TO FIGHT...
BUT!
'ALT! OO GOES THERE?
BUT IF WE MUST FIGHT, WE WILL! HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE RIVER, TIPI!
BLAZES, IT'S DAN BRAND! STOP THAT MAN! STOP HIM!

A CANOE HAS BEEN CAREFULLY HIDDEN AMONG THE REEDS...
LUCKY FOR US THERE'S NO MOON. DIG, TIPI — DIG!
ZOUNDS, THEY GOT AWAY— DOUBTLESS TO WARN THE REBELS OF OUR PLANS! I SAY WHAT ROTTEN, BLOODY LUCK!
I GOT AN IDEA, GENERAL BURGOYNE...
WITH A FEW SCORE MEN ON HORSEBACK, I'LL BE ABLE TO CUT BRAND OFF FARTHER DOWN THE RIVER BY MORNING. I KNOW WHERE TO BORROW CANOES, TOO!
EXCELLENT! SEE THAT HE DOESN'T GET PAST YOU THIS TIME!
NEXT MORNING...
IT WAS AN ALL-NIGHT RIDE DOWN TO THIS SPOT— BUT IF WE NAB DAN BRAND AN' THAT INJUN BRAT, IT WILL BE WORTH IT. THEY OUGHT TO BE ALONG SOON, IF THEY'RE TAKIN' THE RIVER TRAIL...
HERE THEY COME! SHOVE OFF!
WHAT SHALL WE DO, DAN?
ONLY ONE THING TO DO, TIPI. THEY'VE SET UP A RIVER GAUNTLET — AND WE'LL HAVE TO RUN IT! LET'S GO!

WHAT THE— / WHAT ARE THEY TRYIN' TO DO?
—NOW!
WHERE'D THEY GO, BLIMEY?
DROWNED THEMSELVES, I'LL BET—JUST COULDN'T FACE IT!
YEEOW— I CAN'T SWIM!
COME ON IN, THE WATER'S FINE!
AND NOW—BACK IN OUR CANOE AGAIN. CAREFUL, TIPI, THAT WE DON'T UPSET IT!
STOP! SURRENDER, DAN BRAND! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT!
OH, WON'T WE?
I'LL GET YOU, DAN BRAND— I'LL GET YOU YET!
SIT DOWN, BANNIS— YOU'RE ROCKING THE BOAT!
DIG HARD, TIPI!
RIGHT, DAN! HERE WE GO —INTO THE RAPIDS!

RIGHT THROUGH THEM! THEIR LAST CANOE JUST SCRATCHED ON A ROCK!
YES, BUT LOOK AHEAD— THERE'S THE FALLS!

WE'VE ONLY ONE CHOICE, TIP! THE SHORE IS LINED WITH BANNIS' MEN—AND WE CAN'T MAKE A PORTAGE HERE! WE'LL HAVE TO RIDE THAT FALLS!
ZING!

GOOD LUCK, TIP! DIVE DEEP!
G-G-GOOD LUCK, DAN! IF ONLY WE MISS THE ROCKS!

NARROWLY, THE ROCKS ARE MISSED! DAN AND TIP! DIVE DEEP—ARCHING BACK UNDER THE CATARACTING WATER...

MADE IT! LUCKY THIS LEDGE WAS HERE. THE FALLS WILL SCREEN US FROM SIGHT!

THEY'RE GONE TO GLORY, MATEY— NO BLOKE COULD STAY UNDER THAT LONG!
THEY'RE DONE FOR, ALL RIGHT! MUST'VE BEEN SMASHED TO BITS ON THE ROCKS DOWN THERE! LET'S GO, MEN!
5

THEY'RE GONE, ALL RIGHT! MA-LA, BUT I AM COLD!
REPAIRING THIS CANOE WILL WARM US UP. QUICKLY, STRIP SOME BIRCH BARK, GATHER PINE GUM...
...AND...
WE WILL COME BACK, TIP! — SOON! WE WILL GIVE THE TRAITOR'S REWARD TO ABEL BANNIS — SOON — VERY SOON!
A WEEK LATER— SARATOGA!
IF WHAT YOU REPORT IS TRUE, DAN BRAND, BURGOYNE AND HIS REDCOAT SWINE WILL MEET THEIR LAST AMBUSH HERE AT SARATOGA! OUR BRAVE MILITIAMEN ARE READY FOR THEM — ALL AROUND THIS VALLEY!
HERE THEY COME— FIRE!
— AND ATTACK!
FOR COUNTRY AND FOR FREEDOM!
OUT OF MY WAY, REDCOATS — I HAVE OTHER GAME!
6

ABEL BANNIS— YOUR TRAITOR'S PAYMENT IS DUE!
DAN BRAND! I THOUGHT—
I'M PAYING OUT DEATH, BRAND— Yiiii!
THEN YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG CUSTOMER, SWINE!
THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO DO BUSINESS! THIS KNIFE IS ONE!
I'D RATHER TRADE— PUNCHES!
DAN! DAN! WE'VE WON! BURGOYNE HAS JUST SURRENDERED!
THIS BATTLE WILL DECIDE THE WHOLE WAR!
AND A COURT-MARTIAL WILL DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH THAT DESERTER!
YOU SAID WE'D COME BACK FOR HIM, DAN —AND WE DID!

"ROCKETSHIP"

A review by James Van Hise

In 1936, Alex Raymond's famous character Flash Gordon was first brought to the screen in a lavish 13 chapter serial simply titled "FLASH GORDON". It starred Buster Crabbe as Flash, Jean Rogers as Dale (a blond Dlae at that although in the following two serials that was corrected with dark haired Carol Hughes), Charles Middleton as Ming and Frank Shannon as Dr. Zarchov. Later, this serial, as well as the other two, were released as feature versions. The feature version of this first serial was titled "ROCKETSHIP" (also Spaceship to the Unknown). Editing the over four hour long serial into one movie less than half as long was managed much better than one might have thought for despite its abreviated length, it retains the continuity, as well as the flavor of the full length serial. The first 25 minutes of the film consist almost entirely of the first chapter of the serial, with only minor deletions made.

It would be foolish to try and ignore the many things which date the Flash Gordon serials for one can't help but expect that a movie that old, especially one involving spaceships, etc., to creak somewhat from age. But in many cases it is these very things, much of which was taken for granted by the 1936 viewing audience, which make the film that much more entertaining. What with the cramped spaceships flying amid hordes of supposedly self induced sparks and noise, the clouds that are ever present in space, as well as the somewhat amusing take-offs and landings the spaceships make, all add to the boundless entertainment contained in these serials.

One of the deffinate high points of the Flash Gordon serials is the fine acting of Buster Crabbe for he plays the stalwart hero to the hilt. Near the beginning of "ROCKETSHIP", when the plane in which Flash and Dale are riding is forced down by the influence of the approaching planet Mongo, Flash grabs Dale, who is afraid to jump from the plane, and leaps from the stricken craft with her, even though she is the only one wearing a parachute. The scene of them drifting to earth with Flash just hanging from her chute harness, is simply great. This whole sequence of events from here on is extremely good for immediately upon landing they spot Zarchov's rocket, looking quite impressive as its silvery sheen causes it to stand out eerily in the encroaching darkness. A rather interesting line of dialogue crops up shortly after the trio first take off to save the Earth from destruction. In a discussion of the rocket, Zarchov says he knows it will work as he has experimented before with many small models. To this Flash blithly queries, "Did any of them ever come back?"

One sequence which struck me as especially interesting is the one used at the beginning of every chapter which shows a great mass of Women swaying back and forth in an almost undersea type setting, all of which combines to give an incredible aura of fantasy, unreality and an almost dreamlike quality. It is really quite interesting to behold as seldom have I seen the feel it projects achieved so well. This sequence, by the way, appears in the actual film itself in the segment where Ming is about to force Dale to marry him and Flash breaks it up by toppling a massive statue of the god Tao into their midst and then spiriting Dale away. The film is full of many fine moments such as this. One of them the tournament of death, comes across almost humorous, I believe due to bad editing, because when Flash is fighting the sacred horned ape, talk is made about the secret of defeating the beast which Princess Aura discovers just in time to save Flash. The secret? Stab the ape to death with an oversized spear! But despite this, the segment still comes across well in spite of the feel of brevity it carries with it.

But the success it does have, as well as the success of most of the other fight scenes, is the work of Buster Crabbe doing most of his own stunts. This in itself adds a feeling of realism that could not have been achieved any other way, and it is this coupled with his fine acting ability that achieved for Buster Crabbe the title he more than deserved. The title of KING OF THE SERIALS.

Thus it is this, as well as all the other fine elements present in the Flash Gordon serials that go into making "ROCKETSHIP" a top notch production in the field of film entertainment.

BUSTER CRABBE AND HIS SIDEKICK WHISKERS, PROSPECTING FOR URANIUM IN THE REMOTE, ALMOST INACCESSIBLE RIDGES OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, FIND MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR WHEN THEY FALL INTO THE CLUTCHES OF EXPLORERS FROM SPACE. BUT A WOMAN IS STILL A WOMAN... EVEN THOUGH SHE MAY BE A *MAID OF MARS!*

HOORAY! WE'VE DISCOVERED *URANIUM!*
ALL WE'VE DISCOVERED IS *ONE FAULTY GEIGER-COUNTER!* IT DIDN'T REGISTER *BEFORE*, SO WHY *NOW?*
CLICK CLICK CLICK

SAY---MAYBE THAT THING'S A COMBINATION GEIGER-COUNTER AN' ALARM CLOCK! MIGHT MAKE 'EM THAT WAY SO'S US URANIUM PROSPECTORS DON'T SLEEP ON TH' JOB!
NOW IT'S STOPPED! WHISKERS, THIS IS DOWNRIGHT WEIRD!
WAL, I AIN'T 'GOIN TO WORRY 'BOUT IT ON A EMPTY STOMACH! I'M MAKIN' BREAKFAST.
YOU KIN HAVE YORE CHOICE OF PAN-CAKES, GRIDDLE-CAKES, FLAP-JACKS OR JOHNNY-CAKES!
WHAT? NO HOT-CAKES?
WHISKERS, WHAT---GREAT GUNS, WHAT'S THAT???
I DON'T KNOW, BUT PLEASE MAKE IT GO AWAY!

WE DID NOT EXPECT TO ENCOUNTER PEOPLE ON THIS HIGH MOUNTAIN RIDGE!
IT TALKS!
UNLESS THAT OUTFIT OF YOURS IS BULLET-PROOF, YOU'D BETTER CLIMB OUT OF IT— AND PRONTO!
YOU CANNOT FIRE YOUR WEAPON, EARTH-MAN. IT IS NOW SO HIGHLY MAGNETIZED ITS PARTS WILL NOT FUNCTION.
THE THING'S RIGHT! I CAN'T EVEN BUDGE THE TRIGGER!
LOOK OUT! HERE'S ANOTHER WHATSIT!
SSSS SSS!!
SSSSS SSSSS!
JUMPIN' JACKRABBITS! NOW THEY'RE HISSIN' LIKE SNAKES!
YOU TWO EARTH-MEN PRESENT A PROBLEM TO US. WE WILL HAVE TO TAKE YOU PRISONERS.
MY GUN MAY BE OUT OF COMMISSION, BUT—
—I'M NOT!
SSSSSS
CLANG

Suddenly...
BAP
Several hours later, Buster and Whiskers regain consciousness...
WHERE IN BLAZES ARE WE? WHUT HAPPENED?
THE LAST I REMEMBER WAS TAKING A SWING AT THAT METAL MONSTROSITY...
SPEAK OF THE DEVIL....
I SEE YOU ARE AWAKE. WE HAVE COMPLETED OUR MISSION HERE. I AM SORRY YOU HAD TO COMPLICATE THINGS BY YOUR PRESENCE.
WAL, I'LL BE--IT'S A DAD-BLASTED HUMAN BEIN'--- AN' A FEMALE TO BOOT!
WOULD YOU MIND TELLING US WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?
I'M NOT AT LIBERTY TO TELL YOU ANYTHING. YOU ALREADY KNOW TOO MUCH. I MUST FIND OUT WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH YOU!
LATER
SSSSSS SSSS! SS!

GENTLEMEN, I AM INSTRUCTED TO BRING YOU BACK---I AM AFRAID YOU TWO WILL NEVER SEE YOUR PLANET AGAIN, EXCEPT THROUGH A TELESCOPE.
WE'LL SEE ABOUT *THAT!*
STAND WHERE YOU ARE, EARTH MAN! DO NOT FORCE US TO KILL YOU! YOU CAN NOT ESCAPE! LOOK OUT THE PORTHOLE---EARTH IS 100,000 MILES DISTANT!
IF I DIDN'T *KNOW* I WAS AWAKE, I'D SWEAR I WAS *DREAMING*...ALL RIGHT, MISTER, PUT AWAY THE ARTILLERY---WE KNOW WHEN WE'RE LICKED!
HE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND YOUR LANGUAGE, BUT SINCE YOU ARE WILLING TO *COOPERATE*, I WILL *GLADLY* INTERPRET.
A little later...
I WILL HAVE THIS ROOM AERIFIED AND PRESSURIZED TO CONFORM WITH YOUR PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE, SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO WEAR THOSE OXYGEN HELMETS.
THANKS. *NOW* WILL YOU TELL US WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?
WE ARE FROM THE PLANET WHICH YOU CALL MARS, ON A ROUTINE RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT WITH INSTRUCTIONS TO AVOID BEING OBSERVED. WE LANDED TO OBTAIN SAMPLES OF YOUR MINERAL, VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL LIFE--- *MICROBES*, NOT *MEN*.

WE DID NOT INTEND TO CAPTURE PEOPLE AT THIS TIME.
YOU MEAN YOU INTENDED TO CAPTURE PEOPLE SOME OTHER TIME? IS THIS INTEREST IN US OF PURELY A SCIENTIFIC NATURE?
NO, MORE OF A MILITARY NATURE. EVER SINCE MARS FIRST VIEWED YOUR LARGE, GREEN, FERTILE EARTH THROUGH A TELESCOPE, 1,000 YEARS AGO, MY PEOPLE HAVE DREAMED OF SOME DAY CONQUERING YOUR PLANET.
THAT DAY WILL BE SOON. WHEN WE OBSERVED THE FLASH OF YOUR FIRST ATOMIC DETONATION, WE KNEW WE'D HAVE TO ACT FAST...BEFORE YOU CAUGHT UP TO US IN SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENT.
IT IS UNBELIEVABLE WHAT YOU'VE ACCOMPLISHED IN SO SHORT A TIME...ELECTRONICS, JET-PROPULSION, NUCLEAR FISSION...YOU ARE AN AMAZING PEOPLE!
YOU'RE PRETTY AMAZING YOURSELF! HOW COME YOU SPEAK ENGLISH IF YOU COME FROM MARS?
BEFORE YOU INVENTED RADIO, WE KNEW VERY LITTLE ABOUT YOU. YOUR RADIO TAUGHT US A GREAT DEAL AFTER WE DECODED AND LEARNED YOUR MANY LANGUAGES. WE HAVE NO PHONETIC LANGUAGES AT ALL!
A few days later...
GENTLEMEN, IN A FEW MINUTES YOU'LL MAKE HISTORY! YOU HAVE THE HONOR OF BEING THE FIRST EARTHMEN TO SET FOOT ON THE PLANET MARS!
WE'D PREFER TH' HONOR OF BEIN' TH' LAST!

THIS IS THE CITY OF "SssssS," THE CAPITOL OF MARS. I DO NOT KNOW WHAT OUR PRESIDING OFFICIALS HAVE DECIDED TO DO ABOUT YOU... BUT YOU WILL SOON FIND OUT.
SHORE IS A RIDICULOUS-LOOKIN' PLACE... LIKE ONE OF THEM PICTURES IN THE SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES!
Suddenly...
HEY... WHUT IN TARNATION??
THE STREETS MUST BE PAVED WITH RUBBER!
YOU WILL HAVE TO WALK MORE CAREFULLY. OUR GRAVITY IS LESS THAN YOUR PLANET'S. 100 LBS. ON EARTH WEIGHS 38LBS. HERE.
A few minutes later...
SSS SS S SSS S!
IT IS DECREED THAT YOU SHALL BE DELIVERED TO THE DISECTING TABLES OF OUR MEDICAL RESEARCHERS I'M SORRY...
NOT HALF AS SORRY AS THESE GENTLEMEN WILL BE UNLESS THEY CHANGE THAT ORDER! I'LL BREAK THEM IN HALF!
7

YOU HEARD ME, MISS MARS! TELL THEM WHAT I SAID, OR ELSE!
ALL RIGHT. SSS, SSS! SS, SSS!!
SS SSS (GASP) SS!
SSSSS (GURGLE)
YOU WIN, EARTHMAN. LET THEM GO!
THE VARMINTS CAN'T FIGHT WORTH A LICK! LET'S GO OUT AN' FLATTEN TH' WHOLE DANGED POPULATION!
WE'LL TRY THAT IF WE HAVE TO! MEANWHILE, WHISKERS, SEE THAT NO ONE LEAVES HERE!
YOU WILL HAVE TO PAY A HIGH PRICE FOR YOUR LIVES! YOU MUST DESTROY EVERY SPACE SHIP YOU HAVE, EXCEPT ONE— THE ONE IN WHICH YOU WILL RETURN US SAFELY TO EARTH!
SSS SS SS SSSSS!!
SSS SS!
SO OUR PRISONERS HAVE CONQUERED MARS... IT'S ALMOST FUNNY!
IT WON'T BE SO FUNNY IF YOU TRY ANY TRICKS! I'M HOLDING THESE MEN UNTIL MY TERMS ARE MET! SO GET BUSY!
AND THANKS FOR MAKING IT SO EASY FOR US BY NOT BEING ARMED.
WE HAVE NO NEED FOR WEAPONS—EXCEPT IN OUR SPACE SHIPS. OR DIDN'T, UNTIL YOU ARRIVED.

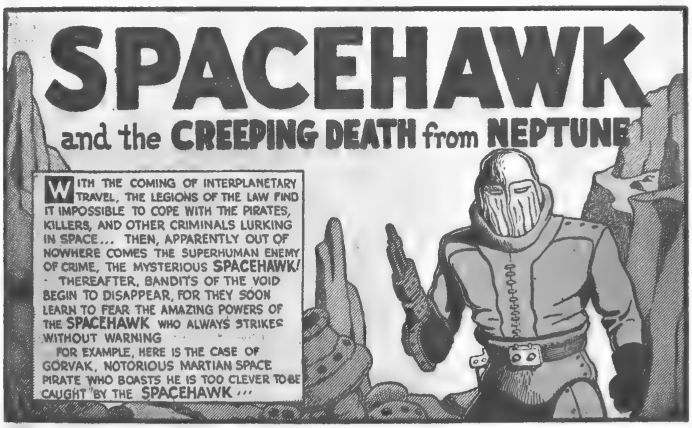
Later...
WELL, MISS MARS, WHAT'S THE VERDICT?
A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE CABINET IS ALREADY IN SESSION. YOUR HOSTAGES ARE OUR HIGHEST RANKING OFFICIALS, SO YOU MAY WELL GET YOUR TERMS.
YOU'LL KNOW IN A FEW HOURS ...EARTHMAN... I...I'M SORRY WE ARE OF DIFFERENT WORLDS... FORCED TO BE ENEMIES... I LIKE YOU SO VERY MUCH...
RESORTING TO FEMININE WILES WON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE, MISS MARS, SO FORGET IT.
I NEED TO RESORT TO NOTHING! YOU'RE DOOMED TO DIE WITHIN AN HOUR! I TOLD YOU WHAT I FELT IN MY HEART!
IF YOU WANT TO KILL US, DO IT NOW! YOUR OXYGEN WILL SOON BE EXHAUSTED, AND YOU CAN'T BREATHE OUR AIR! FEMININE WILES INDEED!
I'D SAVE YOU IF I COULD! IF WE COULD GET BACK TO MY SHIP, WE'D HAVE A CHANCE--- BUT THE PLACE IS SURROUNDED! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!
MAYBE NOT BUT I'LL TRY ANYTHING IN MY POWER!

THIS IS GOING TO BE EASIER THAN I THOUGHT! IT WOULD TAKE A KANGAROO ON A POGO-STICK TO CATCH UP TO US!
WHEE! NOW I KNOW WHUT A GRASSHOPPER FEELS LIKE!
HERE, WHISKERS, TAKE CARE OF MISS MARS WHILE I CLEAR THE WAY---IT LOOKS PRETTY CONGESTED!
EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN, BUT WE'RE IN A HURRY!
SO FAR, SO GOOD--- BUT NOW WHAT, MISS MARS?
NOW TO GET AWAY FROM HERE---QUICK!
IF WE CAN GET PAST THE SATALITES, WE'LL BE SAFE FROM INTERCEPTION!

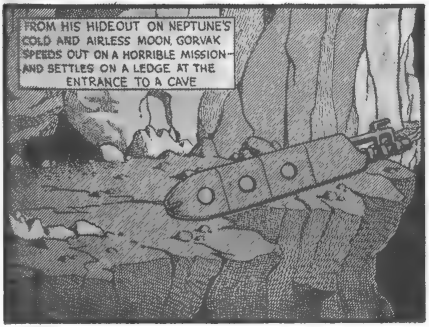
SSSSSS
THE REPORT IS JUST NOW GOING OUT---BUT WE'VE GOT TOO GREAT A HEAD START! YOU'LL *LIVE* TO SEE YOUR *EARTH* AGAIN!
AND SEE IT *INVADED*? NO THANKS! TURN AROUND---WE'RE GOING TO *DESTROY* AS *MUCH* OF MARS AS WE *CAN*!
WE'LL DESTROY NOTHING BUT *OURSELVES* IF WE TURN BACK! BUT IF YOU RETURN TO EARTH THE INVASION WILL *NEVER* HAPPEN!
HOW DO YOU FIGURE *THAT*?
EARTH WILL BE *WARNED*, AND *PREPARED*! UNLESS OUR INVASION CAUGHT YOU BY SURPRISE, WE WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! AND WE KNOW IT!
I HAVE TO BELIEVE YOU... AFTER EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE...
Days later...
GOODBY, EARTHMEN...
BUT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO *YOU* WHEN YOU GET BACK TO MARS?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH FUEL TO GET BACK TO MARS.
THE END

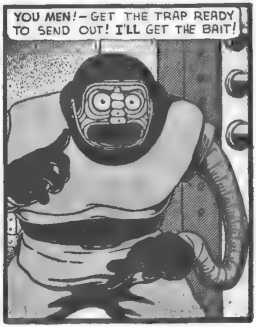
SPACEHAWK

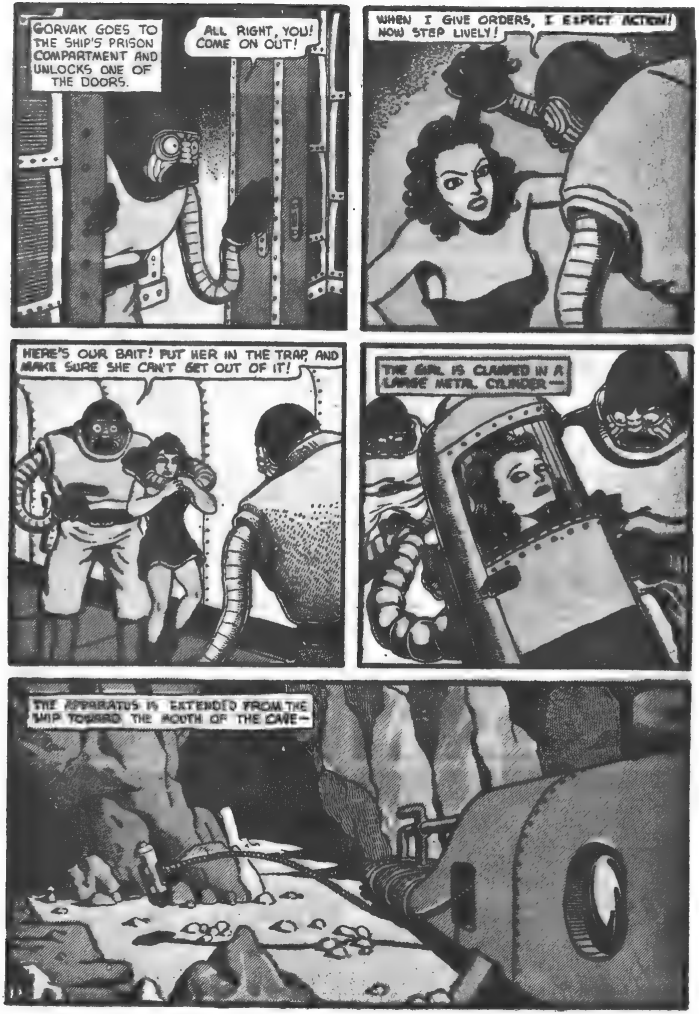
and the CREEPING DEATH from NEPTUNE


WITH THE COMING OF INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL, THE LEGIONS OF THE LAW FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO COPE WITH THE PIRATES, KILLERS, AND OTHER CRIMINALS LURKING IN SPACE... THEN, APPARENTLY OUT OF NOWHERE COMES THE SUPERHUMAN ENEMY OF CRIME, THE MYSTERIOUS SPACEHAWK! THEREAFTER, BANDITS OF THE VOID BEGIN TO DISAPPEAR, FOR THEY SOON LEARN TO FEAR THE AMAZING POWERS OF THE SPACEHAWK WHO ALWAYS STRIKES WITHOUT WARNING
FOR EXAMPLE, HERE IS THE CASE OF GORVAK, NOTORIOUS MARTIAN SPACE PIRATE WHO BOASTS HE IS TOO CLEVER TO BE CAUGHT BY THE SPACEHAWK...

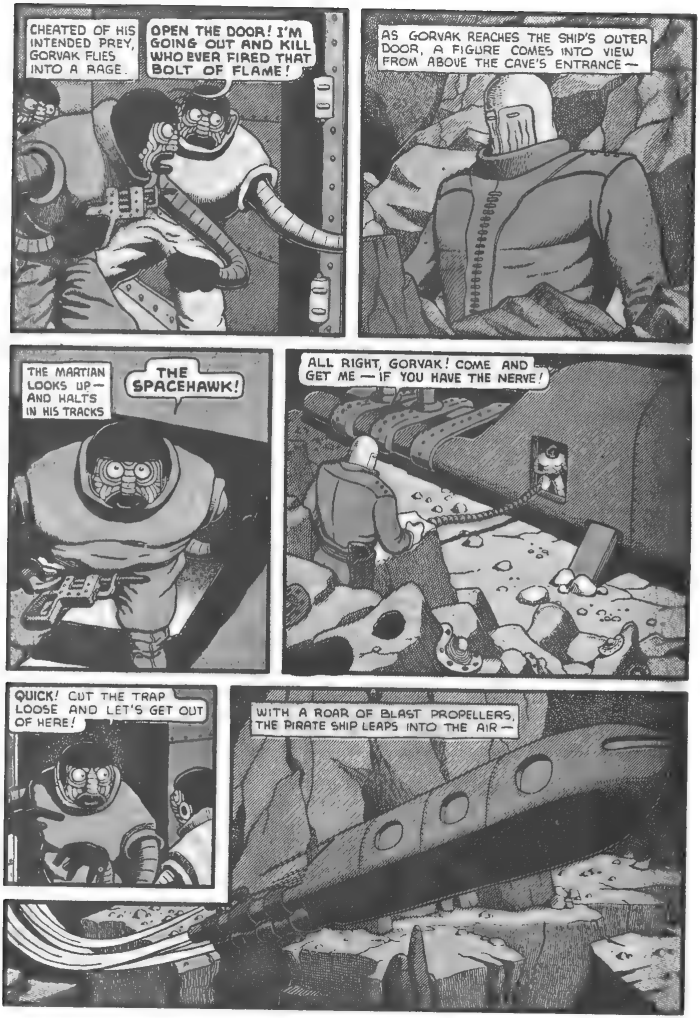
THE GRAX MOUNTAINS? THEN YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO CAPTURE MORE OF THE — THE CREEPING DEATH? MASTER GORVAK, WE SHOULDN'T GO THERE AGAIN! IT'S UNSAFE! IT'S —
SILENCE, YOU WHITE-LIVERED DOLT! I'M PAYING YOU WELL TO PILOT MY SHIP— NOT TO ADVISE ME!

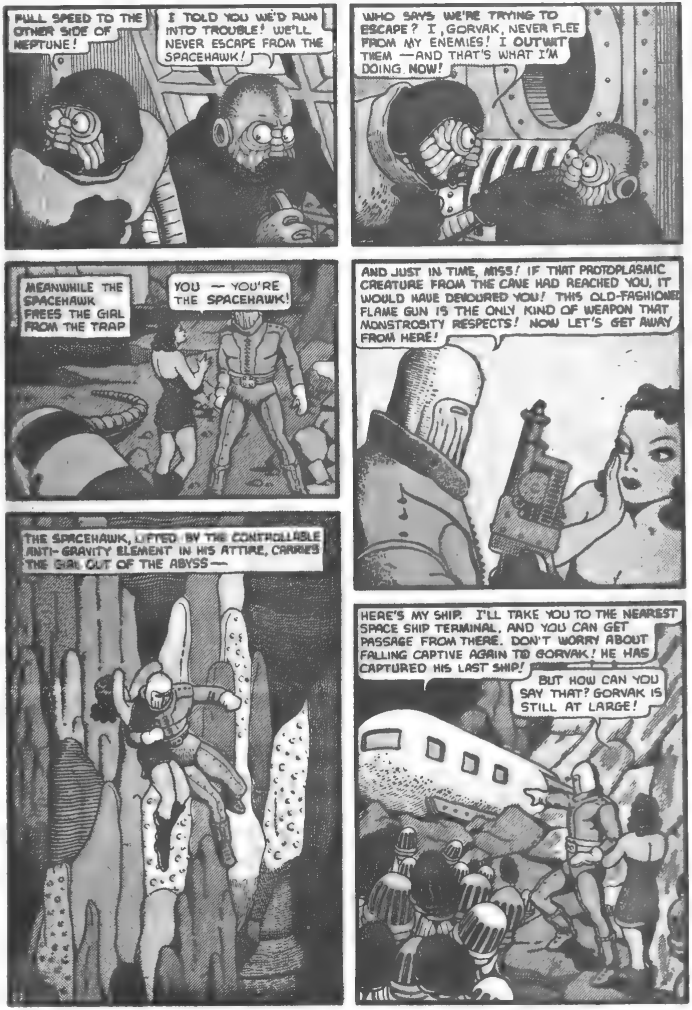

FROM HIS HIDEOUT ON NEPTUNE'S COLD AND AIRLESS MOON, GORVAK SPEEDS OUT ON A HORRIBLE MISSION— AND SETTLES ON A LEDGE AT THE ENTRANCE TO A CAVE

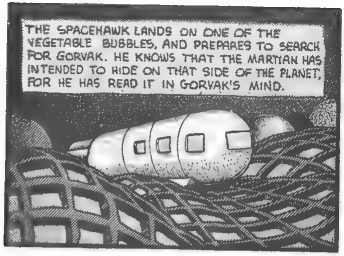


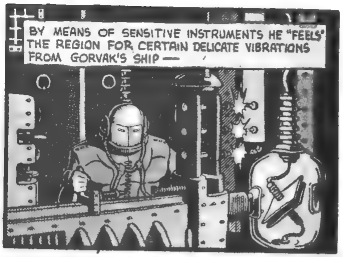

GORVAK GOES TO THE SHIP'S PRISON COMPARTMENT AND UNLOCKS ONE OF THE DOORS.
ALL RIGHT, YOU! COME ON OUT!
WHEN I GIVE ORDERS, I EXPECT ACTION! NOW STEP LIVELY!
HERE'S OUR BAIT! PUT HER IN THE TRAP AND MAKE SURE SHE CAN'T GET OUT OF IT!
THE GIRL IS CLAMPED IN A LARGE METAL CYLINDER—
THE APPARATUS IS EXTENDED FROM THE SHIP TOWARD THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE—

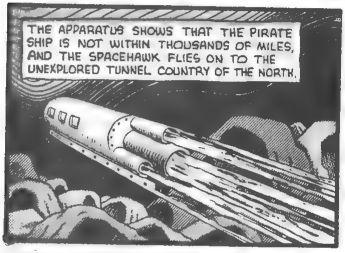
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! THE SECOND IT GETS INTO THE TRAP, RELEASE THE SHUTTER AND HAUL IT IN!
MINUTES DRAG BY. THEN ONE OF THE MARTIANS GIVES A SHOUT.
THERE IT COMES!
FROM THE BLACK DEPTHS OF THE CAVE A SHAPELESS WHITE MASS CRAWLS INTO VIEW—
IT SLITHERS UP TO THE TRAP—
AND SLOWLY CLIMBS THE METAL CYLINDER.
TERROR-STRICKEN, THE EARTH GIRL SEES THAT IT IS ABOUT TO SEIZE HER..
SUDDENLY A BOLT OF FIRE HISSES DOWN UPON THE CREEPING THING.
WRITHING IN TORTURE, IT CRAWLS SWIFTLY BACK INTO THE CAVE—

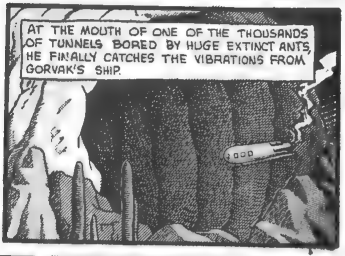

CHEATED OF HIS INTENDED PREY, GORVAK FLIES INTO A RAGE.
OPEN THE DOOR! I'M GOING OUT AND KILL WHO EVER FIRED THAT BOLT OF FLAME!
AS GORVAK REACHES THE SHIP'S OUTER DOOR, A FIGURE COMES INTO VIEW FROM ABOVE THE CAVE'S ENTRANCE —
THE MARTIAN LOOKS UP — AND HALTS IN HIS TRACKS
THE SPACEHAWK!
ALL RIGHT, GORVAK! COME AND GET ME — IF YOU HAVE THE NERVE!
QUICK! CUT THE TRAP LOOSE AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
WITH A ROAR OF BLAST PROPELLERS, THE PIRATE SHIP LEAPS INTO THE AIR —


FULL SPEED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF NEPTUNE!
I TOLD YOU WE'D RUN INTO TROUBLE! WE'LL NEVER ESCAPE FROM THE SPACEHAWK!
WHO SAYS WE'RE TRYING TO ESCAPE? I, GORVAK, NEVER FLEE FROM MY ENEMIES! I OUTWIT THEM — AND THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING NOW!
MEANWHILE THE SPACEHAWK FREES THE GIRL FROM THE TRAP
YOU — YOU'RE THE SPACEHAWK!
AND JUST IN TIME, MISS! IF THAT PROTOPLASMIC CREATURE FROM THE CAVE HAD REACHED YOU, IT WOULD HAVE DEVOURED YOU! THIS OLD-FASHIONED FLAME GUN IS THE ONLY KIND OF WEAPON THAT MONSTROSITY RESPECTS! NOW LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!
THE SPACEHAWK, LIFTED BY THE CONTROLLABLE ANTI-GRAVITY ELEMENT IN HIS ATTIRE, CARRIES THE GIRL OUT OF THE ABYSS —
HERE'S MY SHIP. I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE NEAREST SPACE SHIP TERMINAL, AND YOU CAN GET PASSAGE FROM THERE. DON'T WORRY ABOUT FALLING CAPTIVE AGAIN TO GORVAK! HE HAS CAPTURED HIS LAST SHIP!
BUT HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? GORVAK IS STILL AT LARGE!


THE SPACEHAWK LANDS ON ONE OF THE VEGETABLE BUBBLES, AND PREPARES TO SEARCH FOR GORVAK. HE KNOWS THAT THE MARTIAN HAS INTENDED TO HIDE ON THAT SIDE OF THE PLANET, FOR HE HAS READ IT IN GORVAK'S MIND.


BY MEANS OF SENSITIVE INSTRUMENTS HE "FEELS" THE REGION FOR CERTAIN DELICATE VIBRATIONS FROM GORVAK'S SHIP —


THE APPARATUS SHOWS THAT THE PIRATE SHIP IS NOT WITHIN THOUSANDS OF MILES, AND THE SPACEHAWK FLIES ON TO THE UNEXPLORED TUNNEL COUNTRY OF THE NORTH.

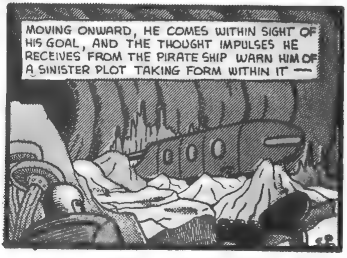

AT THE MOUTH OF ONE OF THE THOUSANDS OF TUNNELS BORED BY HUGE EXTINCT ANTS, HE FINALLY CATCHES THE VIBRATIONS FROM GORVAK'S SHIP.

THEY CAN'T BE MUCH MORE THAN A MILE AWAY NOW. I'LL HAVE TO HUNT FOR THEM AFOOT THE REST OF THE WAY, OR THEY MIGHT TUNE IN THE APPROACH OF MY SHIP.

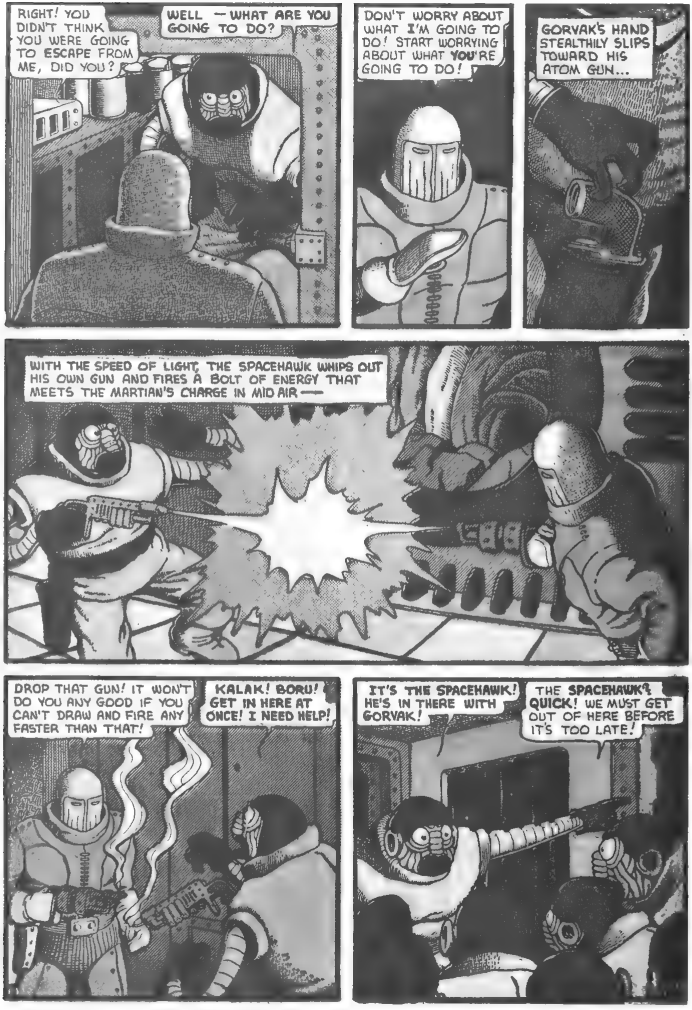
THE SPACEHAWK SETS OUT AT A SWIFT PACE.

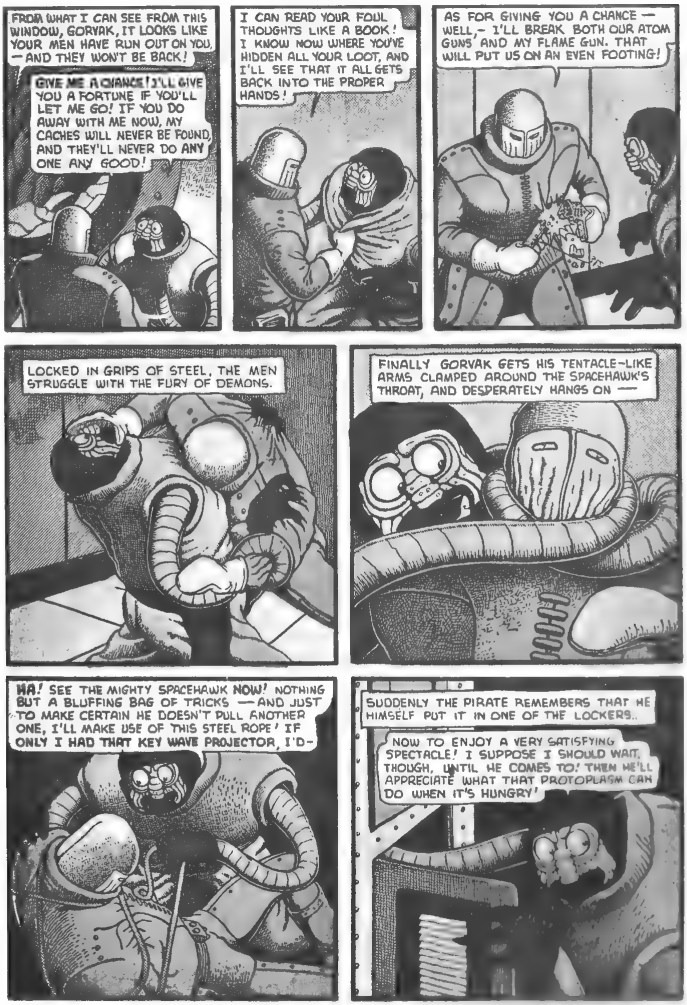
A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY HE IS CONFRONTED BY A BAT-MAN.
STAND ASIDE OR I'LL FIRE!
NO FIRE! I KNOW YOU SPACEHAWK! I FRIEND!

YOU LOOK FOR PIRATE SHIP? YOU FIND HIM 'ROUND BEND ALL TIME HE COME HIDE HERE, KILL MY PEOPLE! WE HELP YOU GET HIM, MAYBE, HUH?
THANKS! I DON'T BELIEVE I'LL NEED ANY HELP, BUT IF I DO, I'LL SHOUT!

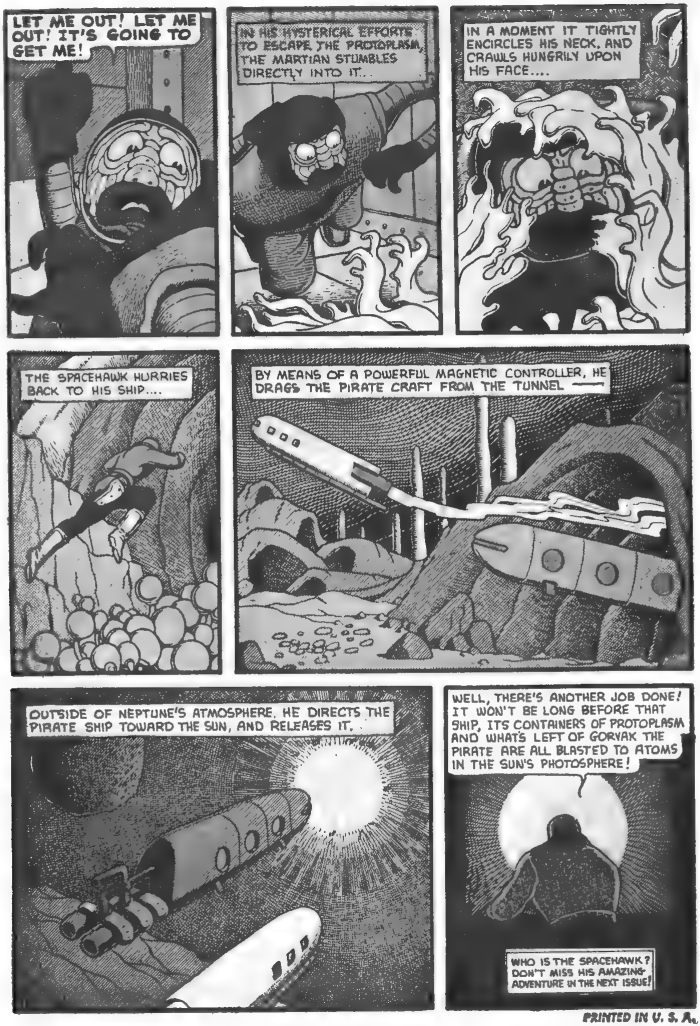

MOVING ONWARD, HE COMES WITHIN SIGHT OF HIS GOAL, AND THE THOUGHT IMPULSES HE RECEIVES FROM THE PIRATE SHIP WARN HIM OF A SINISTER PLOT TAKING FORM WITHIN IT —

NOW LISTEN, YOU SNIVELING LOUTS! WHEN I, GORVAK, HAVE A PLAN, I GO THRU WITH IT. SPACEHAWK OR NO SPACEHAWK! I SAY HE'LL NEVER CATCH UP TO US AGAIN, SO STOP YOUR SQUAWKING!
WE'LL TAKE THE TANK OF LIVE PROTOPLASM WE CAPTURED THE FIRST TRIP, AND POUR IT INTO CONTAINERS WITH RADIO LOCKS ON THEM. THEN WE'LL PLANT THE CONTAINERS IN THE CONTROL ROOMS OF SEVERAL LARGE SPACE FREIGHTERS. BY MEANS OF THIS KEY WAVE PROJECTOR, WE CAN OPEN THE CONTAINERS AT WILL!
WHEN THE CREEPING DEATH GETS AT THE THROATS OF THE CREWS, THOSE SHIPS WILL BE OURS WITHOUT HAVING TO RISK A SERIES OF BATTLES WITH THEM. ALL WE'LL HAVE TO DO IS RUN THEM DOWN, TOW THEM TO THE NEAREST HIDEOUT AND WAIT FOR A FEW DAYS FOR THE PROTOPLASM TO DIE OF STARVATION! NOW GET BUSY AND PREPARE THE STUFF!
WORKING CAREFULLY, LEST THEY ALLOW ANY OF THE DEADLY PROTOPLASM TO ESCAPE, THE PIRATES START TRANSFERRING IT TO THE METAL CONTAINERS—
MEANWHILE, THE SPACEHAWK SILENTLY BURNS A HOLE IN THE SHIP'S HULL BY MEANS OF A SMALL FLAME GUN.
AS SOON AS THE METAL COOLS, HE SQUEEZES THRU THE OPENING.
THERE! THAT SHOULD TEACH YOU NOT TO MEDDLE IN MY PLANS!
JUST THEN, GORVAK SNUFFS OUT THE LIFE OF HIS PILOT, BECAUSE HE SAID HE DID NOT KNOW WHERE THE KEY WAVE PROJECTOR WAS..THEN—
NO DOUBT EVERY ONE OF YOUR CREW DESERVES EVEN WORSE TREATMENT THAN THAT, GORVAK, BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE BIT TOO ROUGH WITH THEM?
HUH?
THE SPACEHAWK! —AGAIN!


RIGHT! YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE GOING TO ESCAPE FROM ME, DID YOU?
WELL — WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT WHAT I'M GOING TO DO! START WORRYING ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO!
GORVAK'S HAND STEALTHILY SLIPS TOWARD HIS ATOM GUN...
WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE SPACEHAWK WHIPS OUT HIS OWN GUN AND FIRES A BOLT OF ENERGY THAT MEETS THE MARTIAN'S CHARGE IN MID AIR —
DROP THAT GUN! IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD IF YOU CAN'T DRAW AND FIRE ANY FASTER THAN THAT!
KALAK! BORU! GET IN HERE AT ONCE! I NEED HELP!
IT'S THE SPACEHAWK! HE'S IN THERE WITH GORVAK!
THE SPACEHAWK? QUICK! WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!


FROM WHAT I CAN SEE FROM THIS WINDOW, GORVAK, IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR MEN HAVE RUN OUT ON YOU, — AND THEY WON'T BE BACK!
GIVE ME A CHANCE! I'LL GIVE YOU A FORTUNE IF YOU'LL LET ME GO! IF YOU DO AWAY WITH ME NOW, MY CACHES WILL NEVER BE FOUND, AND THEY'LL NEVER DO ANY ONE ANY GOOD!
I CAN READ YOUR FOUL THOUGHTS LIKE A BOOK! I KNOW NOW WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN ALL YOUR LOOT, AND I'LL SEE THAT IT ALL GETS BACK INTO THE PROPER HANDS!
AS FOR GIVING YOU A CHANCE — WELL,— I'LL BREAK BOTH OUR ATOM GUNS AND MY FLAME GUN. THAT WILL PUT US ON AN EVEN FOOTING!
LOCKED IN GRIPS OF STEEL, THE MEN STRUGGLE WITH THE FURY OF DEMONS.
FINALLY GORVAK GETS HIS TENTACLE-LIKE ARMS CLAMPED AROUND THE SPACEHAWK'S THROAT, AND DESPERATELY HANGS ON —
HA! SEE THE MIGHTY SPACEHAWK NOW! NOTHING BUT A BLUFFING BAG OF TRICKS — AND JUST TO MAKE CERTAIN HE DOESN'T PULL ANOTHER ONE, I'LL MAKE USE OF THIS STEEL ROPE! IF ONLY I HAD THAT KEY WAVE PROJECTOR, I'D-
SUDDENLY THE PIRATE REMEMBERS THAT HE HIMSELF PUT IT IN ONE OF THE LOCKERS..
NOW TO ENJOY A VERY SATISFYING SPECTACLE! I SUPPOSE I SHOULD WAIT, THOUGH, UNTIL HE COMES TO! THEN HE'LL APPRECIATE WHAT THAT PROTOPLASM CAN DO WHEN IT'S HUNGRY!

GORVAK, UNABLE TO RESTRAIN HIMSELF, SETS THE PROJECTOR IN ACTION.....
THE CAP ON ONE OF THE CONTAINERS FLIES OPEN. A WHITE MASS OOZES FORTH....
IT DROPS TO THE FLOOR AND SPREADS OUT, FEELING ITS WAY TOWARD THE SPACEHAWK...
IT'S A PITY YOU'RE UNCONSCIOUS, MR. SPACEHAWK, BECAUSE YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING!
GORVAK WATCHES FROM A SAFE DISTANCE...
TO THE MARTIAN'S AMAZEMENT, HIS CAPTIVE SUDDENLY GETS UP AND CALMLY BREAKS HIS STEEL BONDS AS THOUGH THEY ARE MADE OF PAPER.....
I'M NOT MISSING A THING, GORVAK! I'VE LET YOU HAVE ENOUGH FUN. NOW YOU ARE GOING TO DIE BY YOUR OWN INFERNAL DEVICE!
THE PIRATE, TERROR-STRICKEN, TRIES TO DASH FOR SAFETY, BUT HE IS SNATCHED AND FLUNG BACK INTO THE ROOM...
RIPPING A LEVER FROM THE CONTROL PANEL, THE SPACEHAWK JAMS THE METAL DOOR SHUT WITH A FEW POWERFUL BLOWS, SEALING GORVAK TO A HORRIBLE DOOM WITH THE CREEPING DEVIL.


LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT! IT'S GOING TO GET ME!
IN HIS HYSTERICAL EFFORTS TO ESCAPE THE PROTOPLASM, THE MARTIAN STUMBLES DIRECTLY INTO IT..
IN A MOMENT IT TIGHTLY ENCIRCLES HIS NECK, AND CRAWLS HUNGRILY UPON HIS FACE....
THE SPACEHAWK HURRIES BACK TO HIS SHIP....
BY MEANS OF A POWERFUL MAGNETIC CONTROLLER, HE DRAGS THE PIRATE CRAFT FROM THE TUNNEL
OUTSIDE OF NEPTUNE'S ATMOSPHERE, HE DIRECTS THE PIRATE SHIP TOWARD THE SUN, AND RELEASES IT.
WELL, THERE'S ANOTHER JOB DONE! IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THAT SHIP, ITS CONTAINERS OF PROTOPLASM AND WHAT'S LEFT OF GORYAK THE PIRATE ARE ALL BLASTED TO ATOMS IN THE SUN'S PHOTOSPHERE!
WHO IS THE SPACEHAWK? DON'T MISS HIS AMAZING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

PAGE AT RIGHT IS COPYRIGHTED BY WILLIAM M. GAINES

PART ONE

by JAMES VAN HISE

Little has been written about the New Direction titles, much less VALOR, due to the fact that most E.C. articles dismiss these titles as lacking the quality and inspiration which marked so many of the New Trend books. The fact that an injustice was done by this is born out by just looking at any one of the five issues of VALOR for within its pages was presented some of the highest quality material E.C. published.

This series on VALOR will examine these books one at a time, reprinting one page from each book covered, and climaxing in a checklist of all 5 issues.

The cover of the first issue of VALOR is emblazoned with the words "Tales of Mortal Combat, and Deeds of... VALOR" and boasts of "introducing a New Direction in magazines... an entirely novel and unique reading experience!" and then proceeds to prove it.

The cover art, by Wood, depicts two chain-mailed warriors clashing in combat and is very nicely executed.

The first issue did not carry the newly formed Comics Code seal although the latter four issues which did do not differ markedly from the first in either the type of stories presented or their execution thereof.

The first story, THE ARENA, illustrated by Williamson & Torres, is a masterpiece of fine art and ranks as one of the best stories Williamson did for E.C. It is shocking that this story alone hasn't received more attention than it has for unlike the too often sketchy stories he did for PIRACY, THE ARENA is lacking in nothing to make Williamson fans, as well as art fans in general, tremble with enthusiasm! The story itself takes place at the time of the Roman Empire, as did the lead off story in all five issues of VALOR, and is well written thus making the strip all the more enjoyable. Interestingly enough, it is these Roman Empire stories which mark the high point in art in each issue of VALOR for although the other strips are very often of extremely fine calibre themselves, they always fall just a little short of matching the beauty attained in these lead stories. It's not surprising though as three of these lead tales are illustrated by Williamson and make for difficult compitition.

The second story, STRATEGY, although a well done story script-wise on HENRI CHRISTOPHE, a black who led a slave uprising in Haiti, falls down in the rather uninspired art by Krigstein who, although he turned in some fine art in later issues, fell far short in STRATEGY.

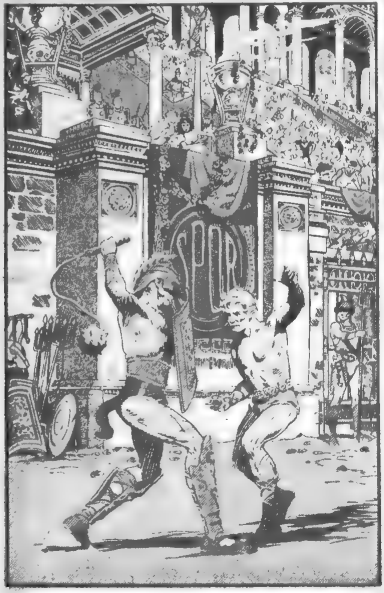
The third story, REVOLUTION, has some of the nicest art Graham Ingles turned out for E.C. and in fact is just as good, if not better, than much of what he turned out for the horror books. The story itself concerns the French revolution and although a romantic adventure tale, it well captures the feel of the French revolution.

The final story, THE RETURN OF KING ARTHUR, illustrated by Wood, is a Wally Wood more familiar to the fans of MAD at that time as his style is a bit cartooney although nonetheless quite good. The story takes place 300 years after the death of King Arthur and deals with an imposter who masquerades as King Arthur returned from the dead, freeing slaves for his own selfish ends. He is summarily dealt with in the E.C. tradition.

Thus closed out the first issue of VALOR and thus began a comic which would be a realm of fine art for but five short issues.

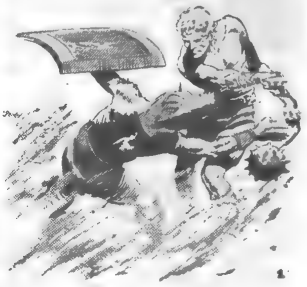
The ARENA

A DEATHLIKE HUSH FELL OVER THE COLOSSEUM. THE LOVELY AGRIPPINA...TENSE...HOLDING HER BREATH...DUG LAQUERED NAILS INTO THE BARE THIGH OF HER HUSBAND, THE EMPEROR, TITUS FLAVIUS. BUT IN THE CHILLING EXCITEMENT OF THE MOMENT, HE FELT IT NOT. HIS EYES, TOO, WERE GLUED UPON THE TWO GLADIATORS IN THE CENTER OF THE ARENA WHENCE CAME THE ONLY SOUND...THE WHIRR OF THE SPIKED IRON BALL AT THE END OF THE CHAIN SWUNG BY SABINIUS...THE BRUTE...THE CHAMPION OF ALL ROME! HIS OPPONENT... A NEW ENTRY IN THE LISTS... A GREAT BLONDE GIANT FROM THE NORTH NAMED ANDRONICUS...WAITED, EYEING THE LETHAL SWIRLING SPHERE AS A JUNGLE CAT EYES ITS PREY..



SUDDENLY, THE BLONDE CHALLENGER MOVED, PANTHERLIKE, CATCHING THE CHAIN IN ITS SWING ARC SO THAT IT WRAPPED ITSELF AROUND HIS LEFT FOREARM. THEN HE PULLED BACK. THE SURPRISED SABINIUS FELL FORWARD, OFF-BALANCE...

...AND THE SUN FLASHED ON THE GLEAMING METAL THAT SHEATHED ANDRONICUS'S RIGHT FIST AS IT DESCENDED SAVAGELY, CRUSHING NOT ONLY THE HELMET OF SABINIUS, BUT HIS SKULL AS WELL...



PAGE AT RIGHT IS COPYRIGHTED BY WILLIAM M. GAINES

by JAMES VAN HISE

PART 2

The second issue of VALOR again leaves one wondering, "How come no one ever told me about this before?", mainly because just for starters it has a cover by Al Williamson which is really quite good. It depicts two fully garbed gladiators clashing while the emperor looks on in the background.

The first story, THE CHAMPION, is Al Williamson through and through and although it's not as outstanding as THE ARENA in issue one, it's still one of the best strips Al turned out for E.C. and is extremely impressive. Like all lead stories in VALOR, the story takes place at the time of the Roman Empire and concerns gladiators. The story itself is well written and has a good feel of the times about it. It concerns a gladiator who had been abducted from his home years before and forced to fight in the arena. When he finally wins his freedom he sets up a shop in Rome only to find after a short time that he is going blind from the many blows he suffered in combat. Selling out his shop he returns to the arena to die valiantly in battle at the hands of his own son.

The second story, POETIC JUSTICE, is illustrated by Bernie Krigstein and he does a masterful job. The story takes place in ancient China at the time a despotic emperor has ascended the throne. Just as he did in THE FLYING MACHINE (WSF #23), Krigstein again proves that he has a particular flair for the costuming, architecture and design of ancient China. Storywise it is one of the best to come out of VALOR and is extremely enjoyable to read, preaching an interesting philosophy which is explained in this line from the story, "HE IS CALLED A FOOL WHO FAILS A HERO'S MISSION. HE IS CALLED A COWARD WHO WILL NOT BE A FOOL. I AM NO COWARD... AND I WILL BE NO FOOL." The true meaning of this is born out more and more as the reader goes along until with a gasp the ending is upon him and the full important meaning of the story is made clear.

The third story, THE COLONEL'S SON, although illustrated by Graham Ingles, is not as impressive as REVOLUTION in issue and artwise just seems to lack something although I can't go as far as to say it's bad art. The story itself is halfway interesting but depends on emotion to carry it through and whoever wrote the story is hardly a Ray Bradbury.

The final story, THE KINGS SERVICE, is illustrated by Wood and is very well done, being second only to the Williamson story in art. The style is less cartooney than his strip in issue one and is all the more impressive because of that. The story concerns a knight who wishes to join Arthur's Round Table. He is at first rebuffed because he can give no examples which prove his undying patriotism to Arthur. Thus the knight travels around the countryside, proving himself the ultimate right-winger by challenging to battle anyone who doesn't think Arthur is the greatest. The story is slight at best and not one of E.C.'s more memorable tales but it's more than saved by Wood's fine art.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE, HAVING HEARD GEOFFREY, WHISPERED QUIETLY AMONG THEMSELVES. THEN THEY ALL FELL SILENT. ONE OF THEM ROSE...

GEOFFREY OF ASTOLAT, WHAT YOU *SAY* YOU WOULD DO IS *NOT ENOUGH!* IT IS WHAT YOU *HAVE DONE* THAT CARRIES WEIGHT WITH *US!* PRAY, THEN, *BEGONE*...FOR WE HAVE IMPORTANT MATTERS AT HAND!

STRUCK DUMB WITH THIS REJECTION OF HIS WELL-INTENDED OFFER OF SERVICE TO THE CROWN, THE YOUNG KNIGHT WITHDREW. IN THE COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE AT CAMELOT, HIS ANGER SEETHED FORTH. HE SNARLED AT HIS SQUIRE...

DON'T STAND THERE *GAWKING*, IDIOT! HELP ME ONTO MY MOUNT! *QUICKLY*. FOOL! *MOVE!*

Y-YES, SIRE...

FILLED WITH HURT AND ANGER, GEOFFREY NEVERTHELESS WAS DETERMINED TO PROVE HIS WORTH. AND SO, FOLLOWED BY HIS SQUIRE, HE SOUGHT OUT THE ENEMIES OF HIS KING...

WHAT THINK YOU OF ARTHUR THE KING? SPEAK, MAN...AT ONCE!

NOT BEING THE LEGAL SON OF HIS ROYAL FATHER, I SAY ARTHUR IS *NO KING AT ALL!* I SAY, RATHER, PUT AN *HONEST HEIR* ON THE THRONE

AND *I* SAY YOU MUST *DIE* FOR THAT OFFENSE AGAINST HIS MAJESTY...

AND SO, GEOFFREY DREW HIS BROADSWORD, WHICH GLITTERED IN THE SUNLIGHT THAT FILTERED INTO THE FOREST...

THUS THEY FOUGHT, AND THE CLANG OF SWORDS ECHOED THROUGH THE TREES...

BUT GEOFFREY'S ADVERSARY WAS NO MATCH FOR HIM. THE YOUNG KNIGHT OF ASTOLAT LIFTED HIS BROADSWORD HIGH...

AND BROUGHT ITS KEEN EDGE DOWN ON THE OTHER'S HELMET, KNOCKING HIM FROM HIS HORSE...

PAGE AT RIGHT AND CENTERSPREAD IS COPYRIGHTED BY WILLIAM M. GAINES

by JAMES VAN HISE

PART THREE

The third issue of VALOR continues the tradition of quality laid down by the first two issues.

The cover, although not overly inspired, is still nicely rendered by Joe Orlando and depicts a conquistidor, sword upraised, being menaced by two Incans. Towering in the background is an Incan pyramid.

The first story, THE CLOAK OF COMMAND, is by Al Williamson and although a bit loose in spots, it still comes across as being quite impressive. Being the lead-off story, it takes place in the days of the Roman Empire. The plot concerns an arrogant tribune who learns humility and earns the respect of those he commands during a battle with primitive hill people. It is primarily an adventure story with this underlying theme thrown in to add cohesion to the story and it comes across quite well.

The second story, GENTLE AS A WHISPER, has VERY nice art by Joe Orlando and ranks as one of the best strips he did for E.C. for, unlike some of his other strips done for E.C. at this time, it is not lacking in any respect whatsoever and in fact comes across as if great care was taken with many of the panels. The story concerns a Christian missionary among the Incans and how he shows them how ridiculous it is to pray to idols which do nothing. He accomplishes this by smashing the idols and then saying that they destroyed each other. This causes the High Priest to blurt out that unmoving stone idols cannot smash each other because they are not alive. This shows the rest of the tribe how stupid it was to worship them. This same type of logic could have been applied to the missionary's own diety, but that aspect is ignored.

The third story, THE PYRAMID, has fairly good art by Krigstein and for the most part reads like the stock story of the pharoh attempting to build his pyramid before he dies with the setting of the sun. Scenes of slaves moving massive blocks and collapsing with exhaustion abound up until the end. Then we find that the pharoh had not been building a pyramid but rather had been tearing it down to get to his son who had been trapped by a slide. The story closes with the Pharoh walking off with his son, saying he will abondon the building of the pyramid and the worshiping of death.

The final story, DEBT OF HONOR, has VERY GOOD art by Reed Crandall and concerns the Crusades against Jerusalem. The central character is Richard the lion hearted and the story concerns trickery involving getting into Jerusalem and how Richard was betrayed in that the one who led him kept his bargain about leading them into the city but he did not say what would happen after Richard entered the city. They are ambushed, but Richard and his men are released with the promise that they return home. The traitor had been promised gold for his efforts in getting them into the city and although Richard pays the traitor his gold, he uses the same type of approach used by the traitor. What actually happens occurs offscene (possibly due to the recently instituted code) and even though what happens is only implied, it's obvious that the traitor receives his 1,000 pieces of gold by having it poured over him in molten form. Much of the implication involved in this sequence is conveyed through the use of excellent facial expressions.

THE CLOAK OF COMMAND

BECAUSE GAIUS AUGUSTUS WAS THE SON OF A GREAT GENERAL, HE FELT HE WAS BORN TO COMMAND. BUT, ON HIS FIRST FOREIGN ASSIGNMENT, ATTACHED TO A LEGION IN OCCUPIED IBERIA, WHERE THE NATIVES STILL FOUGHT AGAINST ROMAN RULE, YOUNG GAIUS SOON LEARNED THAT THE QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP WERE MORE THAN JUST RECKLESSNESS AND ARROGANCE. IT HAPPENED ONE DAY AS HE WAS MARCHING WITH A DETATCHMENT TO THE LEGION'S WINTER QUARTERS, THROUGH RUGGED AND HOSTILE COUNTRY...

WELL, FLAVIUS, WHY ARE YOU WEARING SUCH A *LONG FACE*? DOES SOMETHING *DISPLEASE* YOU?

I'LL SPEAK MY *MIND*, GAIUS! YOUR FATHER ASKED ME, AS A FRIEND, TO KEEP AN *EYE* ON YOU WHEN YOU WERE MADE SENIOR TRIBUNE AND SENT OUT HERE. BUT YOU *BEAR* YOUR BADGE WITH *ILL GRACE*! IF YOUR FATHER *KNEW* THAT YOU *STRUCK* A MAN UNDER YOUR COMMAND, HE WOULD...

LISTEN TO ME, OLD ONE! I AM SENIOR TRIBUNE! THE TUSCAN SCUM OF THE AUXILIARY WILL *OBEY* ME...*WITHOUT QUESTION*! THE MAN I STRUCK *REFUSED* TO FOLLOW MY *ORDER*!

AND *RIGHTLY*! HE IS A *FREE CITIZEN* OF THE AUXILIARY... A *VOLUNTEER*...NOT A *BODY SERVANT*! YOU COMMANDED HIM TO WATER YOUR *HORSE*! THAT IS WORK FOR A *SLAVE*, NOT A *SOLDIER*!

I MUST *REMIND* YOU, FLAVIUS, THAT YOU ARE HERE BY *SPECIAL PERMISSION* AS MY AIDE, WITHOUT *RANK*! PERHAPS THE PLACE FOR RETIRED HASTATI IS AT THE *BATHS*... NOT IN THE *FIELD*!

WHAT!? I WAS HASTATUS WHEN YOUR FATHER, THE GENERAL, WAS PRICEPS PRIOR! I FOUGHT WITH HIM IN SCYTHIA AND SAVED HIS LIFE BEFORE YOU WERE BORN! I WEAR THE CIVIC CROWN, AND THE CORONA MURALI FOR BRAVERY, WHILE YOU HAVE YET TO FACE AN ENEMY IN BATTLE! AND *YOU* DARE TO SPEAK TO *ME* LIKE *THAT*?

PAGE AT RIGHT IS COPYRIGHTED BY WILLIAM M. GAINES

DAYS OF VALOR

PART FOUR

by JAMES VAN HISE

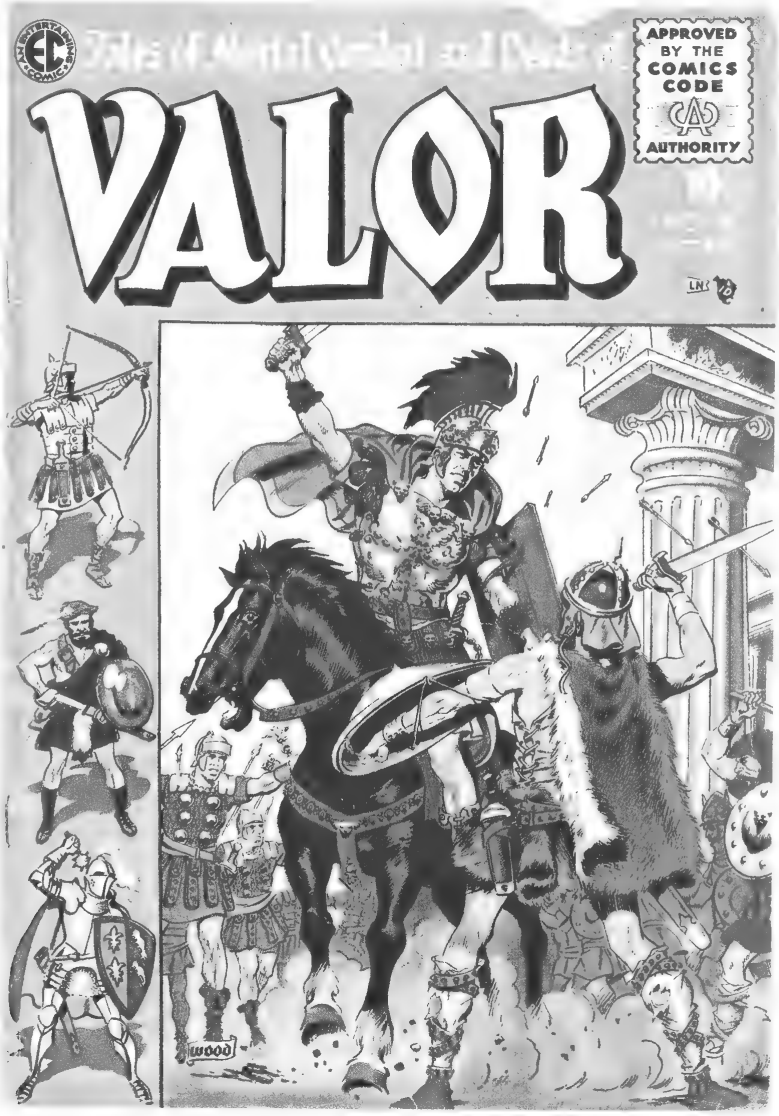
The cover of VALOR #4 is a very nice job by Wally Wood, but rather then describe it, I'll just direct your attention to the reproduction on the opposite page.

The first story, entitled GRATITUDE, is illustrated by Joe Orlando and is, I feel, the best strip that Orlando did for E.C. The art is beautiful to say the least and shows a heavy Foster influence. The story concerns greed and poetic justice. It involves a Centurion who, during a slave uprising near Rome, comes upon an old man and his grandson preparing to flee to Rome for safety. With him the old man has a chest full of jewels. Thus the Centurion leads them to a spot where the slave uprising has not yet been quelled, and as the old man and the boy sleep, the Centurion takes the chest and steels away as he hears some slaves approaching. He watches from behind a tree as the man and boy are slaughtered. Then he takes the chest and buries it close by a Roman monument. He then returns to his legion and due to his desire to live for the treasure, he fights like a demon in every battle. But finally, after one battle, he is badly wounded and his injuries cause him to become crippled. But due to his deeds for Rome, he is honored by the building of a statue of him, over the spot where he had buries his treasure. The treasure had been found when the monument was erected and the trove had been confiscated for Rome. Thus the centurion became a cripple and a pauper although hailed by Rome as a hero.

The second story, THE KNOW-NOTHING, has adequate art by Krigstein but it is nothing inspired. The story concerns an Englishman's attempt to slay Bonnie Prince Charles and his use of a peasant, whom he refers to as a know nothing, to lead him to the Prince's castle. On the way to the castle the Englishman plays a game with the rustic in which he asks the man questions about Scottish history and if the man can guess one right then he will be paid for his services and be allowed to live. Up until the end the peasant is unable to answer any of the questions put to him. The as they are crossing a river on a barge, the rustic asks the Englishman if he can swim. The englishman replies, "Swim, of course I can't swim! What kind of a question is that?!" "'Tis a question of life," replies the peasant, "An death, sir! Ye see...I pulled the stop cock! The ferry be sinkin'" With that the peasant jumps overboard while the Englishman remains helpless with the ferry and drowns.

The third story, THE TASTE OF FREEDOM, is very nicely illustrated by Graham Ingles. It concerns the tyrannical reign of the Borgias in Perugia and the many attempts to assinate them, especially through the poisoning of their food. To attempt to foil this, the Borgias recruit food tasters from among their suspected enemies, but still the the attempts continue. Finally, Carlo Vechio, who had expected to be called for this "service", is impressed into it after the previous food taster, a friend of his, dies. All goes without problems until one night after checking the Borgia's food and apparantly finding it safe, he is allowed to leave the castle, whereupon he reports to his comrades that the Borgias are dead from poison in their wine. He was able to drink the poisoned wine undetected due to the fact that he had been taking the same poison himself in increasing doses to immunize himself to its effect.

The final story, A KNIGHT'S DREAM, has excellent art by Reed Crandall and rounds out the issue nicely. It is a tale of valor, of course, and of a common born youth's dream of becoming a knight. Due to the youth's skill in the use of various weapons, he becomes the squire to one Sir John on one of the crussdes. After an unsuccessful battle with the Saracens outside the city of Acre, it is decided that a champion from each side will fight to determine who wins the city of Acre. Sir John is the crusaders champion and during his battle with the Saracen, when its evident that Sir John will defeat him, the Saracen leader instructs one of his bowman to shoot Sir John through the heart. But as the arrow is loosed, Sir John's squire sees what is happening and hurls himself in the arrows path. Thus the Saracens are defeated and later Sir John comes to the youth who lies on his deathbed and with tears glistening on his cheeks he knights the boy just before he dies.


EC
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE
AUTHORITY
VALOR
WOOD

PAGE AT RIGHT IS COPYRIGHTED BY WILLIAM M. GAINES

by JAMES VAN HISE

PART FIVE

The last issue of VALOR, number 5, is easily one of the best. The cover is a very nice job by Wally Wood and a good appraisel of it can be made by looking at the back cover of COLLAGE #4.

The first story, DANGEROUS ANIMAL, is also by Wood and is extremely good, being very detailed and having much the same feel to it as his inking of the recent KING KULL #1. The story concerns Octavius Tiberius Caesar and how a scheming woman gains the power of his throne and ultimately leads to his downfall. When Caesar is slain and replaced by Andromicus, it is evident that the woman's power is at an end for unlike Octavius, Andromicus recognizes that man is the most dangerous animal and that she is the most dangerous woman.

The second story, IMPORTANT MAN, has very good art by Graham Ingles and is one of his nicer efforts for VALOR.

The story concerns Doctor Antoine Louis, inventor of numerous machines of torture during the french revolution, including the Guillotine. It chronicles his ambitions to replace Robespierre on the council and how he even attempts assination by hired felons. When the assination attempt fails, Louis flees Paris but returns and falsely accuses Robespierre of being a traitor. The court finds his charges false and Doctor Antoine Louis is sentenced to death and becomes the first victim of his own invention, the Guillotine.

The third story, TREASURE FROM ZANADU, concerns Marco Polo's visit to Kublai Khan and of the secret of silk that he gave him. The art is by Krigstein and is one of his better efforts as his style is somewhat different from his other Valor strips in that he uses thick brush strokes which gives the art a Jack Davis type of appearence. The plot concerns Marco Polo's uncle's attempts to steal the small box in which the secret is kept so that he can become a king among merchants. When he finally does succeed in convincing some bandits to raid the camp so that he can make off with the box, he meets only death at the bandits hands due to his ignorance for when they open the box all they finds is a few leaves and a handful of worms, thus they feel they have been tricked due to their lack of knowledge concerning silk.

The final story, DAY OF RECKONING, has very nice art by Al Williamson and is inked by George Evans. Although it is not as detailed as Williamson alone, the first two pages come across as very impressive although the art in the rest of the story is a bit simple in comparison.

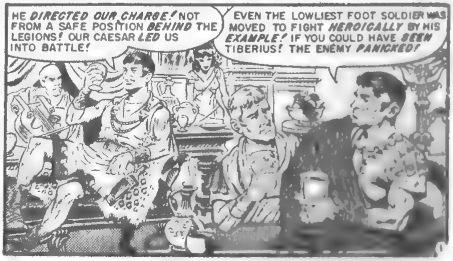
The plot concerns two feuding lords od of the cowardice of Philip Benet, one of the lord's sons. Due to his son's cowardice, Benet has a new sword made for him which is inscribed with the word "honor". His son never uses it though and shortly thereafter his father is killed in battle, as is the elder Corcy, their enemy. When Corcy's son returns from school, Philip visits him intending to make peace but when he sees that Corcy's son is no warrior, he challanges him to a duel. During the duel, Corcy is knocked from his horse and thus, with victory apparantly insured, Philip dismounts to dispatch his enemy on foot. As Corcy rushes him, Philip waits until the last minute to draw his weapon but fails and is slain as his "honor" inscribed sword was rusted to the scabbard.

DANGEROUS ANIMAL

ALTHOUGH TEN YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE THAT MOST GLORIOUS DAY IN THE MEMORY OF THE ROMAN POPULACE, THERE WAS NOT ONE WHO'D FORGOTTEN THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN FROM BATTLE OF OCTAVIUS TIBERIUS CAESAR. IT HAD BEEN A TIME WHEN THE BLARE OF HERALDIC TRUMPETS, THE CLATTER OF TEN THOUSAND HOOFS, AND THE RUMBLE OF A THOUSAND CHARIOT WHEELS ON THE COBBLES OF THE VAST SQUARE WERE MUTED BY FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND HOARSE CHEERING VOICES. IT HAD BEEN A TIME WHEN BRIGHT BANNERS HUNG FROM EVERY PUBLIC BUILDING, EVERY HOME. IT HAD BEEN A TIME WHEN ROME REVELLED IN VICTORY...WHEN TIBERIUS CAESAR STOOD ABOVE ALL MEN... TIBERIUS, THE HERO...TIBERIUS, THE SUPERB...THE CONQUEROR...THE EMPEROR...

ALL HAIL TO OCTAVIUS TIBERIUS CAESAR!
HAIL...HAIL TO CAESAR!
THERE, CLAUDIA! SEE HIM? OH, HE IS MAGNIFICENT!
I SEE HIM, INDEED! BUT NOT CLOSE ENOUGH! I MUST ARRANGE TO MEET HIM IN PERSON!

IT HAD BEGUN TEN YEARS AGO. THERE HAD BEEN MANY FEASTS CELEBRATING THE VICTORIOUS RETURN OF TIBERIUS CAESAR WHERE HIS CAPTAINS AND GENERALS HAD TIRELESSLY SUNG HIS PRAISE...


HE DIRECTED OUR CHARGE! NOT FROM A SAFE POSITION BEHIND THE LEGIONS! OUR CAESAR LED US INTO BATTLE!
EVEN THE LOWLIEST FOOT SOLDIER WAS MOVED TO FIGHT HEROICALLY BY HIS EXAMPLE! IF YOU COULD HAVE SEEN TIBERIUS! THE ENEMY PANICKED!

CAPTAIN COMET, SPACE PILOT

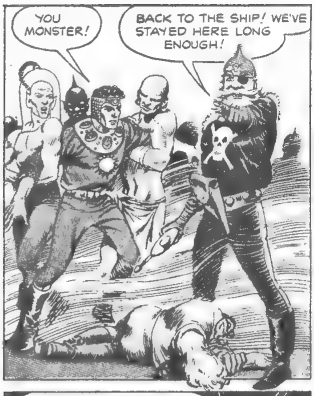
WHILE EARTH COUNTED ON A DESPERATE PLAN TO SAVE MANKIND FROM THE DREADED BLIGHT OF INTER-PLANETARY WAR, CAPTAIN COMET, THE ONLY MAN IN THE SYSTEM WHO COULD PUT IT INTO EFFECT, LAY A HELPLESS PRISONER IN THE HANDS OF THE NOTORIOUS CAPTAIN KIDD, KING OF... THE VICIOUS SPACE PIRATES!

THE STARHOPE, GREAT INTER-PLANETARY SPACELINER, LOADED TO ITS DECK WITH PLATINUM, MAKES ITS WAY TO JUPITER... TWO WEEKS HAVE PASSED SINCE IT LEFT EARTH SPACE-PORT-- AND THE VOYAGE HAS BECOME TEDIOUS TO THE MANY PASSENGERS THAT ARE ON BOARD...

EARTH'S COUNCIL HAS COMMISSIONED ME TO DELIVER THESE PLANS OF THE NEW SHIPPING LANES TO THE GOVERNMENT OF JUPITER!
GREAT SCOTT! THE OUTER PLANETS WOULD GIVE ANYTHING FOR THIS! WHY--WHOEVER CONTROLS THE LANES CONTROLS INTERPLANETARY TRADE!
EXACTLY! AND ONCE TRADE IS DISRUPTED, THE SYSTEM WILL ERUPT IN TOTAL WAR! THEN IT WILL BE TOO--
SIR... AN UNIDENTIFIED SPACE CRUISER IS ON OUR PORT SCREEN!
ALARMED BY THIS SUDDEN DEVELOPMENT, EVERYONE RUSHES OVER TO THE OBSERVATION PORT...
IT'S THAT MURDERING SPACE PIRATE-- JOHN KIDD!!
I'LL CONTACT HOME BASE AT ONCE! WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE!
DREADED JOHN KIDD, FAR-REMOVED DESCENDANT OF THE INFAMOUS SEA-PIRATE, CAPTAIN WILLIAM KIDD! CAPTAIN COMET REALIZES THAT THE SITUATION IS PERILOUS, FOR THE PIRATE IS ALSO IN THE SECRET PAY OF THE OUTER PLANETS!
ALL MEN TO POSTS-- PASSENGERS BELOW DECK...
AA-OO-O-E-E-E
CALLING ORBIT BASE --SPACE COORDINATES 23-W, 23-W... STARHOPE UNDER ATTACK... PROCEED IMMEDIATELY!
SLIPPING OFF THE ANTENNA OF THE RADAR TRANSMITTER, CAPTAIN COMET HASTILY RECONSTRUCTS A PORTABLE BEAM SIGNAL DEVICE, AND...
NOW TO TIE THIS UNDER MY ARMPIT ALONG WITH THE PLANS JUST IN CASE...
MEANWHILE... PART OF THE STARHOPE'S CREW ZOOM OUT OF THE BELLY OF THE HUGE LINER IN THEIR SMALL SPACE CRAFTS AND ATTACK THE PIRATE CRUISER...
THERE GOES THE LAST OF OUR CRAFT! THEY'LL BOARD US IN A MINUTE. IT... IT'S HOPELESS.
NO! WE'LL FIGHT THEM BEHIND THOSE GIRDERS IN THE LOUNGE. THAT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

MADE IT! NOW TO KEEP THIS DOOR OPEN FOR THE REST!
OOF!
THE LAST OF THE GROUP RUSHES INSIDE THE ENCLOSURE WHEN THE FIRST OF THE SLAVERING HOUNDS CRASHES AGAINST THE DOOR...
THIS CORRIDOR GOES SOMEWHERE ...LET'S FIND OUT WHERE!
THE MEN FOLLOW CAPTAIN COMET THROUGH THE DIMLY-LIT CORRIDOR TO A CHAMBER FILLED WITH PRISONERS! WITHIN SECONDS, THE SURPRISED INTERIOR-GUARDS ARE COMPLETELY OVERWHELMED!
MEN...WE MUST CAPTURE THE ATMOSPHERIC PLANT! ARE YOU WITH ME?
IN ANSWER, THE VENGEFUL PRISONERS SWEEP FORWARD TO THE PASSAGEWAY THEY KNOW LEADS TO THE CONTROL ROOM. BUT...
THAT'S RIGHT! CHARGE! HA-HA!
CAPTAIN COMET, HOWEVER, IS NOT READY TO ADMIT DEFEAT...
WE'RE CAUGHT IN A CROSS-FIRE CURSE IT! BUT I'LL HAVE THE LAST WORD YET!
HE'S BURNED OUT THE POWER SWITCH! THE PLANETOID WILL BE COMPLETELY AIRLESS! COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE SHIPS!
TRY GETTING OUT OF THIS, CAPTAIN COMET!
WHAT'S THAT?
WHOOOOOOOOOOOO

SILENCE REIGNS, AND TENSION MOUNTS ON THE HUGE LINER AS ALL AWAIT THE INEVITABLE. SUDDENLY, THE OUTER LOCK OF THE VESSEL IS FLUNG OPEN! THE PIRATE CHIEFTAIN, FLANKED BY HORDES OF LEERING HENCHMEN, JUMPS INSIDE!
THERE'S... TOO MANY... WE CAN'T STOP THEM...
YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'LL HAVE TO SURRENDER IF WE WANT THE PASSENGERS TO STAY ALIVE!
WITH THE FIGHT OVER A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE EVIL JOHN KIDD WALKS UP TO THE GRIM-LOOKING SPACE ADVENTURER...
AH-- CAPTAIN COMET! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU! WE HAVE... UH... LET US SAY, CERTAIN THINGS IN COMMON... SUCH AS THE PLANS!
HE KNOWS!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
DON'T PLAY COY! SEARCH HIM!
BUT THE PIRATES ARE HASTY IN THEIR SEARCH AND THEY MISS FINDING THE TINY DEVICE STRAPPED TO CAPTAIN COMET'S CHEST...
WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL!
PRETTY CLEVER, AREN'T YOU? WELL-- WE'LL GET IT OUT OF YOU LATER-- AFTER WE KILL THESE SWINE!
HA, HA, HA...
STOP! THESE ARE INNOCENT PEOPLE! I--
SILENCE, YOU--
UGH-H!

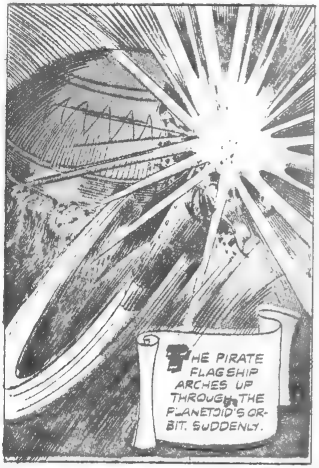


A HALF-DOZEN BATTERED SURVIVORS ARE SHOVED ALONG WITH CAPTAIN COMET INTO THE PIRATE SHIP... A SHORT TIME LATER, IT BLASTS AWAY FROM THE GUTTED HULK OF THE STARHOPE, LEAVING ONLY THE DEAD AND THE DYING BEHIND...

DURING THE ENTIRE TRIP, CAPTAIN COMET KEEPS TO HIMSELF, AWAY FROM THE OTHER MEN. FINALLY, THE PIRATE CRUISER LANDS ON THE SMALL PLANETOID OF XENOR, A BALL OF PRESSURIZED ROCK HIDDEN FROM THE NORMAL LANES OF INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL...

THE MEN RUN QUICKLY TO THE TAKE-OFF PORTS ONLY TO SEE THE PIRATES BLAST OFF INTO SPACE!
I HOPE YOU ENJOY XENOR BECAUSE YOU'LL BE STAYING ON IT FOR A LONG TIME! HA-HA-HA!

NEXT--A SERIES OF STACCATO BLASTS DESTROYS EACH PIRATE VESSEL TO THE LAST MAN! A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE LAST OF THE WORLD COUNCIL'S SUPER-DREADNOUGHTS LANDS AT THE PORT...
WE'RE SAVED!
THANK HEAVEN! THEY HEARD MY SIGNALS!


THE PIRATE FLAGSHIP ARCHES UP THROUGH THE PLANETOID'S ORBIT. SUDDENLY.

LATER...
BUT HOW DID THE ARMADA APPEAR WHEN IT DID?
SIMPLY BY FOLLOWING THE RADAR IMPULSES OF THE BEAM-SIGNAL DEVICE I HAD STRAPPED TO MY CHEST!

I KNEW THAT THE BEAM'S FREQUENCY COULDN'T PASS THROUGH FLESH BECAUSE PROTOPLASM ATTRACTS RADAR IMPULSES! THAT'S WHY I HAD TO KEEP TO MYSELF ON OUR WAY TO XENOR. BUT I WAS ALSO FACED WITH THE PROBLEM OF TRYING TO STOP THE DEVICE FROM GIVING ME SKIN BLISTERS DUE TO ITS TREMENDOUS HEAT OUTPUT...

...AND SINCE THE PLANE HAD TO BE HIDDEN, I WRAPPED THEM AROUND THE DEVICE--THUS KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE! IT WAS A GAMBLE, GENTLEMEN, BUT ONE WHICH WE WON!
AND ONLY YOU COULD HAVE DONE IT, CAPTAIN COMET!

CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.
NO. 4 FEB. 19
A FAWCETT PUBLICATION
10¢
THE INVISIBLE NAZI!

BECOME A MEMBER OF THE GROWING CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB!
SHAZAM
No. 14 AUG. 21
Captain Marvel
VENTURES
A FAWCETT PUBLICATION
10¢
CAPT. MARVEL
SWATS
the JAPS!

STARRING
STORMY
FOSTER
The GREAT
DEFENDER
Don Glory
the RED BEE
GHOST of
FLANDERS
CAPTAIN
FLAGG
BOB and
SWAB
HIT
COMICS
10c
AUG.
No 23
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
GESTAPO
NEW
ORDER
GESTAPO

No. 1
August
10¢
RED RAVEN
COMICS
Out of the skies swooped a powerful figure... It was the RED RAVEN
Also THE HUMAN TOP
ETERNAL BRAIN
MERCURY
Plus other Smashing NEW COMICS
ACTION
THRILLS
MYSTERY
ADVENTURE

MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

MAY

10¢

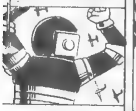
No. 7

HUMAN TORCH

KA-ZAR

THE ANGEL

SUB-MARINER

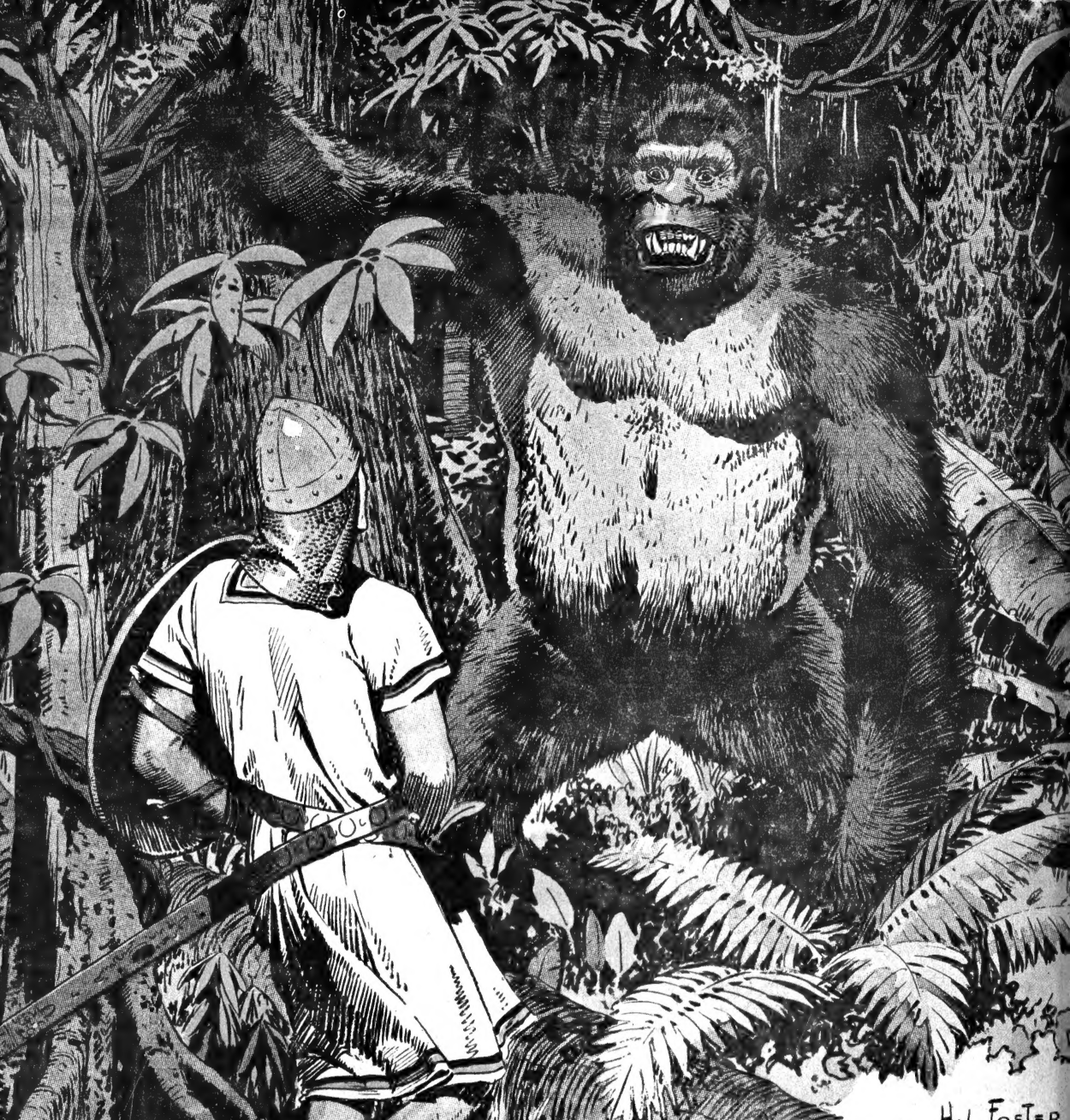

ELECTRO

FERRET

BLUE BOLT
10¢
JULY
BLUE BOLT
Featuring:
BLUE BOLT
SUB-ZERO MAN
SERGEANT SPOOK
SUPERHORSE
PHANTOM SUB
DICK COLE
RUNAWAY BONSON
And Others
W.E. Rowland
VOL. 1—NO. 2

CAPTAIN AMERICA
COMICS
45 thrilling pages of CAPTAIN AMERICA
SENTINEL OF OUR SHORES!
PLUS OTHER GREAT FEATURES!
10¢
U.S. MUNITIONS WORKS
SMASHING THRU, CAPTAIN AMERICA CAME FACE TO FACE WITH HITLER . . .
U.S.A.
SABOTAGE PLANS FOR U.S.A.
also CAPTAIN AMERICA'S YOUNG ALLY, BUCKY

10c
MASTER COMICS
MASTER
COMICS
BE AN AMERICAN
EXTRA SPECIAL
CAPTAIN MARVEL IN
THIS ISSUE WITH BULLETMAN
ALSO INTRODUCING WORLD ENEMY NO. 1, CAPTAIN NAZI!



⑥ .....HE BURSTS THROUGH THE THICKET AND THERE, FACING HIM WITH BARED FANGS AND THE MALEVOLENT GLARE OF A DEMON, IS AN OGRE OF SUCH TERRIFYING ASPECT THAT VAL'S BRAVE HEART QUAILS WITHIN HIM.

NEXT WEEK— The Battle